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Blackboard Bulletin

August 1970

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WELCOME

By SOLVEIG PAULSON RUSSELL

Do you think that the schoolhouse there on the hill
Has enjoyed a summer of being still?
Do you think it was glad to be free of the noise
And free from the wear of the girls and boys?

Do you think that it dreamed in the summer heat
Of the sounds of laughter and scuffing feet?
Or did it enjoy the webs that were made
And shudder to think how the children played?

Well—look at it now! There in a line
The glistening windows wink and shine,
And the open door has a "Come in" look
And it's clean and fresh as a brand new book.

Look at it now! Eager and gay,
Calling us back to the same old way,
"Children, come back!" in your mind you'll hear,
"Children, come back to a glad school year!"

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Coming next month:

Singing -by a father

Even though children don't always understand the meaning of the songs they learn in school, they will appreciate the words later on in life.

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AN EDITORIAL

The teacher was perplexed. She looked dumfoundedly at the test papers her pupils had just handed in. Not one of the five children had followed instructions. Not one of them had done what she had asked— skip a line between each answer.

It wouldn't have been so frustrating if this had been the only instance, but it wasn't. Ever since the first day of school the teacher had felt the children were not following directions. Now it was the the sixth week and nothing had changed. Thoughts came to her young mind, "Will it go on forever, for all year?" and an even darker thought, "Maybe they are doing it on purpose. Maybe they don't like me. Maybe.... " But before she allowed such accusations to get the best of her, she asked one of the pupils at recess, "Henry, why didn't you skip a line on your test like I instructed?"

Henry was silent. His teacher even thought he looked puzzled. She repeated the question, "Why didn't you skip a line like I instructed?"

Finally an answer came, "Ich ves net was du menst. "

Could it be true? Was that the problem these past six weeks— the pupils weren't understanding her? Yes, it was true. Definite proof of this came to the teacher by way of the former teacher whom she met one Saturday in town. From her she made a startling discovery— in previous years the assignments and instructions had been given in German, not English. "I am not too good in English, " smiled the former teacher, "and I wanted the children to understand for sure what I expected them to do. So I spoke to them in German. "

Is the former teacher to be blamed? No, undoubtedly she did the best she could concerning the circumstances. But if the practice of speaking to older pupils in German continues very long and in very many schools, what will the next generation of teachers be like? They will be even farther behind in English than their teachers were. In a short time the the ability to read and speak English will be lost and so will potential teachers. It is a simple formula: teacher is poor in English; pupils don't learn English very well: pupils will never become teachers. Soon the standard answer of prospective teachers to school boards will be, "Oh, I could never teach. I don't know English. " And the school board won't be able to erase this reason with persuasion; for if a person doesn't know a language, he simply doesn't know it.

As any teacher and school board realizes, teaching is filled with English— geography, grammer, reading, health, spelling, history, even arithmetic. There is no getting around it, the English language is in our parochial schools and seemingly in them to stay. If we are going to have quality schools, teachers who know English are a must. And before very long all our future teachers will have been former parochial school pupils themselves— their English having been learned there.

"But how can I make my students learn English?" many teachers will ask. The answer: pupils won't learn English until the parents and teachers are convinced that they should. The average pupil isn't going to do it on his own. What he needs is practice— in reading English, in writing it, and in speaking it. It is in this last area — speaking — where more emphasis is needed. From personal experience I know that learning a language takes practice and real effort. Four years ago I could speak no "Dutch"; now I feel at home with it. But it didn't come from listening to others; it came from joining in, making mistakes and blunders but all the time practicing. For the first two years it was work; after that it was fun. And that is just how it will be with our scholars learning English. It takes practice— not merely with the pen but with the tongue. English should be spoken. In classes, at recess, at all times during the school day. If the teacher and parents are agreed on this point, English can and will be learned. If there is disagreement, the teacher is helpless. But so is the school; it is caught in a net which in not too many years will be drawn tight when the school looks for a teacher and continually receives the answer, "Oh, I couldn't teach. I don't know English. "

How serious is the situation? In some areas it is critical. Last spring a father wrote and privately stated one reason why he yet prefers to send his children to public school. He stated his reason by means of a short incident. Sixth-grade boys in his locality take notes from their fathers to the mill, because they cannot speak English. It is a little embarassing for twelve-year-olds to do this, but think what it will be like when they are eighteen.

Whether the father who reported this incident is merely using it as an excuse, we don't know. But we do know that such an occurance is not rare in some settlements. Although we firmly believe our parochial schools have more advantages than public schools, there is one area in which the public schools win — teaching English. Through a concentrated effort we can take that point from them and give it to our schools.

We live in an English speaking country. Our textbooks are printed in English. The English language is very much a part of our surroundings. Most parents learned it in public school, but where will our children learn it? They will have to learn it, too, in school —parochial school. And the best way for them to learn it is to have them speak it. Learning a language takes practice, and eight years in parochial school is a good place to practice. The result should be that by graduation the children will have a good enough command of English to be able to deal sufficiently with the society around them.

Once the teacher has the backing of her school board and parents for an "English at all times" rule, one problem yet remains—how to enforce it. Perhaps the solution is to grade. Children are graded in written English grammer, why not also grade them for their ability to speak correctly. Somewhere on the report cards the teacher should type ENGLISH (Spoken) and place a mark there each grading period. Not only should children receive a grade for using English on the playground, they should also be tested and graded for their ability to use English in conversation during classtime. A teacher could even make tests which the pupils would answer not in writing, but orally. In this way she will be able to determine the student's ability to handle English.

Textbooks, bankers, salesmen, neighbors, newspapers— our surroundings are filled with English. In some situations a reading ability is needed, in others a writing ability, and others a speaking ability. All three—reading, writing, and speaking— go hand in hand in learning a language. With a little extra effort our parochial schools will have the proper balance. —D. L.

BLESS OUR CHILDREN

Oh, bless our children, Lord, we pray,
As out the door they go
To start another year of school,
With much to learn and know.

Temptations, tests, and trials, too,
Continually they face;
Oh, keep them true to Thee, oh Lord,
And give them of Thy grace.

Protect them as they go their way
And as they cross the street;
Protect them as they play at school,
What dangers they may meet!

And may they always choose the right,
And to the wrong say "no",
Oh, bless our children, Lord, we pray,
As off to school they go.

IF I WERE TEACHING AGAIN

(con't from the last page)

end of the year we had not finished the textbooks, I would not worry; I would know that what they had learned was of greater importance.

I would almost, but not quite, lose sight of the grading system as it exists in the schools today. If Johnny is good in arithmetic and poor in language he might be taking arithmetic at the seventh-grade level and language with the fourth graders. If something came up in sixth-grade language which I would feel he might benefit by, I would have him sit in with that class. Some parents might be confused if they were not sure which grade their pupils were in, but wouldn't this be better than setting him back in all the subjects because of one weak study?

I would set aside an hour and a half or two hours each week in which the pupils would pick their own subject, often such as are not taught in public school. Tying feed sacks so that they will stay, grafting fruit trees, and making buttonholes are a few which have been tried and found successful.

I would concentrate all my efforts towards instilling in the minds of my pupils the desire to learn. When the pupil fully wishes to learn any teacher can teach them. The most dedicated teacher with all the education available is helpless when he tries to force knowledge upon an unwilling pupil. He is constantly battering his head against a stone wall.

Finally, I would "lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." I would try to teach my pupils the power of prayer. When the private prayers of the pupils mingle with those of the teacher and the parents, how can a school fail? - Mt. Forest, Ontario

Blackboard Bulletin

OPINIONS PLEASE!

- Ida Miller

Must the Timid Join?

The first recess was in session. It was a cold winter day, so the children were all inside. Being only a short recess they were allowed to play on their own, providing the noise stayed down.

I knew this meant some game for everyone at the noon hour. Going to the cabinet I took out the Donkey Game and tacked it on the bulletin board.

"What's that for?" asked some of the inquisitive first graders.

"Oh, you must pin the tail on the donkey, " answered John. "That's fun. Are we going to do that now, teacher?"

"No, we shall wait until noon, " I answered.

So the next class period went on, while those inquisitive first graders kept eyeing the donkey with wonder and excitement.

Lunch being over, I said, " Now, children, those who want to use the restroom or get a drink may quickly do so, then return to the room and I'll give you each a donkey tail. "

"I want to be first, I want to be the first, " came shouts from several children.

"Well, " I said, "Whoever has the first number will be the first. "

"Oh, I do, " cried Tom.

After the usual commotion of being blindfolded the game began. What laughter to see him put the tail on the donkey's back! It was hard to keep the noise down as some one pinned it on his ear, another one on the bulletin board off of the paper, and so on.

"O. K. Number 16 next. " I looked around to see the next one squirming with eagerness, awaiting his turn, but saw none.

"Here, Daniel has it. He's in the closet, " came Timothy's helpful voice.

"What's wrong, Daniel?" I inquired.

"I don't want to have a turn. "

"Why not? Everyone has a tail to pin on, " I answered.

"Yes, but they laugh at me, and I don't want to, " pouted Daniel.

With firmness, I insistently answered, "Well, that's part of the game. They don't laugh at the people, but at the funny places where the tail is put. Furthermore, you laughed when the others pinned theirs on. So you shall take your turn. " And he did.

My thoughts raced on. Here it was again. All through last year and now this year it was his delight to do pranks, and enjoy having others laugh at him. But, at times like this when he wasn't in the mood to be laughed at, it was more than he could take. I had told him more than once that the children don't know when they shouldn't laugh at him as he usually wants them to.

Soon the last number was called. Someone said, "Susie has it. Susie has it. But she doesn't want to. "

Well, I wasn't too surprised, as this was her first year and she was the oldest child in the home. I had excused her before from being "it" in certain games. Yet I felt determined she should this time, because I forced the other one to go ahead.

After some coaxing she burst into tears. It was bell-time anyway, so I let her go.

Of course, Daniel realized she had no turn, so he quickly popped out saying, "Susie had no turn. She has to do it. You made me. "

I calmly answered, "Yes, I know it. It was time for the bell anyway. "

Such incidents occur and we question whether all was justly done. In my opinion I think it makes quite a difference as to the type of person involved. If I know it is a case of stubbornness I don't question it. I also don't give into those who act like a bully one moment and shy back the next. But my heart does go out to timid childre

Having taught only the three lower grades, I feel they need more patience but I sometimes wonder if I give them too much. How shall we know where to draw the line? For most of my timid ones so far, I feel that softness has helped them to gain courage and self-confidence. What about those who are getting up into higher grades and still haven't achieved self confidence to the point where they take part in oral reading and class discussions. Some just don't let their voices rise enough to be audible. If pressure is used it creates tears. So the question is, how much should a timid child be forced and how do we know if the child is really as timid as he appears to be.

I would be glad to have other teachers' opinions, or that of the parents. I am sure there are parents who could help us with this problem by giving advice.

From the Editor's Desk

With this issue we are beginning the fourteenth volume of the Blackboard Bulletin. We would like to call to your attention to several changes and added features.

We have increased the number of pages from the usual twenty-four to twenty-eight. If the first month is any indication of the coming year, filling these pages will be no problem. Even with four extra pages, we had more material than we could use. But don't sit back and think we don't need your articles. We depend a whole lot on the Bulletin readers for articles, stories, and letters to fill our pages. We need your help in order to stay in existance.

There are two new features we hope to continue throughout this year. One is a page of art ideas which will feature classroom projects and individual artwork. It is difficult to find a book of art ideas that are fitting for our schools, and we hope this page in the Bulletin will help fill that need.

The other feature is "From Pupil's Pencils." (See pages 26 and 27.) Although we will have to depend on the children to supply us with material for this page, it will be up to the teachers and parents to encourage and coach them in their writings. We will not be able to print everything we get, but we hope to print as many of the best short stories, letters, and poems as our space allows.

Besides the new features, we are continuing several from last year. One that has created much correspondence and interest is "Opinions, Please." Since we must fully depend on the readers for the answers to the question up for discussion, we would like to encourage teachers, parents, and others to share their thoughts with the rest of the readers. Our regular deadline is the 25th of the preceding month. But since the "Reader Responses" are short we are able to take those later, up until the actual pasting-up date, which comes around the fifth of the month. However, send your answers as early as possible and they have a better chance of being printed.

This issue does not have any "Dear Readers" letters. We hope by the next time we will have some to print again. This is the "chatty" section of the Bulletin where we print the letters that are more of the "friendly letter" type. To make them interesting and worthwhile, they should contain news of unusual happenings or an experience that left the writer with thoughts to share with others. We are looking forward to resuming this feature as soon as we are supplied with material.

This month's editorial, "English (Spoken)" deals with a subject that has often been discussed at teachers' meeting and through the Bulletin, but we felt it should be mentioned again. The incidents mentioned in the editorial are not imaginary ones; they are true happenings. Many older people who grew up and remained handicapped in using the language of the general public strongly stress the need of teaching spoken English in our schools.

— E. M.

UNDERSTANDING NUMBERS

-by Elizabeth Miller

For most of the children starting to school, numbers and counting are nothing new. For several years mothers have been able so send them to the basement to bring up three eggs or five potatoes and fathers have been teaching them to give each horse four ears of corn. But surprisingly, once in a while a child will come to school who is unable to count to five.

My first experience with such a child was during my second year of teaching. During the first week of school I called my three first graders to class and after talking with them a while, I suggested they try counting to ten. The first lad counted in a big voice that showed no doubt. The boy next to him did the same thing and I even had to remind him to stop when he got to ten. The third little boy looked at me with wide-open eyes, not at all sure of what he was supposed to do.

"Andy, it's your turn," I said.

With a little hesitation he started counting, "One." Then looking at me, he asked, "Koomt der 'two' nexst?"

Immediately muffled giggles were heard throughout the quiet classroom. Trying to hide my own amusement, I shook my head sternly at the other children. "Yes, 'two' comes next. Do you know what comes after 'two'?"

"Three?" he said, not at all sure of himself.

"That's right," I encouraged. "Then what?"

"Ich vase net."

"Four," I said, shaking my head again at the children who were trying so hard not to laugh, but found the incident so amusing. I helped Andy count to five and started over. Before he left the class he could count to five and was obviously pleased with his accomplishment.

I sent the children back to their seats and continued with other lessons, but again and again I found myself thinking of the blue-eyed little boy who seemed perfectly normal — even more alert than the average, yet he had been unable to count to three when he started to school. If he was that far behind in counting, what would he be like in other subjects? I imagined spending long hours trying to get him caught up with the other first graders.

That afternoon I decided to have another lesson in counting, both for Andy's benefit and for the sake of my curiosity. I called the boys to class again and asked Emanuel and Eli to count first. When Andy's turn came he surprised me by counting to five without hesitation, and after a short pause he added the 'six'. By the time he came to school the next morning, he could count all the way to twelve and within a very short time he was leading the class in numbers as well as in other subjects, too.

There was nothing abnormal about Andy as I had first suspected. It just happened that when he went to the cellar to get eggs for his his mother and when he fed the pigs corn, he counted in German. When he came to school he found it difficult to count in a foreign language.

Even though first graders are able to stand and recite the numbers all the way to ten or even to one hundred (as many beginning pupils can) this does not mean that they are ready to work with numbers. Sometimes children who can recite the numbers have much less of an idea what these numbers mean than Andy did. They memorize the numbers without realizing that each number has a certain value.

It is all right to ask pupils to count during their first days in school; it gives you an idea of the advancement of the child's knowledge in general. But it is unwise to sit back with a satisfied feeling just because the first graders are able to count to one hundred before the first week is over. As soon as the pupils can recite the numbers to ten, it is time to find out if they have any understanding of the numbers they are reciting.

One simple way to find out how much the pupils know about using numbers is to ask the children to clap their hands a certain number of times. For example, you might say, "Let's clap our hands five times. All together now.....'One, two, three, four, five'. Make sure they clap in time with each other and have them start over when they lose time. Watch to see if any of the children almost forget to stop. Practice this several times, helping the children clap and count. Then let them do it without your help. Praise them freely. It will please them to know they are pleasing you.

After several exercises in counting and clapping, (give them a different number each time) tell them they are now ready for the next step— counting silently as they clap. Once more, watch them closely. You can easily see which ones are counting as they clap and which ones are watching to see when the others are going to stop.

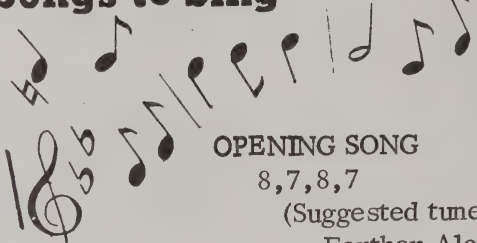
Do not overwork the first graders. At the first sign of interest being lost, dismiss the class. It is better to have two ten-minute classes in one period than one twenty-minute class.

When the children return to class, either later in the day or the next morning, review what you did the day before. Show plenty of enthusiasm and praise the children for remembering what they learned. Now that they are able to count silently as they clap, they are ready to play a little game.

Ask one child to stand facing the class and clap his hands a certain number of times. Let the other children count silently to see if he does it correctly. Or let one child tell another one how many times he is to clap his hands. If you have an average first grade, they will outgrow the clapping stage within two days and be ready for the next step— recognizing the numbers.

You will want a set of cards with the number on one side and corresponding objects on the reverse side. It is better to use the same object on all the cards than to vary them. Otherwise they will connect the picture with that number rather than the actual

Songs to Sing



OPENING SONG
8,7,8,7
(Suggested tune:
Farther Along)

Here we gather every morning
In this place to us so dear,
To the fount of knowledge coming
We will gladly hasten here.
Happy schoolroom, happy schoolroom;
Here we meet with friends so true,
Here we walk in wisdom's footsteps
Daily learning something new.

But our schooldays now are fleeting
Like the bygone days of yore;
Soon these happy words of greeting
Will be sung by us no more.
We'll remember, we'll remember,
Those with whom we used to meet,
And we hope again to see them
In the home of love complete.

There we hope to stand with loved ones,
On that bright celestial shore;
There to sing sweet songs of worship,
And be parted never more.
Oh, happy home, oh happy home,
In that city bright and fair;
There we'll join the heavenly chorus
With our loved ones over there.

count. For example, if five ducks are on the reverse of the "5"card and eight horses on the reverse of the "8" card, immediately when the children see the ducks they will think "five" without paying any attention to to the number of ducks.

Introduce the numbers one by one, showing both sides of the cards. There will be pupils who do not need this exercise, but do not rush the others because of this. Taking time to teach the numbers thoroughly will save both you and your pupils frustration when they want to start putting these numbers to use.

Keep your first grade class informal. Help your shy child feel at ease and encourage the slower pupil by asking him simple questions you are sure he can answer. Make your pupils aware of the number of everyday things. Discuss how many girls are in your class, how many boys, how many hands each child has, how many feet a horse or a duck has, and how many boys there are in each family. (Don't be surprised if they answer one more than there actually are; many first graders consider their father a boy.)

As the children become better acquainted with numbers, you will see their number sense maturing. One of the first signs of growth to look for is the pupil's ability to count by groups. For instance, show them a card with four dots and see if they are able to say how many dots there are without pointing and counting. Help them master this by showing them a card for a short period of time, then covering it and asking how many dots there were. Begin with the lower numbers and keep adding the higher ones as the pupils are capable of taking the work.

When should children begin writing numbers? Once again, many of them are able to write the numbers from one to ten before they start to school. Sometimes this is a help to the teacher, but at other times it would be easier for the child and the teacher both if he had never tried to write numbers before he came to school. If unsupervised, children are as liable as not to make their numbers backward or starting at the bottom instead of at the top. Being able to make a resemblance is not enough. From the very beginning, the child should be taught that there is only one correct way to make each number. The child that can make the numbers but does not make them correctly will have a harder time than the child who had never tried it.

Some teachers recommend large letters cut from sandpaper to help children learn to form the letters correctly. Letting the child trace these figures with his finger helps to establish the correct forms in his mind. After he has traced the number often enough so that he knows where to start, he is ready for the pencil. But don't be dismayed if you find them doing it wrong tomorrow, even though they knew how yesterday. Repetition and review are the key words in teaching first graders.

Only when children have mastered the recognition of numbers and learned to discriminate their values are they ready for paper exercises in numbers. By now they should be able to count objects and write the correct number in a designated place. The first lessons should have the objects in a row for easier counting, but later on pupils should be able to count apples on a tree, candles on a cake, cows in a herd, and even dots scattered in a complicated pattern in a square. If you find you still have children who have the tendency of moving their fingers faster than they count, repeat the clapping exercises. Challenge the children to count without using their fingers to point at the objects. If you stress that this is the "grown-up" way of counting, they will try harder.

Even when you feel your children have had all the practice in numbers they need, don't rush them into adding. What if the children at the neighboring school know that five and five are ten and four and five are nine. Your pupils probably know it, too, only they have not discovered that they know. If they have a thorough sense of numbers, adding will come naturally. They will discover that two houses in one row and three houses in the next row make five houses. They will know that if there are four horses in the field and Daddy brings out two more, then that will make six horses. Give the children plenty of oral exercises like this to teach them to count and add mentally. Being able to figure such things out is worth a lot more than to memorize that "five and five are ten" without the slightest idea of what it means.

When you do come to adding numbers and your pupils can't grasp what it is all about, chances are you should go back to clapping hands and counting objects. They don't have a full understanding of numbers.

Teaching children to count is easy. In fact, it is so easy that first graders could teach each other. But understanding numbers is something else and its importance cannot be be overemphasized. Possibly many a child has grown up to hate arithmetic simply because he failed to gain an understanding of numbers in grade one.

Phonics in the First Grade

- John B. Martin

It has been said that reading is the cornerstone of the educational process. It is, in my opinion, one of the most important subjects taught in school and should receive heavy stress. When the child starts to school he learns to read; when he has learned to read he reads to learn. One of the greatest aids to teaching reading is a thorough system of phonics. Following are a few ideas on phonics in the first grade which I have found helpful in my school.

In the front of the room I have a piece of plywood about 30" x 30" to which I fasten a large sheet of paper to use as a phonics chart. I make sets of letters, capital and small, out of lightweight cardboard, one set for each pupil and a set to mount on the chart one by one as the new letters are learned. Each child has a manila envelope at his desk to keep his letters in.

My program follows the Continental Press Phonics and Word Analysis Skills books. The 15 easy consonants are taught first. In addition to the phonics books, I use a lot of papers which I make up myself.

On one of the first days of school I begin by giving each beginner a teacher-made sheet of pictures beginning with "M. " I also mount my capital and small "M" on the chart and give the children theirs to cut out and color like the one on the chart. They learn the letter name, sound, and how to print it. Then we cut out catalog pictures for "M" and paste them on the chart.

Oral drill is important, too. When they've all repeated the letter after you several times and named the pictures on their worksheets, have them name some more words beginning with the same sound. Let the pupils think up more. (The second and third graders enjoy this, too.)

On the following day they do their workbook page for "M. " I ask them if they still remember the letter they learned yesterday. We review the letter, its sound, and the oral drill; then they do the workbook page, underlining and coloring the pictures that start with "M. "

On the third day (Pardon me, but I take them slowly to start out.) I give another teacher-made sheet similar to the phonics book page on which they find the pictures beginning with "M. "

I find that with my group there are always a few who don't understand what is expected of them for the first few days. If I ask the whole group whether a word begins with "S, " for example, the bewildered one will watch his neighbor to see whether he nods or shakes his head. To stop this, I have the whole grade lined up in one row of seats with the poor ones in front so they can't watch the others. Then I take extra pains to individually help the confused ones. When the first few letters have been taught and the pupils know what I mean by "m-m-m" and "s-s-s" I can speed up a little: maybe a letter in one or two days.

But what about the cardboard letters? Well, some days instead of drilling from the chart, I tell the pupils to get out their letters and say, "Now hold up the letter that says 'wuh, 'f-f-f', 'kuh,' etc.," or something similar to this, "Get your 'S's.' Now let's pretend we're in a store. I'll name some things we see in the store. You say them after me and hold up your 'S' if they begin with 's-s-s.' Salt, soda, flour, soap, bread, soup, suckers, candy, stockings, snaps, etc."

I teach all the consonants first, with the exception of "U," which I teach just before "Q," so they learn that "qu" belongs together. If you don't have a phonics book to follow, try to arrange the order of the letters so that similar looking and sounding letters such as "m" and "n," "b" and "p," are not taught close together. Let them learn the one thoroughly before giving the other. When the consonants are all mastered, teach the vowels, but just the short sounds at first.

After the 15 easy consonants are taught (about six weeks) I start them in reading. I have a complete set of flash cards for all their reading words. As they learn new words I keep adding them to the pack. Every day we have oral drill with the cards, taking turns to say the words. As soon as the child says the word, I turn the card down and he must spell it.

When they've learned the short vowel sounds, it's fun to have them spell words using phonograms, (a vowel and a consonant together). For example, with an they make can, fan, man, tan, and, land, stand, etc. Also, they should learn to take words apart. In the word catch they can see k- at- ch; in standing they see st- and- ing.

These are just a few thoughts on teaching phonics. Those of you who are teaching phonics know that new ideas come from day to day and year to year. (Let's hear about your methods.) If you haven't been teaching phonics, try it once and see if it doesn't perk up the reading and spelling classes.

- Narvon, Penna.

LAST YEAR'S FIRST GRADERS

- by Amanda Hershberger

August is here and parents, teachers, and pupils are busy getting ready for another school term. There are clothes to be finished, last-minute jobs at the schoolhouse to be done, and teachers are getting things lined up to make this the most worthwhile year of teaching yet. New teachers are probably spending time awake when they should be sleeping, wondering what it will be like. Fears loom before them like big mountains and for a moment they wonder if they made a mistake when they told the school board they would try teaching. But, no. There is the promise of the Helping Hand and the Saviour's love. With a prayer of trust on their lips they are soon fast asleep.

Back issues of the August and September Blackboard Bulletin are being dug out and are well worth reading. They contain many good pointers for the opening day and especially for the first graders. Those shy little ones — so sweet, so innocent, and yet so eager. Often they are an inspiration to the teacher. At least last year's first graders were.

Ah, yes. Last year's first graders — they are second graders now. They will be missing a few more teeth, but the new ones will be coming through and show when they greet you with that big smile of welcome. They will swing their dinner buckets a little more freely than they did a year ago. Several of them will come into the classroom leading a frightened little brother or sister, introducing them in a voice that sounds important, "Teacher, this is my little brother." They will think the first graders don't know very much; why, they don't even know how to file to class and back to their seats.

They can hardly wait until the teacher is through with the first graders so she will pass out the reading books. But as they eagerly open their books they find so many words they used to know but have forgotten by now. And when they want to write to one hundred ... what is the matter? It was easy for them last year but now they get mixed up. And a few have forgotten how to make a capital "H" and make a "U" instead. When recess comes they rush around to those familiar corners and introduce them to the first graders. Even though the second graders seem to be a little hurt that the teacher spends so much time with the first graders, they do give their only cookie to her at lunch time.

I feel it is important how we approach the second graders on the first day of school. Remember, they were used to being the youngest children in school and now suddenly they are pushed from that place by the first graders of this year. Point out to the second graders how much they grew during the summer and how much better they will be able to help themselves this year. Stress how important it is that they help you teach the first graders. By now they should realize you are not going to give all your attention to the first graders and they will be eager to dig in and do their best.

Don't be discouraged if you assign a lesson and, even though the second graders nod their heads wisely as if to assure you they know all about it, they will have quite a few wrong. Yes, the work did look familiar but they find they played so hard during the summer that the first-grade knowledge is pushed into the back of their minds. It is still there but it may take quite a bit of time and patience to get it up front where it belongs.

I feel that for an average child it may take as much as six weeks to get back to where he was when he passed out of the first grade. If the child played school during the summer he may catch up sooner, but if he was too busy fishing, playing ball, driving horses, and climbing trees, he may not have opened a book since he stepped out of the schoolhouse. (Wise parents help their children by encouraging them to read and do some school work during the summer.)

There seems to be much more forgotten during the period between the first and second grades than at any other time. It is only natural, then, that second grade is a repetition of first grade, only going deeper into the studies. But before you even touch second-grade lessons, review the first grade. Go back over the phonics lessons. Review all the sounds, vowels, consonant blends, and root words. There are some things they will remember. Show surprise at how well they do rather than disappointment in what they forgot. The things they had learned last year soon come back to them and you might add new things gradually. How they will enjoy being able to sound out the new words as they grow longer and harder!

In arithmetic I like to use flash cards (the same ones they had last year) to drill them on number facts. Only when these are re-established in their minds are they ready to learn the new ones. By the end of the sixth week you should have them all back on solid ground, ready for second-grade work.

One goal our second graders have is cursive writing. I like to let them print for the first six weeks and then start in with learning how the cursive letters are made. Some teachers let them practice only a letter a day while others prefer grouping the letters according to type — the tall letters, the small letters, the letters with loops below the line, and so on. Whichever method is used, it is important that they learn to make the letters right in the very beginning.

In spelling they should be able to make sentences, first orally and later written. Teaching end punctuation to second graders is easy and it should be done, stressing the importance of periods and question marks.

Your second graders will have plenty of spare time. Workbooks are very essential. Have them write numbers, both in numerals and in words. Assign writing numbers backward, even numbers, odd numbers —anything that will keep the mind alert and induce thinking. Have other activities besides book lessons. Gather leaves in the fall and learn what kind they are. In late winter plant seeds to take home later. There are so many, many things a second grader can do and will enjoy doing. Don't neglect last year's first graders.

- Burton, Ohio
Blackboard Bulletin

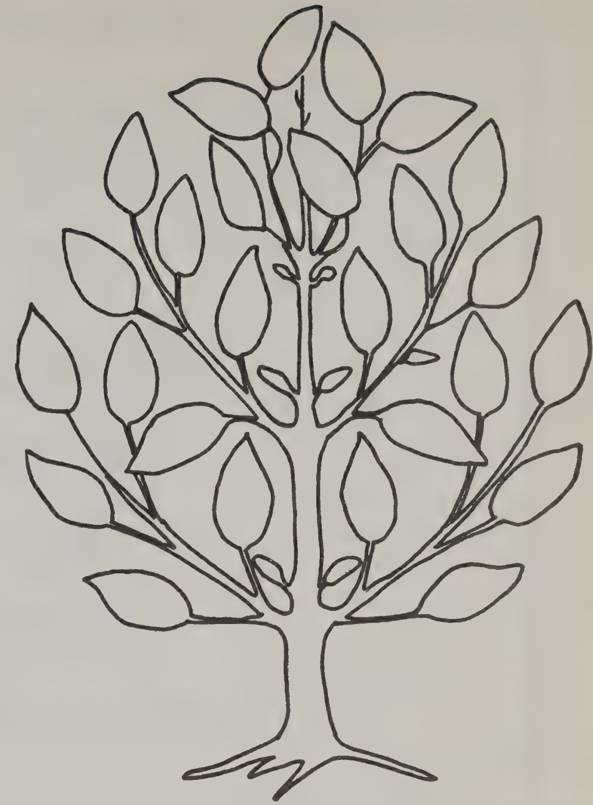
. . Projects . . . .

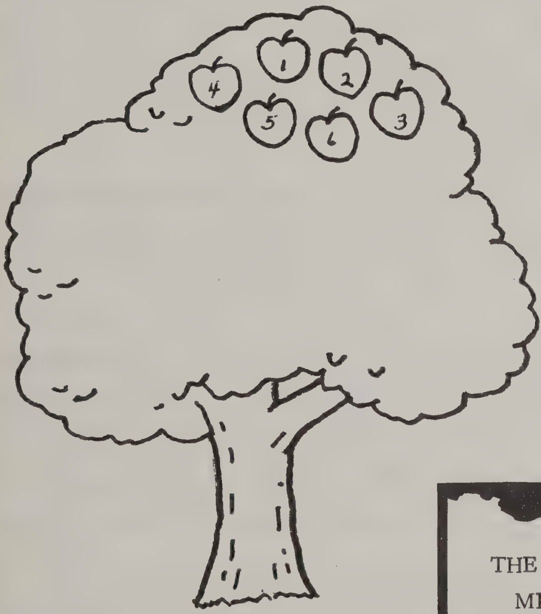
BIRTHDAY TREE

The teacher or an older pupil should design a tree trunk and branches and cut them out of black or brown construction paper. The tree can be any size, but is best made fairly large. The trunk and branches should be stapled or tacked to the bulletin board.

Next come the leaves. The teacher should make a large leaf for the pupils to use as a pattern; any type of leaf can be chosen. The pupils should each cut out a leaf, perhaps using a different color construction paper for each grade. Colors which blend should be chosen, such as various colors of green or yellow, or fall colors.

Each pupil should print his name, birthdate, and grade on his leaf in clear letters. (Tempra paints might be used.) Then all the leaves can be fastened to the branches for a birthday tree.





SPELLING TREES

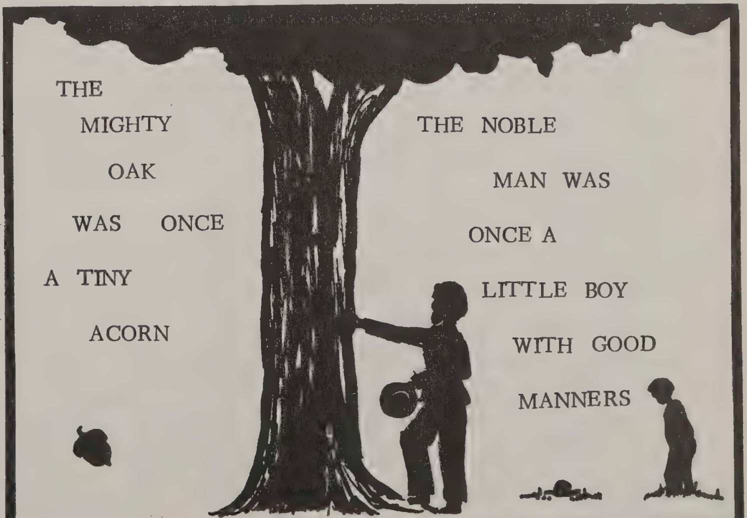
For something different in spelling, give each of the children a tree on a poster. (See pattern.) Have an apple on each tree to represent each spelling week. If the child scores 95-100, have him color his apple for that week red; if his score is between 85 and 94, he may color his apple yellow; between 66-84 merits a green apple; and if the score s below 65, the child must color his apple brown.

The scores may be adjusted according to the average ability of the class.

A Poster to Make

Have the pupils list some good habits to go with the poster below, then have a class discussion on the importance of forming good habits.

To make silhouettes like this, find suitable pictures in magazines or catalogs and trace the outline on black construction paper. Cut it out and you have a silhouette.



Rhoda and the Blue Notebook

-by Martha Helmuth

RHODA WAS EAGERLY looking forward to her first year of teaching. For the last two months her mind was more on the school she was going to teach and how she was going to do things than it was on the work she was doing. There were those times when she had her misgivings. She had had no experience in teaching and the doubts would arise, but as she looked over her supplies and went over her schedule, her doubts would give way to eager anticipation.

As the time for opening day drew nearer Rhoda was becoming more nervous. At night she dreamed about unruly children and had no appetite during the day. Finally the day came when she moved to the school's vicinity. She would be boarding at Jonas Millers who lived only about one-half-mile from the schoolhouse.

The afternoon before school opened she met with her school board at the schoolhouse. They checked to see if all the supplies were there and discussed different school policies. They urged Rhoda to have good discipline and to call on them if she had any problems.

"Well, do you think you are ready for school tomorrow?" John Yoder asked as they were about ready to leave.

"Well, at times I'm rather nervous just thinking about the first day. Butterflies, I call it, but I think I can make it," Rhoda answered.

"Our daughter Lizzie is at home this week. She can come and help you tomorrow," offered Levi Hostetler. "She taught here the last two years, you know."

"Oh, ah — ah — perhaps that would be all right," Rhoda stammered. How could she tell this well-meaning friend that she'd rather be alone? Already her knees were trembling at the thought of an adult visitor the first day of school.

After the board had left, Rhoda sorted the books and arranged her supplies in her desk. She put a few pictures on the bulletin board to help take the bareness from the room. Repeatedly she kept thinking of the morrow, trying to hush her distaste for a helper the first day. She kept telling herself that she should be willing to accept the help and advice of an experienced teacher.

Once more she went over her schedule and made her outline for the next day, thinking of a few things she wanted to say to the children. As she sat at the desk in the back of the room she wondered if she'd like it there or if she should move it to the front. She decided to leave it for a while at least.

The next morning she awoke to the music of a steady rain pattering on the roof. The rain seemed to dampen her spirits still more. Although she wasn't hungry, she managed to eat some breakfast. Afterwards she put on her boots, borrowed an umbrella from Jonas's, and sloshed her way to the school through the rain. As she neared the schoolhouse, she saw someone coming from the opposite direction, also carrying an umbrella and a large blue notebook.

"Good morning, " Rhoda greeted her as they shook hands. "Lizzie Hostetler?"

"That's right. I guess Dad told you I'd be here this morning. "

"Yes, I suppose he saw that I was rather nervous, " answered Rhoda.

"I was nervous on my first day as a school teacher,too, " replied Lizzie.

They chatted only a few minutes before some of the pupils arrived, eager to see what their new teacher was like. Curiously they stood about, watching and listening.

Lizzie opened her blue notebook, saying, "This is the schedule I tried to follow last year. We started in with singing four songs every morning. We sang German songs the first three days of the week and English songs on Thursdays and Fridays. Then we started in with English and spelling, then reading. I preferred not to have reading right after lunch as I became drowsy if we had reading then. After lunch we had geography and arithmetic. We had free period every Thursday afternoon. " After going over the schedule, Lizzie turned to the next page saying, "Here are also the rules I used. The children and I got along well with them. I allowed the children to help each other with their lessons if they didn't get too noisy. Otherwise there was not to be any whispering. "

"I don't see anything about leaving their seats or sharpening their pencils, " said Rhoda.

"No, I let them sharpen their pencils and go to the library as long as there wasn't more than one on the floor at one time, " answered Lizzie.

Rhoda rebelled inwardly as she glanced at the children standing around listening.

"We also had a five minute bell at noon. The children were to be in their seats by the time the five minutes were up, " Lizzie told Rhoda. "It seemed the children were a little slow in getting to their seats if they weren't timed. "

Rhoda listened without comment.

"Here is something else you might be interested in, " Lizzie went on. "This is the grading scale I used. 95-100 is an A, 86-94 is a B, and so on. Below 70 is an F. I recorded the per cents in my grade book and then changed them to letter grades after they were averaged. "

"Wouldn't it be easier to record the letter grades to average rather than those large numbers?" asked Rhoda, thinking of all the work that meant.

"This method does take more time, but I always felt it was more accurate, " Lizzie answered. "Another thing I nearly forgot to mention is that I usually had the children come to class back here by my desk. Sometimes they stood about my desk and sometimes I had them sit on the recitation bench in the front of the room. When we had reading the children lined up along the wall. "

"Did you always have oral reading for the seventh and eighth grades too?" Rhoda wanted to know.

"Yes, I think they enjoy the stories more that way, " Lizzie answered.

"Did you always have your desk in the back behind the children?" asked Rhoda.

"I had it here most of the time as I thought I could see the children better this way, " replied Lizzie.

Rhoda was wondering how she would remember all these details. They weren't what she had planned, but since Lizzie had taught several years, she probably knew best. She glanced at the clock and caught her breath. Time for the bell! With a rather confused feeling she reached for the bell rope. Where was the eagerness that she had experienced several weeks ago?

As soon as the children were seated, Lizzie spoke to the pupils. "Now I'm here to help your new teacher just for today, but I hope you'll remember to be good boys and girls. Listen to her and obey her as well as you used to obey me. "

Rhoda didn't know if she was expected to say anything or not so she just stood at the back of the room and listened. The morning dragged on as Lizzie went ahead and Rhoda watched. Finally the morning ended and the children were on their way home. Lizzie and Rhoda chatted a few minutes before parting

"I'll leave this notebook for you to use as long as you need it," Lizzie said. "Any time you need help, I'll be glad to do what I can for you."

Rhoda walked slowly home, thinking over the morning. It hadn't been as she had planned it. Somehow, it left her with an uneasy feeling. It had been noisier than she had visualized her classroom, but perhaps that was due to the commotion of handing out books and getting them arranged in the desks. She wondered how long she should continue to speak German to the first grade as Lizzie had done today.

As the days went by, Rhoda tried to follow Lizzie's schedule. Often when questions arose she was uncertain as to what approach to use. She kept turning to the blue notebook for help in solving her problems. She found herself imagining she was Lizzie, trying to do as she thought Lizzie would do. The children were quick to see her indecision and equally quick to tell her what last year's teacher had done, often exaggerating their own points. Before long the children were telling her how things were to be done instead of Rhoda telling the children.

Rhoda was becoming more and more frustrated and her nerves more frazzled. Why was teaching such a disappointment to her? "Why did I ever think I could be a teacher?" she often wondered.

One Friday evening after an especially frustrating week in late October, when Rhoda came home from the school there was a fat letter on the shelf waiting for her. She opened it quickly, wondering what it was all about. "A teachers' circle letter!" she exclaimed as she nestled herself on the sofa.

For the next forty-five minutes all was quiet except for an occasional rustle of paper and a sigh or a chuckle. How interesting the letters were! As she read on she came to Mary Keim's letter. Mary was about eight years older than Rhoda and had taught school a number of years. Although Rhoda had met her several times, she didn't know her very well. As she read Mary's letter she kept wishing she could talk to her.

At that moment Fannie, Jonas's wife, came in with a basket of eggs. "I see you found your letter. Someone surely must have had a lot to say to write such a long letter," she laughed.

"No, it's a teachers' circle letter. It's really interesting," answered Rhoda. "Do you know Mary Keim?"

"Do you mean the one that teaches over at Sunny Brook School?" asked Fannie. "If that's the one you have in mind, she's my cousin's daughter."

Rhoda glanced at the letter again and answered, "Yes, that's the name of her school. From the way her letter sounds, she must have an interesting school." Rhoda sat staring wistfully at the letter.

Fannie looked at her a moment. She had long sensed that Rhoda was not very happy with her school and wished she could do something to help her. Perhaps this was an opportunity. "Would you like to go visit Mary sometime?" she asked Rhoda.

"I wish she would happen to drop by sometime," Rhoda answered. "I'd like to talk to her. Perhaps she could answer some questions for me."

"You don't need to wait until she comes this way. She doesn't get here very often. I think it would be a good idea for you to go to see her, maybe even tomorrow. I'll talk to Jonas about it. I think you could have the rig to go over there tomorrow if you want it."

Rhoda hesitated. She would like to see Mary, but she felt she didn't know her well enough to call on her like that. "Isn't it pretty far up there? What would she think if I came to visit her? I barely know her."

"I'm sure Mary would be glad to see you. She is very enthused about teaching and very easy to get acquainted with. I think it would do you good to go. It's about four miles from here, but if tomorrow is as nice as it was today, the drive will be pleasant, too."

Fannie talked to Jonas about it while they were milking. "I do wish she would go," she told him. "I think Mary would be a good tonic for her."

"Well, she can have the horse if she wants to go. I guess I'll have to encourage her too if you think it's so important," said Jonas.

After supper Jonas mentioned the proposed trip to Rhoda and told her he'd gladly let her have the rig. "Perhaps you can stop at

Miller's Repair Shop on the way and pick up those plow shares I ordered from him. I'd like to have them for my fall plowing."

By then Rhoda had more time to think it over and was getting eager for the trip. If she could do something for Jonas on the way, she would feel better too. "I think maybe I'll go if you'll tell me how to get there."

The next forenoon she hurried with her few jobs and was on her way by one o'clock. As she wound her way up and down and around the hills, she sat back to relax and take in the October beauty. "I do hope she's at home," she said to herself, "but even if she isn't, this trip is refreshing in itself."

As she drove in the Keim lane, she saw Mary raking leaves. Mary looked up from her job as Rhoda drove up to the hitching post. She hesitated a moment, wondering where she had seen her before. Slowly she approached the buggy as Rhoda was tying up the horse. Rhoda turned and smiled shyly. Shaking hands with Mary she said, "I'm Rhoda Yoder."

Mary's face lighted up with recognition. "Oh, you're the school teacher that's staying at Jonas Millers then. Fannie is my mother's cousin so I'd heard about your being there, but I don't get over that way very often, so I didn't get to see you. How's school going for you?"

Rhoda replied, "Oh, there's plenty of room for improvement. In fact, that's one reason I came to see you. I haven't talked with many teachers since school started and Jonas's encouraged me to come to visit you."

"That was nice of them. Let's go sit on the swing and visit. This nice weather can't last much longer and I'd like to enjoy it while we can," suggested Mary, leading the way to the huge maple tree in the front yard. It was not long until the two teachers were engaged in earnest conversation. Rhoda told Mary of her difficulties, of how the pupils kept reminding her how Lizzie had done things last year. More than once she mentioned the blue notebook, which by this time had become a guidebook for Rhoda. "No matter how hard I try, I simply can't keep up with Lizzie's schedules and methods," she said with a sigh.

"That's just it," said Mary earnestly. "That's your problem. I'm glad to see that you are willing to take Lizzie's advice and that you're trying to improve yourself and your teaching. Lizzie was a good teacher, but she left you with one wrong impression — the impression that you should do just as she did last year. Because of this you are not being Rhoda; you are trying to be Lizzie — trying to do things as you think she would have done."

Rhoda gave Mary a surprised look, but said nothing. Mary continued, "The thing for you to do is to return that blue notebook to Lizzie and thank her for the help she has been to you. Then go to school and make your own schedule and use your own methods. Be yourself."

"But — but we've had almost two months of school already," protested Rhoda. "What if the children refuse to accept the changes." She was wavering between hope and doubt.

"It would have been easier if you could have swung the school over to your methods at the beginning of the term," agreed Mary. "I suggest you talk to your pupils, explaining the changes you are going to make. Be careful not to accuse Lizzie in front of the children. After all, she meant it well and misunderstood the kind of help you needed. Children generally welcome a change. The main thing is to get them to understand that last year is in the past and this is another year with another teacher. I don't think you'll have much trouble. It might be wise to talk to the schoolboard and tell them about the changes you are planning to make. I think they'll be understanding."

"How many changes should I make in methods, such as the grading system, rules, and so on?" Mary wanted to know.

"Well, that's pretty much up to you. Some teachers record the letter grades instead of the per cents, others record smaller numbers such as a 5 for an A, 4 for a B, 3 for a C, and so on. This makes averaging much simpler. Actually, any of the methods is all right. I've tried several different ways in my years of teaching and there are advantages to each one."

Rhoda played idly with the chain on the end of the swing and waited for Mary to go on. It seemed to her as if she had found a spring of advice and she hoped it would keep flowing.

"As for changing teaching methods," continued Mary, "that again is up to you. Be gradual in your changes and wherever you feel you could improve the school by making changes, go ahead and do it. For example, the weekly free periods you mentioned. If you want to get away from having them weekly on a regular schedule and start having them as a surprise for the children, that's your choice."

"Well, that was the way we had them when I went to school and that's what I had planned on doing, but ..."

"Then that's the way you should have them," said Mary.

Rhoda glanced toward the west. "Oh, it's getting late," she said. "I have to get started for home or it will be dark before I get there." She stood up and smiled at Mary. "You don't know how much I've gained from talking with you. I'll have to admit, I was almost ready to give up."

"I'm sure every teacher has those times," stated Mary. "At least, I know I do."

"You mean you still sometimes feel that way?" Rhoda sounded surprised.

"Yes, I must admit I do get discouraged at times. But I'm afraid your school would be in danger if you always felt confident and sure of yourself. We need to be reminded at times that we are mere dust and that we have to look to a Higher Power for strength and guidance. By the way, do you get the Blackboard Bulletin?"

"Yes, the first issue just came today. The mailman went just as I was ready to leave and I haven't read it yet," answered Rhoda.

"I'm sure you'll find it helpful. Would you care to have some of my old ones I saved?" Mary asked.

"I'm sure I'd enjoy them," Rhoda replied, "and then I'll have to be on my way home."

"I could visit for a long time yet," stated Mary. "Why don't you come over sometime and stay overnight? Then we could talk as late as we wanted to."

"That sounds interesting. I might do that sometime," answered Rhoda. "Thanks so much for your time. You know, I wonder if other beginning teachers get discouraged like I did. It would be interesting to talk to some of them."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Mary as they went into the house to get the Bulletins, "Ruth Troyer is planning a teachers' meeting at Brown Thrush School in three weeks from today. That would be a good place for you to get acquainted with more of the teachers."

"Three weeks from today," said Rhoda. "I'll be planning on it."

The sun was sinking in the west as Rhoda was on her way home. She hurried the horse along, for there was no time to linger now. But even if she had to hurry, Rhoda was relaxed and at ease. There was a new hope in her heart. Perhaps she was not a failure after all. With God's help she would take Mary's advice and try again. This time she knew one thing; she was not going to pretend she was Mary or Lizzie or anyone else. She was going to be Rhoda, using the ideas and advice she picked up from others. And she could hardly wait until Monday to try it. ◆

MY CREED

I must be kind. Perchance some word
Which only I can say,
Will help some weary one
Across the stoney way.

I must be patient with the weak
Who walk close by my side,
Perhaps I'd stumble, too, if I
Were just as sorely tried.

I must be friendly as I go,
To all I chance to meet.
Someday I may be recompensed
With friendship close and sweet.

I must be true. Some other one
May walk the path I trod.
The way I go must always lead
To heaven and to God.

NEW!

FOR TEACHERS

Available from Pathway Publishers,
Route 4, LaGrange, Indiana, 46761

TIPS FOR TEACHERS

$1.50

"Experience is the best teacher," is an often quoted phrase. And it is true. But there is one thing nearly as good as having the experience ourselves — reading of other people's experiences. That is what TIPS FOR TEACHERS is all about. It is a compiling of ideas, suggestions, warnings, thoughts, opinions, successes, and failures of 86 people who have had that precious ingredient of teaching— experience. It is an attempt to pool resources and to share them. It is not meant to be the "last word" but rather a springboard to set teachers' minds thinking. Every teacher should feel free to adapt any of the material to fit her own ideas and situations.

TIPS FOR TEACHERS will undoubtedly have a limited readership. It is not a "general" booklet in scope but a "particular" one, compiled for a small audience— Amish parochial school teachers. It should be of special value to beginning teachers, but even teachers with many years of experience will hopefully be able to glean some fresh ideas from its pages.

The Publishers

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LETTERS

Dear Editor,

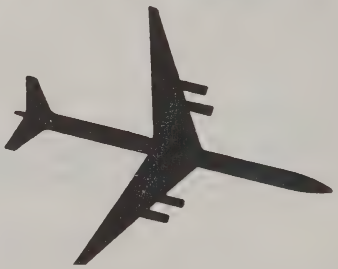
I certainly appreciated your article in the Bulletin about kindergarten classes. ('Next Year's First Graders, " March 1970). I tried it and it was really a success.

I had ten pupils and they sure took the monotony out of the last few weeks of school. The other children enjoyed them as much as I did. I found that nine of my pupils are ready to begin first grade. The other child is still quite young and has a speech problem, so I encouraged the parents to wait another year. I think another year at home will do him good.

The teachers who don't have a kindergarten class are really missing out on something. Yes, it does make more work but I am looking forward to my first graders this year as I never did before, simply because I know them and have a good idea of their ability.

- Sarah Beiler, Ronks, Pennsylvania

Correo Aereo



GRUMBLING ABOUT GRAMMAR

— by Joseph Stoll

Samuel was once an Indiana schoolboy who didn't like grammar. The main reason he didn't like it was because he wasn't sold on it at all. He couldn't see any reason for learning grammar.

"What's it going to be worth to me?" he grumbled. And his grumbling got lots of sympathy. The other boys in his grade nodded their heads in agreement.

"A farmer doesn't need to know the difference between adverbs and adjectives," they cracked wisely. "You can holler for the pigs, or drive the team, and they'll never know if your grammar is like the English books say, or not."

It goes without saying that Samuel and his friends learned very little grammar. With an attitude like theirs, the poor teacher had no chance.

Today Samuel has changed his mind. I heard him say the other day, "How I wish I had paid more attention when we were having English classes. I could really use that knowledge now."

You see, Samuel grew up to be a man and has now moved with his wife and children to

Honduras. He wants to learn the Spanish language, and everywhere he turns he bumps against grammar. For example, the Spanish books carefully explain the conjugation of verbs — how they have different forms and different endings, depending on the tense, the mood, and the subject. Comprar is a verb meaning to buy, and from this infinitive several dozen verb forms can be made. Compro is the form for first person singular, indicative mood, present tense, and therefore means I buy. Compramos is "we buy", and so on and so forth.

Unless one knows grammar quite well, it is all very confusing. And so Samuel wishes he would understand better how each part works with and affects the rest of the sentence.

In some ways a language is like a gasoline motor. There are many small working parts in the sentences we speak and write, just as there are many small working parts in a motor. Each small part has its place and value. A child can learn a language without knowing just how it works, and so can a man buy a new motor and it will run for him, even though he doesn't know much about it than how to put in gasoline and pull the starter rope.

These are the painless ways of acquiring a language or a motor. They are good ways, but with limitations. An adult just doesn't pick up a new language as effortlessly as a child. Likewise, a motor soon puts on age, and needs servicing. This is where knowledge comes in handy.

A mechanic knows all about spark plugs, ignition, carburetors, timing, and air cleaners. If he didn't, he couldn't fix a balking motor so that it runs like new again. In the same way, when a person is learning a language it helps to know what each part does, how it fits in with the rest, and what happens when a part is missing or placed wrongly.

"But," you object, "my pupils aren't planning on learning Spanish or any other language when they grow up. I'll have a hard time getting them to like grammar, just so they'll be prepared in case they some day want to learn another language."

Wait, just a minute. Are you sure they won't need grammar to learn a language? What about German?

Grammar and German

Samuel was a typical Amish boy when he was young. I know, for there were a number of his kind in school when I was teaching. Some of the subjects seemed unimportant to them, even useless. They could see the use of arithmetic and of reading, but grammar and geography appeared to be needless baggage for the farmer.

True, some subjects aren't as essential as others. But once again, it comes to me, all the parts work together to make a whole. Although grammar may not be as important as knowing how to figure the gain per hundred pounds of feed, or to read the label on the worm medicine can, it still has its value, perhaps in ways more important than making money on the farm.

What about the evenings after the day's work is finished. A man likes to sit down and relax and read. Whether he reads in English or German, it is likely he will understand better what he reads if he knows at least the basic laws of grammar. It is surprising what mistakes are made in reading by not understanding grammar.

And what about reading the German Bible? Is the ability to read and understand German being lost among our plain people? I'm sure most of us don't know the German language as well as we could, and should.

In German the value of grammar takes on double importance, simply because most of us learn to read it as a second language. With German it is almost essential to know about nouns, if for no other reason than that they are always capitalized. If a person doesn't realize this, he may get an entirely different meaning be confusing a verb with a noun. One example is gebet and Gebet, two distinct words that are not even pronounced the same.

Some people have never had the opportunity of going to school. Others have gone only a year or two. Such people can be excused when they make simple mistakes in reading and writing. But for us it is shameful if through ignorance of the language we get only a hazy idea of what we are reading. The matter is two-fold worse if the Bible is the book we are reading.

Nothing is learned without study and practice. Many, many of our people have grown to love the German language, and to understand the Bible in the language much better than in English. To do this, an understanding of grammar definitely helps.

If your pupils doubt whether they'll ever study Spanish, challenge them with the study of German. Either way, they can use grammar.

Writing

It is in writing that grammar really shines. A writer always finds it difficult to use words and sentences that transfer exactly his thoughts and emotions to the reader. Without a working knowledge of grammar, it is next to impossible.

Today we have more and more writers among our people, seeking to use the talents the Lord has given them in this field. Most children, of course, will never become writers of stories and poems and articles for publication. But almost all of them will write letters—letters to friends, business letters, messages to relatives. Here, too, grammar is not a wasted asset.

So, teachers (and parents!), when you next hear a child muttering under his breath, "I can't see the sense of verbs and adverbs. I am not going to learn more than I have to," — corner that child and tell him a thing or two. Tell him about Samuel, who is sorry he didn't learn more when he had such a wonderful opportunity. Tell him he might someday be a writer (who knows?), and he certainly will want to write letters. Tell him he may someday be a minister, and will then need to understand exactly what he reads and be able to preach the truth so it will not be misunderstood. Tell him he might someday even want to learn a foreign language. Tell him that his study of German will improve.

And even if he never does anything more than holler for the pigs, say "So, Boss" to the cows, and "Whoa" to the horses, chances are he'll not be sorry he learned his grammar.

-Guaimaca, Honduras

to READ ALOUD

Larry hated rules, so he broke them. One day he learned that broken rules not only hurt him, but others, too.

A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER

—Agnes Ranney

RULES! RULES! RULES! That's all they do at this place—make rules!" Larry smashed a wiry tanned fist into the pillow on his top bunk. "Don't stay up after nine o'clock! Don't go into town except on Saturday! Don't ride the horses unless Don is with you. Don't—"

"I suppose they have to have some rules," Ted put in from the bunk below. "How'd they keep track of this many fellows if everybody did as he pleased?"

"Humph," Larry snorted.

How Ted could go along taking everything in his stride and never getting worked up was beyond Larry. Red Bluff Camp, for instance. Getting up at seven, having to make their own beds, even having to write a letter home each week—nothing bothered Ted.

He just went his easygoing way, his round face calm, his blue eyes untroubled, except when he was trying to pacify Larry.

Well, things bothered Larry. He stared out into the square of darkening summer sky beyond the cabin window long after Ted's deep breathing told him that his new friend was asleep. But he did not see the stars come out one by one, nor the pine branches that swayed in the night wind. He only saw Don's face and felt Don's hand firm on his shoulder.

The thing that made Larry boiling mad had happened earlier in the evening. Everybody else was playing softball in the big field, but Larry had other ideas. The thing he liked best at camp was riding horseback. He had never ridden until this summer, but handling horses seemed to come naturally to him— even Don said so. There just was not enough time to ride all he wanted to during the day, with maybe a hundred other boys eagerly waiting their turn.

What would it hurt if he caught little old black Cindy and rode her a couple of turns around the pasture while the other boys were playing ball? Of course it was against the rules—but what was the harm? He knew he could catch Cindy. He had watched Don saddle up the horses every day he'd been at camp.

Slipping into the barn, Larry had taken the bridle from its hook and gone into the lot where Cindy and a little bay mare were cropping clover. He had the bridle just ready to slip over Cindy's head when he heard Don's voice.

"What're you doing there, fellow?"

"I—I thought I'd take a little ride— while everybody else was playing ball." Larry's voice didn't sound quite as light and casual as he'd meant it to.

"The horses have had a hard day, packing everybody around. They need a rest." Don grinned as he patted Cindy's nose.

"Oh, I won't ride her long." Larry said, reaching out to slip the bridle over the horse's head. "I'm coming right back."

"No, you're not—you aren't going." There was a set to Don's jaw now, a glint in his blue eyes. "You know it's against the rules for you boys to ride without a grown person being with you. And we don't take the horses out after supper — they need to rest and graze. Now hang up the bridle and let's go play ball."

Larry wasn't going to give up so easily. "I'll ride just once around the pasture," he said, reaching for Cindy's head. It was then that he'd felt Don's firm hand on his shoulder.

"Larry, rules are made for everybody. The boys who go by them don't get into trouble. Now hang up that bridle."

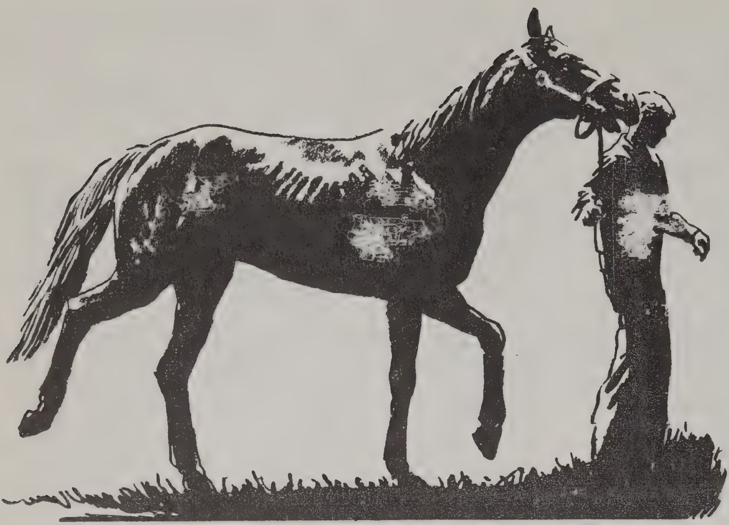
The look in Don's eyes and the hand on his shoulder left no room for doubt in Larry's mind. There was nothing left but to do as Don said. But he was boiling inside all through the rest of the evening. His mood grew darker with the sky. Now, with the camp sleeping around him, he lay twisting and turning in his bunk.

"I thought this was such a great place," Larry mumbled to himself. "It is, in a way — riding's fun, and so are the ball games, and the food's not bad, and I like Ted, even if he does let people walk all over him. But why so many rules — when I'm home I can do as I please!"

That was true—Larry did do pretty much as he pleased at home. But on Sundays he heard things, and some of the things he learned had stuck. Perhaps that was why he was so angry with Don. Larry knew that he had no business trying to take Cindy without permission, and his own conscience was already making him uncomfortable. The memory of Don's firm hand on his shoulder was so sharp he could almost yet feel it. Larry was miserable. He tossed and turned while the other boys slept.

Before dawn, he was awake again, still feeling rebellious and angry. He could hear Ted snoring softly in the lower bunk. The early morning twitter of birds was the only other sound.

Then Larry heard one of the horses nicker— a soft, friendly sound, a greeting to one of the other horses. He raised himself on his elbow and peered out the window. Through a gap in the trees he could just make out the flat spot that would be the



pasture, the shadowy outline of the fence, and moving figures that must be grazing horses. Then he had an idea.

I will get that ride! The words were unspoken, but they were clear in Larry's mind. Without a sound he slid from his top bunk and crept between the bunks where the other boys slept. Silently he slipped into his clothes. Then he crept cautiously along the path between the cabins. He took special care as he passed the cabin where Don slept with the other young men of the camp staff. No one was stirring. Now Larry didn't need to worry about Don's hand on his shoulder, holding him back from having fun!

Cindy nickered softly when she saw him and came over to the fence, her silky black tail switching from side to side.

"Shhh!" Larry cautioned, though he was sure that was not the way to talk to a horse. "We don't want to wake anybody up! We're going for a ride, Cindy—just you and me. You don't know about any old rules, do you?" He patted the smooth neck. Soon he was slipping the bit into Cindy's mouth, buckling the bridle over her head. He didn't wait to get a saddle. He led Cindy alongside the fence, climbed up, and slid onto her back.

"Giddap, Cindy!" he said softly, touching her lightly with his heels. Cindy started over the pasture at a fast trot. Larry reined her back—her hoofbeats sounded awfully loud in his ears, even on the grassy ground. He couldn't risk having Don hear them!

"Wish there was some place else to ride!" Larry said to himself. The pasture was small and all of it in sight of camp, if someone cared to look "Say, how about that field there, across the creek?" Not far away was a gate in the pasture fence. Larry slid off and opened it, then climbed back onto Cindy. They splashed through a little creek, then climbed the bank to find themselves in an open field, screened from the campgrounds by the willows and alders along the creek.

"This is more like it!" Larry cried. "Come on, Cindy!" Cindy gave a snort, filled her lungs with the fresh morning air, and fairly flew over the ground. Larry felt the wind in his face, and Cindy's mane streamed out as she ran.

It's like flying! Larry thought. Lost in his excitement, he did not see the barbed-wire fence at the other side of the pasture until they were almost on it. Cindy saw it at the last moment and shied away sharply, almost throwing Larry off her back. But it was too late! A loose coil of wire, half-hidden in the tall grass near the fence, caught around her hind foot. In a moment she was kicking frantically—and getting more tangled with each movement of her thrashing legs.

"Whoa, Cindy, whoa! Stand still!" Larry begged. His eyes on the thrashing hoofs, he slid to the ground and went to Cindy's head. "Easy, there! Stand still, now!" A bright spurt of blood from one hind leg was already staining the grass with red, and Larry could see other cuts and scratches on the shiny black hide. He was shaking, but he tried to keep his voice steady. He patted the trembling nose.

"Easy, girl. Stand still, now. Just hold still. I'll try to get the wire out of the way." Cindy snorted softly. Her kicking grew less frantic. Cautiously, Larry grasped a coil of the wire.

"If I could just get her foot out of this—" he muttered. But just then another of the barbs touched Cindy's leg, and she lashed out at it sharply.

"Easy! Stand still!" Larry begged again. Once more he tried to get the wire away from Cindy's legs. But it was no use. As he moved one strand, another coil would seem to leap up and bite at the little black mare. She was snorting and trembling, and the grass was red with her blood.

"I don't dare leave her, and I don't dare not go!" Larry's words were almost a sob. "I—I can't get her out of the wire by myself! Stand still, Cindy—please! I'm going to get Don!" He gave the black nose a final pat, and then he was off.

His breath coming in gasps, his pants and shoes wet with creek water and stained with blood, his hair plastered to his forehead, Larry burst into Don's cabin. Don opened his eyes sleepily. Then he sat up, wide-awake.

"Larry! What's up? What happened? The story came out in gasps. Soon Don and Larry, with a couple of the older fellows, were on their way across the dewy pastures. Then Don was clipping the cruel wire away from the black mare's trembling legs, while Larry held her head and talked to her. He could feel his heart pounding as Don silently looked the black mare over.

"Not too bad, I think," he said at last. "She doesn't seem to be bleeding much now. We'll walk her back to the barn easy, then dress her cuts. She'll be stiff and sore for a few days—no more riding her for a while."

Larry had to swallow a couple of times before he spoke. "You mean— she'll be all right?" he got out finally.

"I hope she will be," Don said. "We're mighty lucky, though. I suppose you know a horse can bleed to death or die with lockjaw from barbed-wire cuts," Don didn't sound angry exactly. Just sort of matter-of-fact, as if he thought Larry didn't care anything about Cindy — only about himself and his fun. Larry supposed that was true in a way; at least it had been that way before he took the ride. But now all he wanted was for Cindy to get well.

"Could I— could I lead her home?" Larry said. "I'd take it real slow and easy. Then you can get back faster— so you won't miss breakfast." Don gave him a funny look.

"Sure— if you want to, fellow," he said. Don and the others hurried back to camp. Larry knew they all had things to do there. But that wasn't the real reason he'd offered to lead Cindy back. He wanted time to be alone with the little black mare — and to think.

A horseback trip for part of the boys was planned for the afternoon, but Larry had no heart for it. He turned down Ted's offer to stay with him. After they had left, and the other boys had gone swimming, Larry sat on the golden straw in one of the horse stalls. Nearby, Cindy munched alfalfa, her terrifying experience with the barbed wire apparently forgotten. Sun shining through the cracks in the shake roof made golden sunbeams on the floor, and a faint smell of disinfectant still lingered in the air. Cindy's contented munching and the twitter of birds were the only sounds.

"Rules!" Larry said to himself. "You may not like them, but if you break them you have to pay for it. Sometimes somebody else has to pay, too. Like Cindy, when I rode her at the wrong time and in the wrong place."

Suddenly there was a hand on his shoul- — not a hard, firm hand this time, but a warm and friendly one. Larry jumped, then looked up into Don's blue eyes.

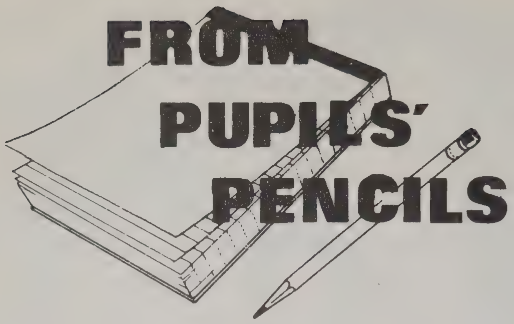
"You still here, fellow? I thought you'd be on the horseback trip."

Larry shook his head. "Not without Cindy," he said. "I'm awful sorry about what I did, Don."

"I know you are—I could tell that by looking at you this morning. Seeing how badly you felt about Cindy's gashes, made me think you had received enough punishment," Don said. "We're lucky Cindy wasn't hurt any worse than she was. She'll be fine soon, and you can forget all about it."

But Larry knew that he wouldn't forget Don had forgiven him for breaking the rules. Taking Cindy was just one of the thing's he'd have to ask God to forgive him for. Sometimes God's rules were like a firm, hard hand, but Larry was beginning to understand that God's hand on his shoulder could be a loving and forgiving hand, too.

FROM PUPILS' PENCILS



Dear Friends,

I am an eighth grade girl. Since this is my last year of school I want to try and do my best. I have often been told that a person will treasure his school days. But I think our classroom is a place of disorder and confusion. Who can study in a noisy classroom? Not I.

I don't want to criticize the teacher, because I know it is not her fault. She tries, but there are some pupils who do not do their best I know I could do better at times myself.

Every morning I think I will do better today, but many times before the day is over I have done something that I should not have done. Then I turn to God and pray for more strength. He never fails to give it.

I will close with best wishes.

A B.B. Reader,
Pennsylvania.

◊ ◊ ◊

Dear friends,

In school we play Prisoner's Base. We also play lots of other games. We have lots of friends.

In the morning we read the Bible and then make up some questions. After we read the Bible we do writing, spelling, and arithmetic. Then we have recess. After recess we sing and so on. At three o'clock grades one, two, and three go home. The other grades go home at four o'clock.

Last November I had to stay home from school for eighteen days. I was glad to come back to school to see all my friends.

I hope other boys and girls will write to the Blackboard Bulletin.

-Melinda Keupfer
grade 3, Ontario

◊ ◊ ◊

A SCHOOL YEAR

When the beginning of the school year draws near most of us children are eagerly waiting for the first day of school. We are eager to once more to sit down and study. But once school is going a few weeks, we are used to it and it becomes more boring.

There are some holidays to look forward to. The first one is in November, Thanksgiving. Soon it is Christmas and we have a short vacation. But along about February is the time when it really gets boring in school. The weather doesn't let us play outside and we are penned up with nothing but indoor games to play.

Then comes spring and we can go out once more. Things get a little more exciting, but even then we are glad when school is out. We're glad when the last day comes but it is not long until we start looking forward to the next school year. Then we start all over again.

-M., Indiana
age 13

Dear M., Congradulations! You are the first boy to write for Pupils' Pencils. I hope other boys will follow your example. -C.C.

* * *

Send contributions for this page to:

Cousin Carrie
c/o Pathway Publishers
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

LIFE IS A RIVER
-by Ammon Lied

Across a wide, wide river I row,
Always rowing against the tide;
Hardships and trials I'll have, I know,
While trying to reach the other side.

It's hard in this little boat like mine,
But against the waves and current I go;
Through storms, moonlight, and sunshine,
When the tide is high or low.

We must all take that voyage,
And in our little boat we must go;
For some the sailing is over soon,
For others it is rough and slow.

I must have God for my guide,
To reach that beautiful shore, I know.
Then at last I'll get out of my boat,
On that shore where the green mosses grow.

-grade 8
Pennsylvania

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

Well, it sure has been a long time since we heard from each other. Why, it is three whole months since I sat down to write my last letter to you. But in a way it didn't seem long at all. I guess it seemed short because we had a very busy summer.

It is hard to believe that within three weeks after you get this letter you will be back in school again. I'm sure you are looking forward to it and that you'll try to make this your best school year ever.

This year I'm looking forward to something, too. No, it is not school I'm looking ing forward to. I've been out of school for a number of years already. I know you're curious, so I'll tell you about it.

Last year about this time it was decided that I should write a letter to the boys and girls every month and a special page in the Bulletin was set aside for this letter. Before I knew it, the year was up and I still had some things I wanted to write about. So it was decided I could continue for another year.

During last year I sometimes got letters from boys and girls who read the Bulletin and I found them very interesting. I wished there was some way I could let you read each other's letters, but there simply wasn't room on one page for your letters and mine, too. So after thinking and talking it over with the others, we think we've found a way. On the page right across from this one is what we thought up—a page especially for the writing that comes FROM PUPILS' PENCILS.

Doesn't that sound interesting— stories, poems, and letters written by boys and girls! In this issue we are printing some of the material I received last year, but the only way we can continue FROM PUPILS' PENCILS is by having you put your pencils to work.

I know we will not be able to print all the stories and letters we receive, but each month we will print as many as we can get onto one page. And, as you might guess, those which are most interesting will be the ones we'll choose to print. Neatness, of course, is another thing that will help us decide. But if your letter or story doesn't get printed, it doesn't mean that your work was not interesting or neat. It might be there wasn't enough room.

We will need some information about yourself, but please don't include it in your story or letter. Choose something interesting to write about, then fill out the form below and send it in. Or if you don't want to cut out this form, you may make one like it.

Name ____________________ Age ________

Address ______________________________

Grade _______ School __________________

Teacher's name ________________________

Parent's name _________________________

Address your letter to:

Cousin Carrie
c/o Pathway Publishers
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Well, I'm looking forward to hearing from you. And I hope to see you again next month. Until then, put those pencils to work.

Best wishes!

-Cousin Carrie

IF I WERE TEACHING AGAIN

- by Isaac R. Horst

Frequently we hear the expression, "If I were young again . . . "or "If I had my life to live over again . . . " Most of us have some way in which we feel we could have improved ourselves.

However, we have just one life to live; we do not have the privilege of living our lives over again. The next thing we can do, then, is to instruct those who follow after us to help them avoid the pitfalls which waylaid us.

Such thoughts come to the minds of ex-teachers. In this changing world, many matters will come up which will effect the schoolroom. What changes would we make, were we teaching again?

If I were teaching again, I would try harder to gain my pupils' respect and pay less attention to their friendship. Friendship gained without respect is soon lost. If the pupils have full respect for their teacher, friendship will automatically follow.

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I would at all times try to refrain from speaking or acting foolishly. The pupils do not mind seeing their teacher make a mistake; in fact, they enjoy it. The teacher should help the child to understand that as a human being he is prone to making mistakes. However, a foolish act or word is not easily forgotten. It can easily mar the pupils' respect for the teacher.

I would take every opportunity to teach them such virtues as honesty, courtesy, charity, truthfulness, and modesty, even if it should interfere with curricular subjects. If the pupils have these virtues firmly established they will become conscientious enough to make the best use of their time, thereby regaining the time lost in teaching these virtues.

At least once a month I would try to remind the pupils of any rules I had seen fit to make. Children (and adults, too) are prone to forget any rules that are not renewed and reviewed periodically. It is better to have a few rules strictly enforced, than many rules disregarded.

I would make more use of informal study. Discussion periods in which the children have no written work are a welcomed diversion. If they are genuinely interested in the subject under discussion they will learn more this way than by the more formal study method.

I would rely less on textbooks and more on other sources. I would gather material from newspapers and magazines, yearbooks and government reports. In this way the pupils would keep abreast with the times. They would learn about the new grading system for hogs, the latest rust-resistant grain, and water, air, and soil pollution. These things cannot be learned from textbooks. If at the

(con't on page 4)

Blackboard Bulletin
September 1970

COMING HOME

-Martha Farmwald

THE BACK DOOR SLAMMED. Mother looked up from her work and smiled at her daughter. "I see you're home." she said. Then the smile turned to a frown when she saw the paper in Laura's hand. "What do you have now?" she demanded.

"My English paper," said Laura. "Miss Yoder told us to bring them along home and show them to our mothers and fathers."

"Did you have a hundred?" asked Mother as she went back to her work.

"No, not quite. I thought they were all going to be right, but then down here I had two wrong. I can never remember when to use 'sent' and when to use 'send.'

"But can't you ask the teacher to help you?" asked Mother. She glanced hurriedly at the paper and frowned at the two that were marked wrong.

"I do sometimes, but Miss Yoder has a lot of work to do and she says we have to think for ourselves. She doesn't tell us the answers."

"I just can't understand why you can not get such good grades like your brother Lavern did when he was in the fourth grade," said Mother. "If Miss Yoder would explain the lesson as well as his teacher did, maybe you could do better, too. Another thing his teacher never did was send all the papers home for us to look at. I wish you would keep them in school where they belong."

"But, Mother, Miss Yoder says we are to bring them home," reminded Laura.

"Yes, I know. Last year you brought them home, too, until there was a whole box full. Then we threw them away," said Mother. "Maybe we can find an old box someplace and set it in the stairway. Then you can put your papers in there each evening. That way they won't clutter up the house and get into my way."

"I brought home my arithmetic book, too. I have to do homework tonight sometime," said Laura.

"Why?" scolded Mother. "Why can't you hurry and get your work done at school? We have enough work to keep you busy in the evening."

Laura looked at the floor. "If only I did not have to go to school," she said. "I do not like school."

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Coming next month:

Wide Enough for Two -by Joe Stoll

What do you do with children who argue over something? In this story a busy mother has a good solution.

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AN EDITORIAL

Teacher, here's a letter that came to our place yesterday," said little Martha, holding out a small white envelope. "Dad said it is for you."

Miss Byler's face wore a puzzled look as she studied the letter her second grader had given her. It was postmarked at Wooster and the handwriting looked unfamiliar. But it was addressed to her in care of Woodlawn School, so it had to be for her. She opened it and read,

"Dear Miss Byler,

You do not know me personally, but you have probably heard your friend, Mattie Mast talk about me. She comes in to work for me two days a week. The other day she was telling me about Amish parochial schools, and even suggested I visit one.

Since I'm a teacher in a church school myself, I would find such a visit extremely interesting. So I've decided to write to you and see if I can get permission to visit your school one forenoon soon. Next Wednesday morning would suit me fine. If this causes you any inconveniences, please don't hesitate to tell me so.

This visit is for my own personal interest; I will not make any reports on it for publication. Also Mattie told me the Amish do approve of picture taking. I will not bring a camera.

Please let me hear from you soon.
Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Ethel Shapero

The teacher's heart skipped a beat. She was a new teacher. So far she had had only one visitor, a parent. Even that had made her nervous. What would it be like to have a total stranger in the classroom? Miss Byler wished she could write to this lady and tell her to visit a school where a more experienced teacher taught. All day she toyed with the idea, but that evening she wrote to Mrs. Shapero and assured her it would be all right to visit her school the following Wednesday morning.

The rest of the week dragged for Miss Byler. Each day she hoped she would get a note saying Mrs. Shapero couldn't come after all. But no such note came. On Wenesday morning Miss Byler dressed with special care, then with an extra prayer for strength and calmness, she went to school.

First grade reading was in session when a car drove up. Miss Byler tried to be her natural self as she greeted her guest at the door. After the proper introductions were exchanged, the teacher offered Mrs. Shapero a chair at the back of the room.

"Thank you," smiled the middle-aged woman. "Just go ahead like you always do. I don't want to bother you."

The morning passed quickly. The children seemed extra eager to please their teacher. Perhaps it was because Miss Byler tried to be extra pleasant. Classes went smoothly and they were done in time to dismiss a little earlier at lunch time. While the children started eating, Miss Byler went back to where her guest was sitting.

"I'm going to have to leave," said Mrs. Shapero. "I can't tell you how very much I enjoyed your school. You're doing a marvelous job."

Miss Byler was slightly embarrassed. She didn't know how sincere her visitor was and she felt awkward. "You said you're a teacher, too," she said, trying to change the subject.

"Yes, each afternoon between four and five I teach a class of intermediate girls. We're Jewish, and since we don't have a Jewish parochial school in our town we teach religion at the temple after regular school hours.

Miss Byler was interested at once. "How old are the girls you teach?" she asked.

"From eight to twelve years old," said Miss Shapero. "At what age do you start teaching religion here at your school?"

"We don't teach religion," answered Miss Byler. Then when she saw the look of surprise on Mrs. Shapero's face she added, "We teach German twice a week, and the older pupils read from a German Bible story book."

"Oh, so you do teach a little," said Mrs. Shapero. "And I noticed you said a prayer before the children ate their lunch. That was nice."

After a few more minutes of visiting the guest left. Miss Byler watched her drive away. "I wonder what she thought of our simple way of having school." she thought. "One thing's sure. She was surprised that we don't teach religion." Then she picked up her lunch bucket and went to her desk to eat a belated lunch.

Miss Byler was right. When the lady from the city left the Amish parochial school she probably was surprised that the Amish schools don't teach religion. No doubt she was wondering what the real purpose of these schools was, if it wasn't to teach the Amish religion to the children. It was too bad her stay at the school had been so short and that she had come after the devotion period was over. But then, if she had been there, she wouldn't have understood the words as the children sang songs of praise and worship, for the singing had been in German. She would have sensed, though, that the school did have some emphasis on religion had she been there when the teacher and her pupils had bowed their heads and prayed the Lord's Prayer before they had assumed their lesson's. Why, then, did Miss Byler tell her guest she did not teach religion in school?

⇨

The answer is simple. She didn't teach religion in the respect Mrs. Shapero was referring to. In other words, there was no period set aside when the children got out their "Religion" textbooks and workbooks and actually studied religion. There was no catechism recitation when the children chanted the principles of our religion in unision. But all the same, religion was diligently taught in that school, whether the teacher was aware of it or not.

Religion in our school should not stop with reading from the Testament, singing songs, and reciting a prayer in the morning and at the noon hour. How then, should it be taught? First, perhaps we should ask, what is the religion we should teach?

Our schools have a twofold purpose. One, of course, is educating our children according to what we feel is beneficial and essential to our way of life. But this is the secondary purpose; the primary purpose is the molding of the children's character—the opportunity of having the pupils influenced by teachers who firmly believe in teaching religious morals, not only in one class period a day, but every minute of every day.

Where is a teacher who does not try to teach and enforce the Golden Rule? When Jesus gave this rule, he added that "this is the law and the prophets." We might say then that the Golden Rule is one of the chief "building blocks" of our religious training.

Another important "building block" that our teachers use in character building is taken from Philippians 2:3. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves." Unselfishness, the "you-go-first" attitude, is a moral our teachers are trying to imprint into the hearts of their pupils. Can such a teacher deny he is teaching religion?

Honesty, obedience, love for one another, kindness, helpfulness, perseverance. These are only a few of the religious "building blocks" our schools use. When we think of the many teachers who are forever on the lookout for anything that is contrary to these religious teachings from the time the first pupils arrive in the morning until the last ones leave in the evening, we have reason to breathe a prayer of thankfulness Thankfulness for the privilege of teaching religion in our schools, and thankfulness that it does not have to be limited to one class period a day. -E.M.

COMING HOME (con't from the front cover)

That same evening another door slammed. Another fourth-grader ran through the house in search for her mother. "Mother, where are you?" she called.

"Right out here," came the answer. "Hello, Linda. How was school today?"

"Fine," answered Linda. "Hummmm! Cookies. May I have one?"

"Yes, just one," said Mother. "What do you have in your hand?"

"My English paper," Linda handed the paper to her mother and reached for the cookie she had been promised. "Today I had only three wrong."

"Well, that's good," said Mother. "At least it's better than you had yesterday. Come, let's look at your mistakes. I need a little rest before I can go chore anyway."

As Mother opened the papers, one of them fell to the floor. Linda stooped to pick it up. "Oh, yes, this is my arithmetic paper," she said. "I wanted to have a hundred, but four times I forgot that I had borrowed and then I got those wrong."

"Yes, I see you didn't subtract right," said Mother. "How does your teacher tell you to do these?"

"She says we have to study the problem first," Linda explained. "Like in this problem twenty-seven is the subtrahend. We see if we can subtract or if we have to borrow. I cannot take seven from one, so I have to borrow from the tens in the... I forgot what Miss Miller said the top number is called." Linda looked puzzled. "It's something like minute hand."

"Minuend," smiled Mother.

"Oh, yes," agreed Linda. "We take one

from the tens in the minuend and add it to the ones." She drew a line through the "8" and wrote "7" above it. "Now we subtract eleven minus seven and seven minus two. Fifty-four is the answer. I had sixty-four." She erased the answer and corrected it.

"Didn't you find your mistake when you checked your answers before class?" asked Mother. "Or isn't that what these numbers are for?"

Linda hung her head. "Yes, when we add the subtrahend and the answer, we get the top number of the problem. Then we know that the answers are right."

"Did you add wrong, then?" asked Mother gently.

"I think so. I was in a hurry, and sometimes I just write the numbers down. Most of them are right, anyway," said Linda.

"Linda, you mustn't do that," chided Mother. "Your teacher tells you to check your problems because she wants you to have a good grade. When you work carelessly, you lower your own grade and no one else's. You did well today, but if you had been more careful you could have had a hundred."

"I'll try again tomorrow," said Linda. "Where can I put my papers?"

"Why not put them in those folders I got for you?" suggested Mother.

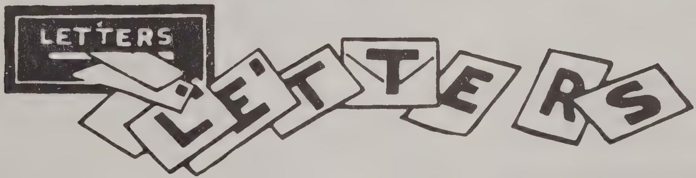
"You mean even if I didn't have a hundred?" asked Linda.

"Sure, we'll save the best papers for you to keep," said Mother as she got up to go back to work. Linda ran to her room and brought back the folders.

"I like this red one," she said. "I'll put my arithmetic papers in here, because my book is red, too. My English papers will go in the green one, and the spelling papers in the yellow one. I can hardly wait till Friday to bring home my spelling paper for this week."

Mother started putting the cookies into the huge cookie jar. "Change your clothes, Linda," she said. "Then we'll go out to the garden awhile yet before we chore. Then you can tell me about school while we work."

Linda smiled. "I like school," she said. "I think I'm going to be a teacher when I grow up."



Burton, Ohio

Dear Editor,

I thought I had to write to you about TIPS FOR TEACHERS. I am only half through reading it and I think it is so interesting. It's almost like visiting other schools and coming home full of ideas. Only I don't need a substitute; there is no taxi bill to pay; and I don't have to make speeches at other schools.

With this new booklet, I am almost convinced that there will be no dull moments for my little ones after their other work is done. But I know better than that. I feel the booklet should be very useful to us if we make the proper use of it. I'm planning to keep my copy at the schoolhouse where it is handy if I need to make a quick reference to it.

With last year's SCHOOL BELLS RINGING and this year's TIPS FOR TEACHERS I think beginning to teach should be easier than it was when we began. But that's what we need — help for the beginners so they won't get discouraged. I know there is much they will have to learn by experience, but these booklets should be a great help to them.

Thanks to all who helped make TIPS FOR TEACHERS possible.

Sincerely,
Amanda Hershberger

Conrad Grebel College
Waterloo, Ontario

Dear Editor,

A word of thanks to Isaac R. Horst for his brief article on "If I Were Teaching Again." As one who has been teaching for 30 years myself, I can heartily concur with the insights which this writer shared with us. I think an especially important point was the suggestion of making use of informal study as a legitimate form of education. The point of relying less on textbooks and more on other sources was also highly significant. Parents are the greatest teachers of all, and yet they seldom, if ever, use a textbook in their teaching.

Sincerely,
J. Winfield Fretz
President

Over the period of years the Blackboard Bulletin has made some definite changes. At first it was an overgrown teachers' circle letter. So naturally, the new periodical was solely a teachers' publication. But as it grew, parents began to show interest in it, and they were welcomed into the Bulletin circle, because the teachers were very happy to have the parents interested in school. So now, the Bulletin was no longer a teachers' paper; it was a teacher-parent affair.

Now within the last two years, it has changed again. With "Chats with Children," "To Read Aloud," and "From Pupils' Pencils" it has a fairly complete section for children. So the Bulletin might now be called a school paper, with stories and articles that we hope are profitable to the teacher, the board member, the parent, and the pupil. If we are to have a well-balanced school paper, then we should have a balance of material from each of the above named school members. If you fall into one of these categories, maybe you should think about writing for the Bulletin.

We appreciate the articles we receive for the Bulletin. That's not news to you, is it? We say it in practically every issue. But there is a certain kind of material we can't appreciate. That certain type is always fairly easy to pick out, because it's always accompanied with a note something like this, "Be sure you don't print my name or town, or give any hint as to where this article comes from. I'm afraid someone will be offended."

Even without such a note, such articles are usually detectable. They are the type that criticize some other party of the school body. Perhaps a teacher attacking his school board, or vice versa. Or it might relate a conflict between the teacher and parent, in which the author "throws a brick" at his opponent. We're not saying that such articles can't be worthwhile, providing they don't pinpoint one certain person or situation. If an incident is given that is a common problem in many schools and the author can bring out how the problem was solved, what was learned by the experience, and how the ordeal resulted in a better school, then such an article is fine. In other words, we need to have a shoe that fits many feet, not just one foot. Private matters should be settled privately and not in public places. The Bulletin is not the place to say something that should have been said at a parent-teaching meeting.

We know of several instances during the last year when offensive articles slipped into the Bulletin. Since they were well written, and brought out a point or taught a lesson, we printed them. Because we did not know the real situation, we had no way of knowing that the articles were offensive to some of the people in the community they had originated from.

We always feel bad about such things, because the purpose of this publication is to build up schools and to bring about a closer relationship and better understanding among the various members of the school circle. If we print articles that do the exact opposite, we are indeed falling short of our goal.

- E. M.

WHAT IS LOVE?

- An Ontario Teacher

"Oh, Porky, get out of my way!" The older boy got a second grader by the collar and pushed him roughly aside. Meanwhile the other boys and girls joined in shouting,

"Porky, Ho, Porky!"

The little boy ran into a corner and tried to be brave. It was my second week at a new school and the incident shocked me. I let it go for the time being, but my thoughts went something like this: "How awful, and why is it usually the bashful ones that have to suffer the sting of having a nickname? One of the most disrespectful things a person can do is call someone else by a false name. It's so degrading and certainly the opposite of honoring and loving one another. It simply can't be the fruit of love, but the fruit of hate and strife. How can the poor little fellow like school, do clear thinking, learn to love his playmates, while he's being scoffed at?"

The next morning I met the little boy's father on the way to school.

"Good morning. It's a pleasure meeting you this morning, especially since we have one thing in common — the welfare of your children."

"Yes, they seem to like school."

"Did you know your son had a nickname in school?"

"Yes, but oh, well, that's like children. Last year they all had nicknames at this school."

"But do you think it should be that way?"

"I guess not, but then we had nicknames when I went to school, too."

Soon I was on my way again. Perhaps I had been wrong. Should I ignore the nickname issue and call it natural and right? But how can they really enjoy school, both those who give nicknames and those that get them? It resulted in hate and how could I ignore it.

That day for the usual after-dinner story I chose the story about Abraham, how he was willing to sacrifice Isaac, his only son whom he loved so dearly. But he obeyed God because he loved Him even more.

After the story we talked about what love does and what love is. I directed the discussion toward present-day living and we discussed things they might do to those they loved. Among the things that were suggested were playing nicely with one another, sharing things, being kind, and so on. When ideas started to run low I asked the question, "What are some of the things you would not do to someone you loved?"

By now the senior grades seemed to suspect what I was aiming at and most of the answers came from the lower graders. At last I asked, "How many of you think a person would call another person a nickname if he loves him?" Not one hand went up, but instead many heads hung with guilt. After a few more admonitions we started with our lessons. I was well pleased with the results of that discussion.

◆

OPINIONS PLEASE!

"Older-Pupil" Authority

It was a rainy recess, the first one we had had for a long time. The boys were playing ping-pong downstairs and the girls had various games going on in the classroom. Suddenly the noise downstairs ceased and I heard one lone noise— the voice of a little boy crying.

Wondering what had happened now, I hurried down the steps. There I found the group of boys standing around in a subdued manner, while Enos, a second grader was leaning against the wall crying. "What's wrong?" I asked. When no one offered an answer, I walked over to the little boy. "Did you get hurt?" I coaxed. "Tell me what's wrong."

Crying was the only answer I got. I pressed those standing around a little harder. "What happened?"

"Levi hit him," one of the boys finally said.

"Levi?" my voice sounded the surprise very plainly. I looked around and for the first time noticed Levi, the crying boy's seventh-grade brother. It was easy to see that Levi was embarrassed beyond words, but I needed more information, so I asked, "Why, Levi, what made you hit your little brother?"

"It was his own fault," said Levi. "He caught the ping-pong ball when it came over the table, and he wouldn't give it back."

"Mose did it, too," defended Enos. "And Levi didn't hit him."

I looked around for Mose. He was a fourth-grader, active and more mischievous than he really needed to be. He looked guilty, but said nothing to defend himself.

Bit by bit, the story took shape. The older boys wanted to play ping-pong and when the ball left the table there was a mad scramble for it. The younger boys delighted in returning the ball to the players. Then one time when Mose had the ball, he had been slow in returning it. At first the boys didn't mind too much, but when it happened every time one of the little ones had the ball, they tired of it. It must have been then that Enos had the ball, and instead of tossing it back, he held it, and when one of the boys came to take it from him, he ran away, taking the ball with him. By then Levi, his older brother, decided it was time to stop the nonsense, and proceeded to do so with the ping-pong paddle.

For a minute, I was puzzled. Enos had been in the wrong in the first place. He had no business making a pest of himself by running off with the ball. But then, Mose had done the same thing. "Why didn't you hit Mose when he ran off with the ball?" I asked Levi.

"He's not my brother," answered the boy promptly. "Mom and Dad wouldn't let Enos act like that, either, if they were here."

By the time the story was told Enos had stopped crying. I admonished the little boys for interfering with the older boys' game and suggested they go play a game of their own. Then I talked to the boys about being more patient with the little ones, and not being so rough. Everyone seemed to take a right attitude and the matter was dismissed.

I might have forgotten about this incident if it had not been for an almost identical one a few days later. This time it involved the girls. A group of little girls were having some kind of a giggling fun in one corner of the classroom and I was trying to figure out what it was all about without letting them know I was listening. Suddenly one of the older girls popped up in the scene and shook her little sister by the shoulder. "I'm going to tell Mom if you don't stop acting so silly." Instantly the little girl's smile turned to a frown and she walked away. Seemingly, the fun for her was over.

There it was again; an older child in the family dominating over a younger one. In a way, it might have been all right. But on the other hand, weren't the younger children in the family robbed of a privilege— the privilege of a certain freedom? Shouldn't children all be treated alike in school, even if they have older brothers and sisters in school? Or is it all right for a teacher to let the older children discipline the younger ones, especially when they are brothers and sisters? I would be glad to hear from other teachers, and also parents concerning this problem. OPINIONS PLEASE.

Address your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Reader Response

(Sorry, we did not receive one response to last month's discussion article.)

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für
Schulen und Heimeten

This is a revised version of the former Kinderlieder, containing the same selections but also 50 more. There are 102 songs selected from various songbooks used among the Amish. $.50

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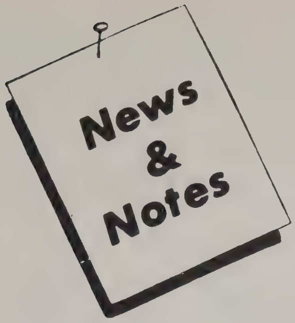


FROM HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO

The annual school meeting was held in Holmes County at the Melvin Miller home on August 13. Around 130 teachers attended, plus quite a few directors, ministers, and ex-teachers.

The following day the teachers visited various places of interest in the area and had another session in the afternoon.

We hope to have more complete details in the next issue.

FROM THE EDITORS' OFFICE

Our readers let us down this month. We did not receive one Reader Response to the "Opinions, Please" article. The question was a good one, we felt, but it must be one that is not easily answered. Another reason for the lack of response is the time of year; the teachers are very busy. At any rate, we hope to have some next month.

A DAILY PRAYER

Lord, I am poor and needy now.
Give me more grace, I pray,
To bear my burden with a smile
And do Thy will today!

Lord, make me happy in my heart,
Rejoicing evermore;
Give me more joy in serving Thee
Than I have found before!

Lord, evil forces from without,
And carnal thoughts within,
The world and Satan, hand in hand,
Would crush my soul in sin.

But God, Thou hearest every plea,
Thy word is good and true,
Increase my faith, give me the power
Thy blessed will to do!

Then shall my hours be full of joy,
In serving my dear Lord,
And when my days on earth are done
My soul shall have reward!

A BEGINNER'S QUESTIONS

9 (Con't from back cover)

the pages as they come. That is up to you to decide. If you do take my method, be sure to drill them on adding occasionally after you're well started with subtraction. Otherwise they will forget their addition facts.

BEGINNING TEACHER: By the way, should first graders have spelling?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Yes, I think most of the teachers start their pupils in spelling in the first grade.

BEGINNING TEACHER: How soon should they start? Surely they couldn't spell words yet.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: No, they can't spell at the beginning of the term. But for me to tell you when is hard to do. Use your own judgment as to the ability of your group.

BEGINNING TEACHER: What words do you use for first-grade spelling?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Easy reading words that I feel are suitable for them to learn. I usually start with three words and then keep adding as I see they are able to take them. To keep record of the words we've had, I make a little book for each pupil.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Would you explain how you make the books?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: I usually take notebook paper and cut them crosswise into two halves. A sheet of construction paper cut the same way serves nicely for a cover. I sew through the fold with the sewing machine and this makes a nice little book.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Who writes the words into the books, you or the pupils?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Usually I do myself. Sometimes when I'm busy I fill in one book and then let an older pupil fill in the others just like it. In this way the first graders can see how each letter is to be made on the lines.

BEGINNING TEACHER: I suppose you're tired of my questions by now. As you said, I'll probably have to learn from experience.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Yes, that's true. But if these answers are of any help to you I'm glad to share my opinions. The questions I've been trying to answer are just a few of the many that arise for me during my first term. I kept a record the first year of what the first graders were doing at the end of each week. This has often been a help to me, for now I can go back and compare them with my present class.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Well, I must be going. You have work to do.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Yes, I have work, but that can wait. By the time I see you again I hope you'll be enjoying your task. Whenever you feel like giving up, remember to ask for help from the One who is always ready to help us if we do His will.

- Baltic, Ohio

Whose Duty Is It?

-Lizzie L. Martin

Whose duty is it to train the children to obey? Recently a parent made the remark to me that it is time a certain little boy starts to school, so that he learns to obey when he is given orders. "At home he is let go too often," she said.

That made me wonder. Does that parent think such training is the responsibility of the teacher? If a child has had no training in obedience before he starts to school, I'm afraid the teacher and the child both will have some rough going before they can appreciate each other.

Parents frequently remark, "We'd like to help the teacher, but we don't know how." I'm sure the teachers would agree that one of the best and most appreciated way of a parent helping a teacher is training a child to obey orders before he goes to school. Then when they are told to do something, they know that they have to do it.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Proverbs 22:6.)

◇

TWO BOYS-TWO MEN

Two boys there were some years ago,
(To manhood grown since then.)
The name of one of them was Dave;
The other's name was Ben.

They differed much in many ways,
In body and in mind,
Ben in the race was far ahead;
Dave followed far behind.

Dave was content through life to creep,
Ben wished for wings to fly;
Dave oft was heard to say, "I can't"
Ben bravely said, "I'll try."

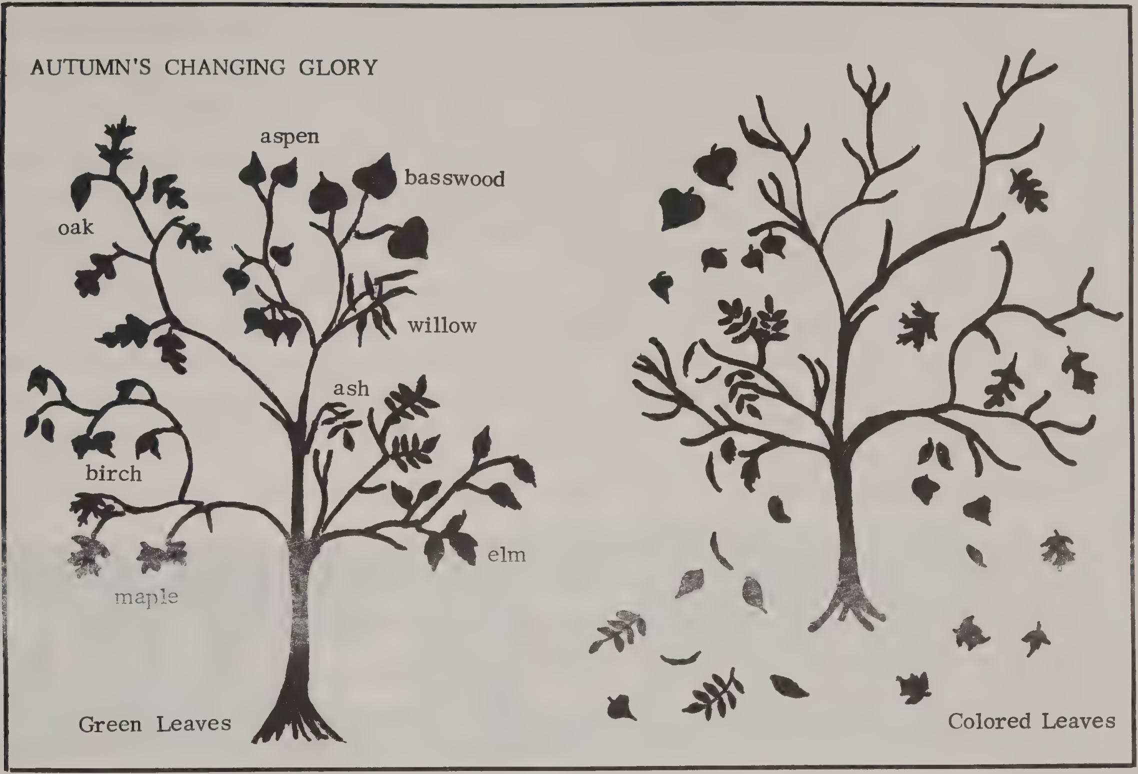
And how fared Dave in after years?
And how fared Mister Ben?
Just what they were when boys at school,
They were as grown-up men.

For Dave kept up his old "I can't,"
And never tried to rise;
While Ben, who bravely said, "I can,"
Won many a worthy prize.

Dave hoped that something would turn up,
Ben turned it up himself,
And onward marched to victory,
While Dave sat on the shelf.

When duty calls don't say, "I can't,"
This is the coward's cry!
But write upon your banners, boys,
The conquering words: "I'll try!"

. .Projects . . . .


AUTUMN'S CHANGING GLORY

Generally, both pupils and teacher reap benefit and enjoyment from a well-planned nature hike. This time, visit the woods while the leaves are still green. Gather as many varieties of leaves as you can.

Back at school, treat the leaves to preserve them. This can be done by shellacing them or pressing them between two sheets of waxed paper with a moderate iron. Be sure the pupils can identify each one, then fasten them to the tree branches, as shown in the picture. The trunk and branches of the tree can be made with brown construction paper or painted onto the background.

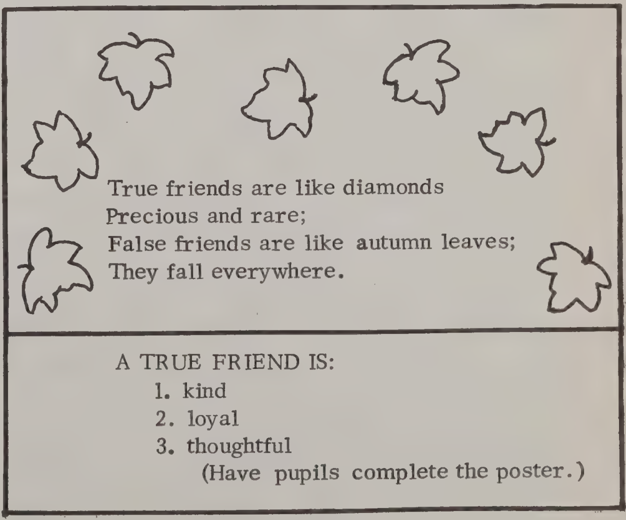
Now comes the most interesting part -- watching to see which leaves turn color first. If you live in a wooded area, it will not be hard for the pupils to bring the colored leaves as they find them. Treat these leaves the same as you treated the green ones, and then fasten them to a second tree on the bulletin board. Have the children make notes of interesting facts they learn about trees and keep charts showing to what color each tree's leaves turn.

Complete the bulletin board by adding the children's favorite autumn poems.

PRIMARY PROJECT

Let your primary pupils make a fall poster of their own. Duplicate the trunk and branches of a tree and let the children color them and then cut them out and paste them on heavier cardboard. The children will then enjoy gathering small leaves from shrubs to paste on these branches. A suitable phrase or short poem about autumn will complete the poster.

A Poster to Make



True friends are like diamonds
Precious and rare;
False friends are like autumn leaves;
They fall everywhere.

A TRUE FRIEND IS:
1. kind
2. loyal
3. thoughtful

(Have pupils complete the poster.)

S-I-N

IF WE WOULD HAVE no compulsory school laws in this country any parent could keep his children at home from school without getting into trouble with the law. But it is not just the school laws that are keeping the classroom doors open. Very few parents, if any, would keep their school-aged children at home altogether if the laws were all abolished over night.

We know that children need to learn arithmetic to help them make a living in later years. A person who does not learn to read or write will be greatly handicapped in the world we are living in today. Besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, children in school have an excellent opportunity to learn to get along with one another. And last but not least, the years in school are a good time to learn singing.

Learning to sing would be nearly impossible except in a group. If we would sing only the songs we learned when we were by ourselves, we'd probably never sing a single song. Singing is usually an expression of joy. What sounds nicer than a group of God-made voices singing together in unison, with no man made instruments to mar the beauty of the sound?

Singing is nothing new. One of the first songs sung in a group was probably that glad song the morning stars (probably the angels) sang when God had created the world, (Job 38:7). Get out the concordance and look up some of the passages in the Bible that have "sang", "songs", or "singing" and you will find that singing has been a part of religion from the time God created the world up to the time which John saw in the future when the saints of New Jerusalem sang a song of praise to the redeemer of their souls, (Rev. 7:9).

The Israelites sang a song of praise after they had passed through the Red Sea, (Ex. 15). David sang a song of thanks when his enemies had been defeated, (2 Sam. 22). The Jews returning to their homeland after a 600 mile trek from Babylon where they had been slaves for 70 years sang a song. This song is recorded in Psalms 126 and has been rewritten and is now often sung in our Amish churches, (Lied #86, Ausbund). When the Jews came back to Jerusalem after completing the wall around the city they dedicated it by having a large public singing, (Neh. 12: 27, 28).

The angels sang above the hills of Bethlehem when Jesus was born and even today Christmas is not complete without the singing of Christmas carols.

Songs have also been sung when the days were not so carefree and happy. When Jesus knew the agony of the cross was only hours away, He sang a hymn with His disciples, (Matt. 26:30). The center references of some Bibles translate it as having been a psalm, so it could easily have been one of the psalms David had composed when he was watching his sheep on the hillside over a thousand years before.

When Paul and Silas were in prison with their feet in stocks they were still singing at midnight, (Acts 26:25). Their singing under such circumstances must have made an impression on the jailer, for he asked to be baptized into their faith that same night. One of the books in the Apocrypha contains the song the three youths sang when they were cast into the fiery furnace in the time of King Nebuchadnezzar. We also read that many of the early Christians sang while they were being tortured by the Romans. Undoubtedly, the pain was easier to bear when they held back their cries and turned to singing.

When the Anabaptists, the people of the early Mennonite and Amish churches, were in jail awaiting death sentences, their thoughts turned to songs. Many of the fine old songs in the Ausbund were composed in these surroundings. Lied number 61, still sung in our churches today, is an example of such a hymn. It was composed by seven men who were in jail awaiting a martyr's death.

But singing, like many other good things, can be used for evil purposes. The singing and dancing of the Israelites while Moses

G-I-N-G

– by a father

was on Mount Sinai caused the deaths of 3000 people who had taken part in these evils.

King Saul was possessed of an evil spirit after he had disobeyed God's command and had no peace in his heart unless someone was playing music in his presence, (I Sam. 16:16). With music blaring from radios and musical instruments and phonographs in the homes of many people in these modern times, we have reason to wonder if we have Sauls today – those who use music to soothe hearts that can find no peace. We can be thankful that our forefathers worked to keep these things out of our plain churches. The playing of music should be within our hearts, (Eph. 5:19).

When our young people in school are learning to multiply and divide, they are learning something that will be useful in their relation with society in later years. But when they memorize good songs and tunes they are learning something that is much more important in their later lives and in eternity. Who knows how many of them will be helped over tides of discouragement and grief by the words and tunes that somehow find their ways into the mind at such a time? Job 35:10 tells us where such songs come from. A depressed feeling or a "blue mood" will usually give way to better thoughts if one will hum a tune lowly, even if it is hard at first.

True, in public school the children learn to sing, too. But it seems the teachers are more interested in having the children learn the notes than in having them sing. Look through any song book used in the public schools today and you can easily see that most of the songs they are singing are sillier and more secular than they were twenty or thirty years ago.

Here we have fertile ground for cultivation in our church schools. A song learned in school years is seldom forgotten. Many of our old people who can hardly see to read anymore find comfort and good thoughts when they remember the songs they learned in their youth.

Anything is easier to learn when a person is young and singing is no exception. No child should be permanently excused from leading a song now and then, even if the first attempt sounds more like a squeak than a song. Let them learn the words and tunes of the songs by helping and hearing the others in the group who can sing. Children are children and even if singing in a school does go real well, there are always those who sing faster or way out above the others. A good method used to curb this practice is to sing a verse or two in this manner and then stop and have them sing the rest of the song in a quiet but very clear tone. The effect is remarkable.

Even if our children learn the words to a song all the way through, it is too much to expect them to learn the meaning at that age. When they sing:

"Dear friends, there'll be no sad farewells,
There'll be no tear dimmed eyes."

they do not really grasp the meaning of what they are singing. Only in later years when they see a family standing beside the open grave of a loved one, or perhaps when they themselves lay one of their own into that final resting place – then they will realize what a wonderful place God has prepared for the righteous. It is the home they used to sing about in school.

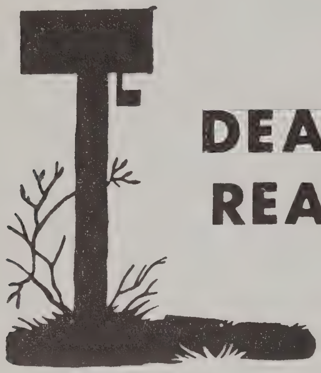
When misunderstandings and disunity and even hate want to creep into the churches in later years the children will understand the blessing it will be to live in that home

"Where all is peace and joy and love,
And the soul of man never dies."

⇨

Time goes on. The day that the school children sing about, "When the dead in Christ shall rise and time will be no more," will eventually and surely come. After the Judgement Day the righteous shall spend long ages singing in that Heaven they sang about in school, "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be!"

- Narvon, Penna.



DEAR READERS,

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

DEAR READERS,

"What do you think when you first wake up in the morning?" I was recently asked.

During that time the thing I liked to think of is, "Vacation days. No rush, no worry, no hurry. "This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." (Ps. 118:24). There are many more restful and peaceful verses to let our minds dwell upon. What a blessing when we can find that rest and peace of mind.

Likewise, it is agonizing when we are tormented with doubts and fears. An article I found in an old Reader's Digest brought a message of merit to me. It claimed that the most destructive phrase is "If only." "If only I hadn't done this..." "If only I had done that..." "If only I hadn't said this..." "If only..."

However, the most constructive words are, "Next time..." "Next time I'll do better..." Maybe we teachers can say, "Next term, with God's help I'll try and..."

Thinking of all the expense our parochial schools have caused and all the concern the parents show, I often wonder, "Can I, as a teacher, fulfill my role satisfactorily?" I have to keep on trying and never give up.

At times the responsibility of teaching seems almost overwhelming. How many teachers could confess they have never wept over their own shortcomings? Perhaps this is our heaviest cross to carry.

Unless those whom we serve mean just a little more than self, teaching may easily become a doleful task.

Wishing you all a sucessful school term.

Sincerely,
Susannah Shantz

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

RONKS, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR READERS,

I have a longing to write a few lines concerning the hiring of a teacher. I know it is a little late, but there are some teachers who have started the term and have in mind to take up marriage later on. Then there will be more vacancies to fill.

The directors sure seem to have difficulties finding enough teachers to go around. I will try to give a few suggestions to them, and

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would be glad to hear from others.

1. Don't approach her on Sunday. That is not the time to go into final details. If the teacher you've asked says "No" on Sunday or during a casual visit, that does not mean that she isn't interested in teaching. Contact her personally in her home.
2. Do give her full information about her school. How many pupils, (It is always interesting to know how many first and eighth graders there are.) where she can board if it is not in her home community, and so on.
3. Do let her know if any transportation is needed, if it will be her expense or the school's.
4. Do discuss the salary. This is not the most important item to the teacher, but she will have to make a living, and you can save her embarrassment by bringing up the subject.
5. Don't hesitate to tell her what you have to offer. Show plenty of interest, and she will find it harder to say "No."

An ex-teacher,
Sarah Lapp

GLAD SURPRISES

A friendly "Good morning,"
A smile that is true,
A bouquet of flowers,
And a secret that's new.

A peach ripe and luscious,
A cookie so rare,
An apple for the teacher
From pupils who care.

A song gaily wafted,
A lesson well done,
A pupil's endeavour
To right any wrong.

So many surprises
May float o'er your way,
God bless you and guide you
Through each coming day.

- An Ontario Teacher

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

ST. CLEMENTS, ONTARIO

DEAR READERS,

An honest and heartfelt greeting to you all in the name of our Redeemer. May you all find strength to fulfill all which God has commanded. May we walk closely and unfaltering along the paths of virtue as outlined in His Word.

The teacher's life consists of ups and downs, detours and expressways, abrupt stops and minumum speeds. Above all, it retains a fighting balance between dispair and triumph.

It's queer, isn't it, that one vocation can be all these at the same time. Am I wrong in stating that most teachers go through periods of indecision in which they can't make up their minds whether they like or dislike their profession? We all go through those periods, but usually the sun shines brightly on the other side. It is our duty to strive for that sunny destination.

We have a new term before us, a clean page, an unmarred slate. The time is drawing near when those duties must be shouldered and vacation with its pleasant times of relaxation fade from the present to the past. Our time is up, duty calls up back to the classroom.

Problems will arise, parents will be discontented, pupils will have their off days. Those will be the times when the teacher is forced to the brink of dispair. Let's prepare ourselves for those trying times. Man was not created to rest in a bed of cushions. A life of thorns and thistles must be faced.

Let us face the new school year with courage, not shrinking from duty, but facing each new day as David approached the giant Goliath. "You face me with a perishable weapon, but I come unto you with the help of the Lord."

Sincerely,
Amos M. Shirk

Correo Aereo

TRAIN THEM TO BE OBSERVANT

—Joseph Stoll

Teacher, teacher, there was a car here that wanted to see you while you were home."

"Was there?" Teacher William greeted the excited fifth grader who had come running across the playground to meet him. Young Henry enjoyed nothing better than to be the bearer of news. He wanted to be the first one to tell Teacher about the noon hour visitor.

William's eyes twinkled. "You say there was a car here that wanted to see me, Henry? Now what would a car want to talk to me about?"

"No, not a car— a man. But he was driving a car."

"Who was it, Henry?" asked William. He was wondering who the caller might have been. He usually spent his noon hour at school, but today his wife had sent word during the forenoon that she wanted to go visit her sick sister, so William had gone home to get the horse ready for her. He hoped the man who had called was not some important school official who might be displeased to find the school unattended.

"He didn't say what his name was," answered the boy.

"Well, what color car did he have?"

"Uh... I think... I think it was black. "No, maybe it was blue."

"Was he a young man?"

"Uh... let me think..."

"Tall? Heavy-set? What'd he look like?"

"Well, he was... he was... ah, Teacher, he was just a man."

"You're not too observant, are you, Henry?" William laughed.

A few minutes later William had rung the bell. The children filed to their seats and all was silent. Then William spoke. "I am rather curious who our caller might have been, and I am also rather curious just how observant my pupils are. Before we begin our story period, I'd like to ask you a few questions. How many of you saw the man?"

All over the schoolroom the hands shot up. Only the Mast children, who had been home for lunch, did not raise their hands.

"What was his car like? Mark, can you tell me?"

"It was kinda dark blue, and real shiny."

"Yes. What do you say, Mary?"

"It had a funny-colored licence plate. It wasn't an Ontario licence, I don't think."

"Did anyone notice what the licence said?" asked the teacher.

"It looked like Ohio," said Susan, who had been with Mary and had also noticed the licence.

"Did no one else see the licence?"

Evidently no one had.

"Fine, let's see if you can describe the man now."

From among the seventh graders, David Miller's hand went up. David was bashful, and it had taken a while for him to get up enough courage to venture the information he knew.

"Yes, David."

"The car was a Mustang. It's the same kind our milkman has. He's bragging about it all the time, and I saw this was the same..."

"Thank you, David. Now, the man. What'd he look like? Oh yes, by the way, who did he talk to?"

"He talked to us," answered Rosemary, an eighth grader, pointing also to her classmate, Martha. "He was real friendly, and asked if you were here. We said no, you had gone home for a few minutes, and he said, O. K., he would see you later, and then he left."

"Can you give me a description of what he looked like? Speak up and tell me what you observed."

"He wore a white shirt."

"He was tall and thinnish."

"Kinda stoop-shouldered."

"About forty or fifty, I would guess."

"He looked like a salesman."

"He walked real fast, nervous like."

"He had a moustache."

"Blue eyes, I think... maybe they were brown."

"A pretty smile."

"He carried a briefcase."

"That's very good," said William, holding up his hand for the pupils to be quiet. "Some of you, at least, had your eyes open. I know you're in a hurry for your story now, but maybe some day we can have time to play the observation games we used to play when I was a boy."

The pupils raised their eyebrows and looked very much interested. So William quickly made a note in his memo book to help him remember. Some day soon he would get a little "exam" ready for them, to see who was really observant and who wasn't. And then they would play the observation games.

Observant? How about you; how observant are you? A schoolroom is no place to be half asleep. Life is so much more interesting and worthwhile for those who do their sleeping and dreaming at night, and are 100% awake during the daytime.

The worst part about a dull teacher, though, is his sleepy pupils. Enthusiasm is catching, and so is listlessness. If the teacher is bored by his surroundings, his children will probably be bored, too.

Being observant is largely a matter of being awake. Nevertheless, it is partly a matter of habit. We see what we look for, and are blind to the rest. We hear what we have trained our ears to listen to, and other sounds are likely to escape our attention.

The habit of being observant is best learned while young, and therefore every teacher has a responsibility. This responsibility is to awaken among the children an interest in the world around them — the thousands of things there are to see and hear and touch and taste and smell. God has given us humans five senses, and He means for us to use them—in a proper way, of course, and to His glory.

Learning to be observant carries its benefits into all of life. The observant person will note more carefully what he reads, and will understand it better than the lazy fellow who dodges around every hard word or difficult idea. Being observant is very important when one reads the Bible.

Perhaps you will want to spend a class peroid, or part of one, on the subject of being observant. With Teacher William, you may wish to start out by giving the children a little examination. This will be a way of checking how carefully they note everyday details. (Keep the exam a secret; prepare it beforehand—perhaps some evening after the children have left for home.)

You will ask them questions about things they see every day, but likely never notice. Twenty or twenty-five questions should be enough. Because you will be giving the "exam" while the pupils are in their seats, your questions will be limited to situations outside the classroom. For example, if you were to ask what color the printed numbers on the classroom calendar are, there would be a temptation to peak.

Your questions will be similar to these:

1. How many basement windows are there along the south side of the school?

2. Which tree in the school yard is the taller, the elm or the maple?

3. How many steps are there on the entrance stairs?

4. How many strands of barbwire along the top of the schoolyard fence?

5. What color is the schoolhouse roof?

6. What color are Elizabeth's eyes? (Pick some pupil who is absent that day.)

I'm sure you'll be both amazed and amused by the answers you get from the pupils. After you have finished with the exam, you may want to emphasize to the children why being observant is important. If you have time, you can then play some of the observation games Teacher William talked about. If you don't have time right then, you can always save time for a rainy day recess.

Here are a few ideas, and you can likely think of others. If you're wide-awake, you can improvise!

Have a box of miscellaneous items ready — an ink pen, a softball, an eraser, a book, children's toys, and other such knicknacks. When you are ready to begin, set these items out upon a table where they are visible to the class. Then have the children put their heads down and close their eyes while you either remove an item or add a new one. Then say, "Ready!" and see who can first note the item that is missing or that has been added.

Another way is to set out perhaps a dozen objects, let the children look at them for a short length of time, then sweep them off the desk back into the box and have them write down the items from memory. This is excellent practice, and the children enjoy it.

But these are not games, they are only exercises. For something more like a game, try this one:

Choose four pupils to be "it". (If you have a small school, two or three pupils will do.) Have these stand at the front of the room. While they close their eyes, the remaining pupils change seats with each other, except for four who quietly leave the room. The ones who are "it" then open their eyes and see who can first name the most missing persons. When the missing ones have been identified, they reenter the room and become "it" for the next round.

As your pupils play this exciting game, don't let them lose sight of the reason they are playing it. Remind them again that being observant is an everyday need, a habit that will help them all through life. Inspire them to open their eyes and see what there is to see, to keep an ear ready for the thousands of meaningful sounds breaking around them, to train their noses to identify hundreds of smells.

Tell them to note small details too, for some of them may turn out to be important. Don't let them be like the chemistry students who were scolded by the professor one morning with these words, "Gentlemen, you absolutely are not using your powers of observation the way you should."

He held up a jar containing a chemical that smelled very bably. Even the students in the back row wrinkled up their noses. "When I was a student," the professor continued, "I used my sense of taste more frequently than you do." So saying, he put a finger into the liquid and then into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," he coaxed. The container was pushed toward the reluctant class, and one by one the students dipped into the chemical and with many a wry face, licked it from their fingers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, a disappointed look on his face. "I must repeat that you do not use your powers of observation. For had you looked more closely, you would have seen that the finger which I put into my mouth was not the one that I dipped into the liquid."

The old professor was tricky. His method I would consider questionable, yet it is likely his students did not soon forget the lesson.

I suppose we all make the mistake the students did — we don't always see everything we look at. We aren't as observant as we might be. I for one admit that as a teacher I sometimes wished for the proverbial "eyes in the back of the head", yet what I really needed was to make better use of the ones in front.

Indeed, I probably am a poor one to give advice; nevertheless, the advice is good, so teachers, take it.

Look, and see.
Listen, and hear.
Sniff, and know what you are smelling.
Teach your pupils to do the same.

-Guaimaca, Honduras

(Editor's note: For another mental exercise, see "Remembering Directions" on page 52 of TIPS FOR TEACHERS.)

to READ ALOUD

LOYAL TO LEAH

-by Elizabeth Miller

Lydia Keim and her younger sister were washing dishes in the summer kitchen one evening in late September. As usual, they were talking about school.

"Who do you think is the nicest girl in school?" Mary asked suddenly.

"Leah Mast," answered Lydia without a minute's hesitation. "Why? Who do you think is the nicest girl in school?"

"Well, it's a little hard to decide. I like Susan and Rachel and Alma and..."

"In other words, you like everyone," interrupted Lydia with a laugh.

"Of course. We're supposed to, aren't we?" defended Mary.

"Sure," assured Lydia, "I like everyone, too. But it's still nice to have a special friend like Leah."

Mary looked a little annonyed. "What makes you like Leah so much anyway?" she asked. "Some of the other girls were talkabout you and her today."

Lydia's face reddened. "Who was talking? I mean, what— what did they say?"

"It wasn't really anything bad," answered Mary. Alma just said you're not as friendly as you used to be before Leah went to our school. She said you used to play ball with the rest of us and you— you weren't as stuck-up as you are now."

Now Lydia's face was really red. "The nerve of Alma," she hissed. "She's jealous — just plain jealous that Leah is my friend and not hers!"

"No, I don't think she's jealous," defended Mary. She just wishes you would play with her and the rest like you used to."

Lydia lowered her voice. Her eyes lighted up with an unusual glint. "Say, Mary," she said, "Will you tell me whenever you hear Alma or any of the other girls say something about Leah and me? Did they say anything more today?"

Mary wrinkled her brow, trying to remember. "Not about you, I don't think," she said, "but they did say Leah thinks she's pretty and that she's too good to play with the rest of us."

"There, didn't I say they were jealous?" Lydia wiped the last of the water from the sink and carried the dishpan over to the drain and dumped the water. "My, I'm glad when we move back into the kitchen again," she said. "There we have a drain right where we wash dishes."

The next morning Lydia could hardly wait to get to school. As soon as she opened the schoolhouse door, she saw Leah.

"Good morning, Lydia," greeted Leah. "I thought you were never going to come."

"Hi, returned Lydia, then she lowered her voice to a whisper. "I'm here, and I have something to tell you. Guess what my sister told me last night."

"What?" asked Leah eagerly.

"She said Alma and the other girls were talking about us two. They think we're stuck-up and they said we don't play ball because we think we're too good. And they said they wish you didn't go to school here."

"Why? What makes them say something like that?" asked Leah.

"They're jealous, that's what," answered Lydia. She linked her arm into Leah's and whispered. "Last year when you didn't go to school here I played with them. You know, played ball and tag and tomboyish things like that. Now they're jealous because I have you for my friend and they don't."

Leah tossed her head. "I don't care," she said. "Didn't I tell you before they are meanies?"

"Yes, you did," answered Lydia. "And

now I agree with you."

"We don't have to care as long as we have each other, do we?" said Leah, pressing Lydia's hand. "Let's promise each other to be friends for the rest of the year and see if we can be loyal to our promise without breaking it once."

"Yes, let's," agreed Lydia. "Then they can have their old ball games and things like that. We don't need them as long as we have each other."

"What would I do if you didn't go to school here. I'm sure I'd want to go back to public school again," Leah spoke softly in Lydia's ear.

"And what would I do if you didn't go here. I wouldn't have you for my friend," answered Lydia. The two girls walked hand in hand up the steps.

"Good morning, girls," said Miss Lehman. She looked up from her sweeping to smile at the girls.

"Good morning," returned the girls.

"Would you have time to help me a while this morning?" asked Miss Lehman. "I have so much work to do."

Lydia looked at Leah, waiting to see what she would say. Sometimes Leah felt like working and sometimes she didn't.

"I— I have to get started with my arithmetic," said Leah.

"Oh, all right. I'll ask the next girls that come to put up the pictures we drew on Friday," answered Miss Lehman.

The girls looked at each other, surprised. "Oh, we can put up the pictures," said Leah quickly.

"No, never mind. You go ahead and do your arithmetic," said Miss Lehman, returning to her sweeping as if it were a common thing for the girls to do their arithmetic in the morning before school started.

"Let's go out," whispered Leah. "Teacher did that on purpose," she said when they were outside. "She made us believe that she wanted us to help her sweep. I would have been glad to put up the pictures if she had said that was what she wanted us to do. I always did feel the teacher didn't like me."

Lydia didn't say anything. She liked Miss Lehman and she wished Leah would like her a little better, too. It hurt her to hear Leah or anyone else criticize her teacher. But as she and Leah walked around the schoolhouse with their arms around each other, Lydia couldn't help but think maybe Leah was right. Maybe Miss Lehman didn't like Leah. And if she didn't like Leah, surely she didn't like Leah's best friend either.

"Hey, girls, come on and help us play round-town," called Andy, a fifth grade boy.

"Don't answer," said Leah. "He doesn't mean it. They just want to laugh at me because I can't play well."

Silently the girls turned and walked the other way. When they got back to the classroom Alma Miller and Katie Yoder were hanging pictures on the wall. "They're pets," whispered Leah. "I knew teacher would ask them to put up the pictures."

"Here's your picture, Lydia," called Alma pleasantly. "It's pretty."

Lydia was ready to answer when Leah pulled at her sleeve. "Don't answer," she said. "She doesn't really mean it." Then she turned and walked away. Lydia followed.

All that day Leah and Lydia played hurt and hung to one another. At first the other girls tried to be friendly, but they soon ignored the two girls and went out to play. At the last recess Leah and Lydia were in the schoolhouse all alone. "It's too bad we do not live the same direction from the schoolhouse," said Lydia. "Then we could walk home together and wouldn't have to walk with the other girls."

Leah looked up sharply. "You're not going to walk with Alma and Rachel, are you?"

"What else can I do? I've walked with them ever since I go to school," said Lydia.

"But they won't talk to you tonight. Walking alone wouldn't be as bad as walking with someone who doesn't like you. Leah's voice sounded bitter. Then she lowered it again. "I know what. Right after school well hurry downstairs and get our things and hurry home before the others have time to catch up with us. O.K.?"

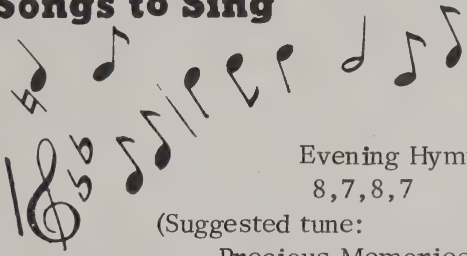
"All right," agreed Lydia a little reluctantly. She didn't like the idea of walking home all by herself and breaking up the walk she always had enjoyed. But maybe Leah was right. The girls probably would not talk to her tonight.

Miss Lehman came in to ring the bell. "You girls should have come out to join the ball game," she said. "It's much too nice to stay indoors." She rang the bell, then hurried downstairs to wash her hands.

"Why should she care if we choose to stay indoors?" sneered Leah.

Once more a pain shot through Lydia's heart. She never dreamed of saying anything like that about any teacher, least of all Miss Lehman. How she wished Leah would learn to love their teacher as she and all the other pupils loved her. "Well, Leah is upset today," she thought. "Tomorrow she will feel better."

Songs to Sing



Evening Hymn
8,7,8,7
(Suggested tune:
Precious Memories)

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

Chorus:
Blessed Shepherd, watch Thou o'er me
As I go to rest tonight.
Tender Shepherd, be Thou near me,
Guard my soul till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care.
Thou hast clothed me, fed and warmed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well'
Take me when I die to Heaven
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

But Leah did not feel better the next day. All week the two girls hung together during school hours and rushed home after school. All week Leah did the planning and Lydia did as Leah told her to. The other girls soon learned to ignore Leah and Lydia and act as if they didn't exist.

However, there was one girl at school that did not ignore Leah and Lydia, and that was the grown-up girl at school — Miss Lehman. She watched the two girls and constantly encouraged them to join the rest of the children in their games and tried to include them in the classroom activities. On Wednesday she made the rule that the pupils must eat their lunches in their own seats. Leah and Lydia resented this very much, for they sensed it was because they had been eating their lunches at the back of the classroom at a table. Now that the new rule was made they would have to sit with the rest of the children to eat lunch.

"I told you long ago Teacher was trying to break up our friendship," said Leah as she and Lydia walked arm in arm around the playground that afternoon. Now I'm sure of it."

Lydia didn't say anything. She just nodded her head in agreement.

Friday came. Every second Friday afternoon the children had an art period.

Everyone was excited about it, because in art period they were allowed to walk around and talk in low tones and share their crayons and things with each other. Art time was a happy time and they all looked forward to it. That is, all except Leah and Lydia. They enjoyed being "hurt" so much that they did not want to trade it for any enjoyment with the rest of the children.

So Leah and Lydia were the only ones that were happy when Miss Lehman announced that art classes had to be postponed until Monday afternoon. "There are so many things we didn't get done this week that I've decided to spend our art period finishing things up," she said. After a pause she smiled and went on. "Then maybe on Monday we can skip English classes to have art."

If the children were disappointed about art class, the fact that they were going to skip English classes on Monday made up for it. With a will they settled down to work again after the last recess.

When it was time to go home, Miss Lehman had another announcement to make. "Thank you for your fine cooperation this afternoon," she said with a smile that showed how pleased she really was. "Now I'm going to ask one more thing of you. I need a few girls to help me clean after school. Since Lydia Keim, Rachel Miller, and Naomi Troyer have younger sisters at home, I think I'll ask them to stay awhile to help me out. It shouldn't take very long."

Leah raised her hand. "I can help, too," she offered.

"Thank you, Leah, but three girls are plenty," said Miss Lehman kindly. "We'll save you for the next time."

After the children were dismissed, Lydia went downstairs to get the brooms. Everyone had left but Leah. She was lagging behind, pretending she was looking for something. When she saw Lydia she came over to her eagerly. "I knew you would come down," she said. Then her voice became bitter. "She did that on purpose. She's determined to break up our friendship!"

Lydia hesitated. She loved Miss Lehman and staying to help her would have been a pleasure, had it not been for Leah's attitude. Tonight she wished she were anyplace else but in the schoolhouse. Leah's voice cut into her thoughts.

"I know what. We'll tell Miss Lehman we'd rather stay the same evening. Hey, tell her you are going away and you have to hurry home," said Leah, her face brightening up at the plan.

"But-but I-I can't lie to Miss Lehman. She would never believe me," stammered Lydia, feeling very miserable.

Leah's face turned red. "You don't want to stay and join the rest of the teacher's pets. I should have known all along that sometime or other you would turn against me. You're not keeping your promise."

As Lydia stood in shocked silence Leah turned and started for the door. Then she turned and said, "Just see who's going to be your friend from now on. It won't be me, that's one thing sure." Then she was gone.

In a daze Lydia gathered up the brooms and the dust pan and a few rags. She tried to appear calm as she walked up the steps and into the room where Miss Lehman and the other girls were waiting for her. Miss Lehman gave her one long steady look, but said nothing.

The other girls chatted pleasantly as they cleaned, and the teacher occasionally joined in the conversation. But try as she would, Lydia could not say a word. She didn't feel like laughing and talking. All she wanted to do was be all by herself so she could cry and cry and cry. Why had things become so mixed up anyway? She thought back to last year and all the good times she had had. But this year the other girls were so different. They no longer seemed as friendly as they had been. What had changed them? Of course, Lydia didn't mind it until tonight. She had had Leah for a friend, but now Leah was angry. What would she do next week? Lydia tried to tell herself that Leah would come to school and tell her she was sorry for the outburst and things would be as they had always been. But deep down she wondered if she would. It wasn't like Leah to admit that she did wrong, much less apologize. But maybe if she didn't have any other friend—

Lydia jumped when someone tapped her on the shoulder. "I would like to see you after the others leave," said Miss Lehman, smiling a little sadly.

Lydia only nodded. The teacher thanked the girls for their help and told them they could go home. Lydia followed the others downstairs and put the brooms back into the closet where she had gotten them earlier in the afternoon. The other girls left and did not seem to notice that Lydia lingered behind. Slowly she went back upstairs to face her teacher.

"Lydia," began Miss Lehman, "I don't know if you were aware of it or not, but I have been watching you the last few weeks. Ever since school started I've noticed that you are not the same girl you were last year. This week especially, I have been burdened and was waiting and wondering how I could help you without hurting you."

Lydia stared at the floor and tried to blink back her tears. Her legs felt weak. She sat down in the nearest seat and waited for Miss Lehman to go on.

Miss Lehman cleared her throat and continued. "Tonight I'm convinced you're a very unhappy girl. I don't know what happened, but I think you know. Would you tell me about it."

Lydia shook her head.

"Is it something about Leah?"

Lydia nodded.

"Tell me this, Lydia. Have you really been happy since you and Leah are such 'good' friends?"

Lydia nodded. Then she shook her head. How she longed to break down and tell Miss Lehman the whole story. Miss Lehman would understand. But no, she couldn't. She had to be loyal to Leah. Already Leah had accused her of breaking her promise. Loyal to Leah, loyal to Leah, loyal to Leah. The words whirled through Lydia's mind until they sounded like a chant.

Then Miss Lehman spoke again. "There are so many things that have happened the last few weeks. Instead of being a willing worker like you used to be, you've actually refused to do some of the things I have asked of you. And until you realize and admit that you need help, neither I nor anyone else can help you."

"I—I'm sorry," choked Lydia.

"That's not all, Lydia. You are being denied the right of being yourself. Instead of being Lydia Keim, you're forced to be Leah Mast's shadow."

"But Leah's my friend," defended Lydia.

"Of course, she is, Lydia," said Miss Lehman. "And I want her to be your friend. But you can only be her friend if you help her see her weaknesses and help her overcome them. Leah needs more friends, and it is up to you to help her make friends with the other children in school."

"No one likes Leah," said Lydia.

"Now, Lydia, that's not true," said Miss Lehman. "You know well enough that the rest of the girls have tried to be friendly to you and Leah, but you refused to accept their friendship. Leah has you for her one and only friend. A true friend just wouldn't be as selfish as that. She doesn't even let you make your own decisions. She makes them and expects you to do exactly as she tells you. Then tonight when you didn't do as she told you, she became angry. Isn't that true?"

The kindness and earnestness of Miss Lehman's voice made Lydia cry. All the bitterness that had grown inside her melted into tears and streamed down her cheeks. Between sobs Lydia told Miss Lehman the whole story—the conversation she had had with her sister in the summer kitchen one evening, her promise to be loyal to Leah, and what had happened in the basement that evening. "Leah said I broke my promise and that we're not friends any more," said Lydia, breaking into fresh tears.

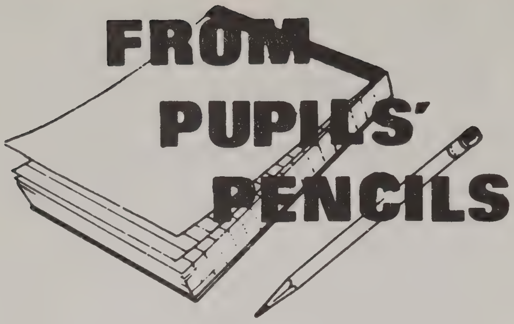
Miss Lehman was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Don't feel too bad about it, Lydia. You see, Leah's trouble is she doesn't know what a true friend really is. She thinks her friends should always do as she wants them to do. She doesn't realize that true friends are friends who help each other make more friends. When you promised to be loyal to each other, she expected you to be loyal to her and to her alone. She forced you to break all your old friendships. Do you think a true friend would do that?"

Silently Lydia shook her head.

Miss Lehman looked pleased. "All right, then," she said. "You understand that Leah was not the kind of friend she should have been. But that doesn't mean you shouldn't be her friends. Leah needs friends—real loyal friends, and the best way you can be a friend like that is to help her make more friends. Do you think you want to try?"

Lydia smiled and nodded her head. Then a questioning look crossed her face. The teacher noticed and hastened to explain. "I know it will not be easy, but next week I'll try to talk to Leah and perhaps to the other girls. Then you and I and all the rest will do our best to be loyal to Leah—really loyal.

Lydia couldn't answer. She just smiled happily at her teacher.



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

The Red Geranium

My grandmother used to tell us stories, but now she has gone to live in a home beyond the clouds, not made with hands. Here is one of the stories she told us.

A widow with two children, a boy and a girl, lived in a small crowded house in a little town. They were very poor and the children's mother had to work away all day so they would have something to eat.

One day while the mother was away working some neighbors gave the children a geranium plant because they felt sorry for the children who had no father.

The children set the plant on the window sill and looked at it happily. But it did not look right to have a bright red geranium in front of the dull dirty window. So they go water and washed the window. It looked better then, but the window sill and the wall around the window were dirty and that did not look right at all. Soon they were busy washing the window sills and walls. And they didn't stop there. All day they washed and cleaned until the house was no longer dirty and cluttered.

Late that evening the weary mother came home. "What a pretty red geranium," she said as she came into the house. "And just look. Someone cleaned our house today."

"We did!" cried the boy and girl together. "We cleaned it because we did not like the looks of a pretty red geranium on a dirty window sill." Then they told the whole story to their mother.

"How nice," whispered the mother. A bright and new feeling came over her and the little family was not as sad as it had been before. And it was all because of the kindness of a loving friend.

-- by Anna Leid
aged 12, Pennsylvania

Dear Anna, Thank you for telling us one of your grandmother's stories. It shows how important it is for us to be kind to others. Now how about writing a story of your own? - C.C.

◇◇◇

Dear Teacher,

Greeting in Jesus' holy name.

How are you by now? I hope fine. The reason of my writing is that I want to make things right with you. I don't know if you remember or not but when I was in the sixth grade I cheated in my arithmetic workbook. You found out about it through Mary and Emma and when you asked me about it I said I didn't.

I can't understand why I said that because I knew it was true. I lied right in your face. You can't realize how I feel inside. Sometimes it feels like I had a lot of stones inside of me; it feels so heavy.

I can't enjoy myself anywhere I go because all I can think of is this and I can't stand it any longer. I wish I would have written sooner but I thought I couldn't. Now since I am out of school I think back over all the mistakes I made and wish the things could be done over.

I am terribly sorry that I lied to you and I hope you can forgive me. I think after this great sin has been forgiven I will feel a whole lot better inside.

I hope you can make sense out of this letter and will answer very soon.

With love,
________.

(Editor's note: This letter was submitted by the teacher to whom it was written. It was written about three years after the cheating and lying had taken place.)

My Friends
-by Malinda A. Yoder

I feel a sort of peace inside
At the beginning of the school year.
I've seen and loved each of my friends,
And each one is so dear.

I steal from them the things I need,
To guide me through each day,
Not things like money, to be sure!
It's just the things they say.

A word that brings encouragement,
A word that eases sorrow,
A word that makes me forward look,
To a happy day tomorrow.

-Millersburg, Ohio
grade 8

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

Dear Boys & Girls,

Well, how does it seem to be back in school again? Surely, after all the hard work you did last summer, school is a pleasant break. And one of the nicest things about school in the autumn is those recess periods. The weather is just right for ball games, tag, hide-and-go-seek, and all those games you can play outdoors.

Usually when a game is played, there are two sides, and in the end one is the winning side and the other is the losing side. Which side would you rather be on?

The winning side, of course. We're all like that. We play to win and we are disappointed when we lose. Admitting that we like to be on the winning side isn't wrong. If you didn't try to win you wouldn't be a good player. That's what makes a game fun, when two sides play against each other, each one trying to win. But there are two kind of players that spoil a game — a winner who brags and a looser who can't take it.

I once knew a boy like that. He was good at playing games, especially ball. He could hit harder than any other boy in school; he could run fast; and he was a good fielder. But all his ability didn't make him a good player, because he lacked one thing. He was not a good sport. When his side won, he bragged about it. When his side lost, he blamed the other players and grumbled about it. This went on for a few days and soon the other children didn't even want to play on his side, because every time they made an "out" or did something wrong, this one boy scolded them for it.

The teacher noticed what was happening and one day she took this boy aside and said, "Eli, if I hear you complaining one more time when someone else makes an out, I'm going to take you out of the game for the rest of the day."

Eli didn't want that to happen. He couldn't imagine what it would be like, having to watch the others play and not helping. But he had such a habit of grumbling when things went wrong that he did it without thinking. A nice fly ball came out to a fourth-grader. He stood ready to catch it. But when the ball came, it slipped right through his fingers and landed on the grass.

"Butterfingers!" scowled Eli, before he remembered what the teacher had said. Quickly he looked around, hoping she had not heard. But the teacher had heard and motioned for him to come to her. She told him to sit on the grass and watch the others play. Eli had to obey and he learned to be quiet when things went wrong. Even then, he wasn't a good sport, for by his attitude it was easy to see that he was upset whenever his side did not win.

Then I know of another boy. He was the only big boy in school one year, so of course he could play better than anyone else could. But instead of grumbling when the younger players fumbled a ball or struck out, he showed them how to hold the glove so the ball wouldn't fall through so easily. Another thing he did was play pitch and catch with the others to give them a lot of practice. He praised the little ones when they made a run, and sometimes when his side was far ahead and the other side was giving up, he made an out on purpose. I don't need to tell you that the children had lots of fun playing ball that year. And I'm sure this boy enjoyed it much better than Eli did. The fun isn't always in winning. It's just as much fun to play if you learn to be a cheerful looser.

Well, I hope to see you again next month. Until then, have fun playing and don't forget to be a good sport, whether you're winning or losing.

-Cousin Carrie

A BEGINNER'S QUESTIONS

- Lovina Nisley

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Well, how did your first week of school go for you?

BEGINNING TEACHER: I don't know exactly how to answer that question. Time alone will tell whether I got anything accomplished or not. All I can say is I'm sure I have a lot to learn myself. The first grade is the one that seems most complicated for me to teach.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: If you feel you're learning, I think you're on the right track. The first year I was teaching I often thought I was learning more than the children. However some of the most difficult problems aren't the ones found in the books.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Really, how soon should the first graders know the letters of the alphabet apart?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: That varies. If the whole class recognizes the alphabet at the end of the first six weeks, I feel satisfied. My practice is to keep the whole class as close on the same level as possible. This will keep the slow pupils from getting discouraged.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Do you teach the sounds?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Yes, I try to. But in spite of attending a public school, that was one of the things I never had any drill on as a pupil. So my knowledge at first was limited. But by studying with the pupils, I've mastered them so well that I at least try teaching them.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Should the first graders know all the sounds before they start reading?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: No, I don't feel they have to. Be sure they are well familiar to most of them. Then as you teach the new words, stress hard on using the sounds to pronounce the words. Some teachers use the sounds right along with the letters. That way sounds appealing to me, too.

BEGINNING TEACHER: In arithmetic, how soon should the children learn to add numbers?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: As soon as you feel they are ready to add. They have to be well familiar with the numbers first.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Is it proper to teach addition and subtraction at the same time?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Some teachers so. My method is to teach all the addition facts with answers of ten or less first. Then when they know those well we start subtracting. This saves some confusion.

BEGINNING TEACHER: Oh, I see. But aren't they in an alternated position in their workbooks?

EXPERIENCED TEACHER: Yes, they are. When I was first teaching an experienced teacher told me how she skips the subtraction pages until the children have done the adding pages. This way proved to be a success for me. But I know some teachers prefer to take

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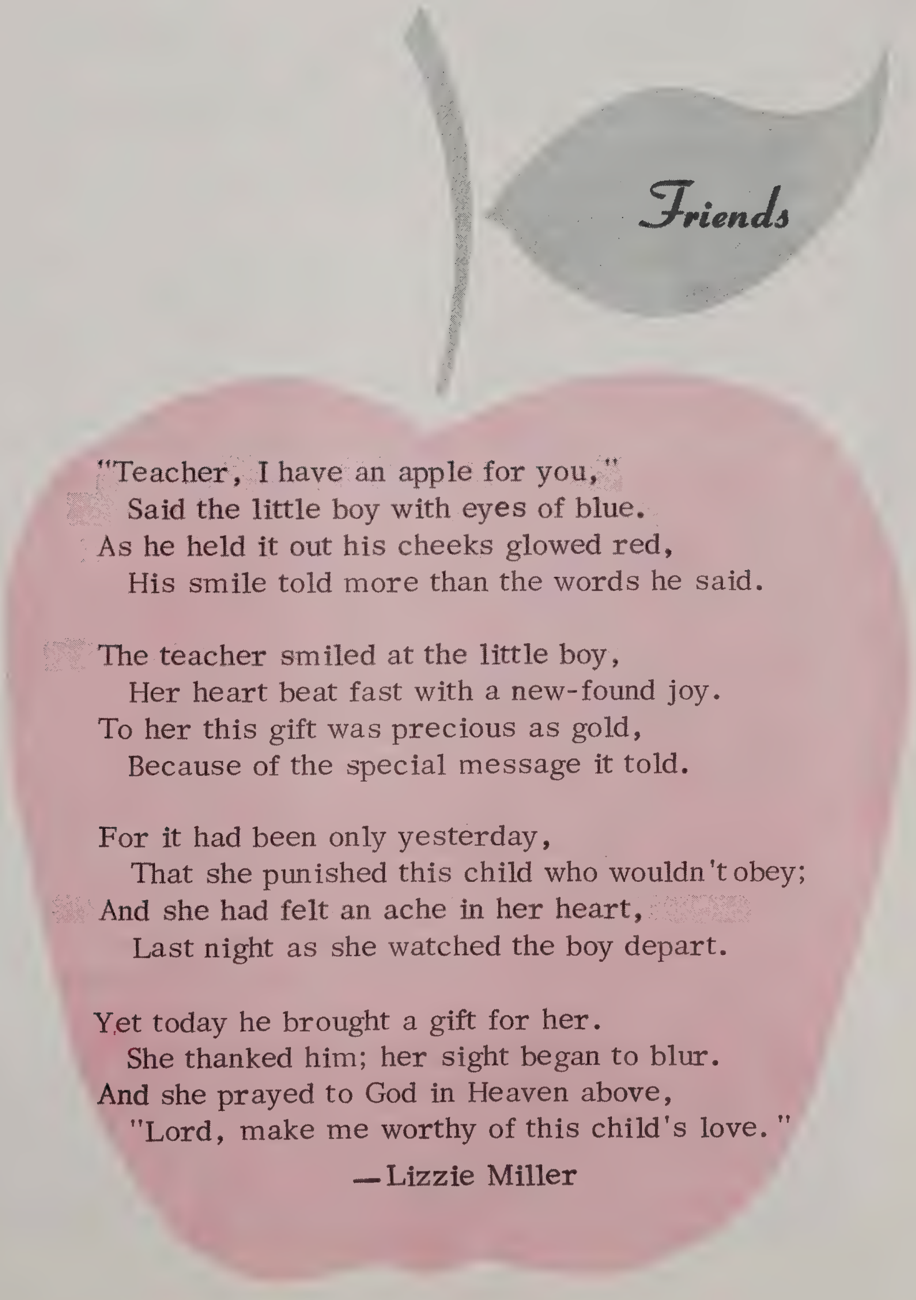

Friends

"Teacher, I have an apple for you,"
Said the little boy with eyes of blue.
As he held it out his cheeks glowed red,
His smile told more than the words he said.

The teacher smiled at the little boy,
Her heart beat fast with a new-found joy.
To her this gift was precious as gold,
Because of the special message it told.

For it had been only yesterday,
That she punished this child who wouldn't obey;
And she had felt an ache in her heart,
Last night as she watched the boy depart.

Yet today he brought a gift for her.
She thanked him; her sight began to blur.
And she prayed to God in Heaven above,
"Lord, make me worthy of this child's love."

—Lizzie Miller

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Coming next month:

New Songbooks -by Martha Helmuth

In this article the author, who taught a number of years, imagines how a morning's song period might have gone with new songbooks.

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AN EDITORIAL

One morning I came into my office and saw a magazine placed beside my typewriter, part of the day's mail. It was a national weekly news magazine. I picked it up and glanced hurriedly at it, for I had other projects in mind to do. I was barely into the magazine when two full pages side by side caught my attention. The page on the left was in color and showed a picture of a large book entitled EVOLUTION. Across the top of the two page advertisement ran a banner with small pictures of heads in a row. First was pictured a shark, then a lizard, an oppossum, a lemur, a monkey, a gorilla, and then a man. Beside the man's head was a sentence: "The two-billion year evolution of man can now be traced from fossil remains of past species."

I was fascinated by this line-up of heads. I looked it over from shark to man and then shook my head, "Do intelligent people really believe this?"

I'm afraid they do. In fact the theory of evolution is no longer merely a theory to many people; it is an accepted fact. Why so? Because references to evolution have appeared in so many nature books that people have accepted it. It used to be that most nature books paid scant attention to evolution. Now more and more mention of it appears in print. Some books, like EVOLUTION, are featuring it exclusively.

Also it used to be that evolution appeared only in scientific texts for college professors. But not so in the last decade. As the advertisement for EVOLUTION says, the book is written "so clear that it makes perfect sense even to children."

The theory of evolution has filtered down from the college circles to the high schools and now to the grade schools. Children in public schools know of nothing else. They read it in their textbook and they believe it. Why not, they're young and believe everything they read. They are accustomed to picking up books and believing their contents. When an arithmetic text states 8 x 8 = 64, they believe it — never question it. When a spelling book says "orange" is spelled "o-r-a-n-g-e," they don't doubt it. Books teach them truths, so why should they ever imagine to doubt the science book when it states that the world is 4 1/2 billion years old and that man evolved from animals?

Concerned parents will now ask, "How can we shield our children from this false teaching?" The most obvious answer is to not allow them to attend schools where they will have evolution taught to them. But even when children are attending a private school they are bound to come across a reference to evolution sometime during their school years. It can't be avoided, for the mention of evolution is becoming so common in texts, newspapers, and storybooks. We can't be like the ostrich who sticks its head in the sand and thinks the danger is past. Nor do we need to go to the other extreme and fill our school libraries with books, pamphlets, and articles attacking evolution. This would be giving the theory more attention than is due. Why fight it as if it were a raging forest fire when actually it is merely a burning match? Just as a match can start a larger fire, so can a small reference to evolution lead to larger doubts. But just as it takes a drop or two of water to extinguish a match, so it should take but a short lesson to counteract any references to evolution which the pupils may come across. (Of course if a child has been exposed to a large dose of "evolution" in public school, it may take a pamphlet or book to set him straight.)

We cannot ignore "evolution" as if Charles Darwin had never suggested it in 1859. Sometime, somewhere children will hear of the theory. Perhaps, then, it would be appropriate to vaccinate them against it during the seventh or eighth grade. Since the theory plays no real role in anyone's daily life, it won't need the major attention which some other things do. But a short lesson in grade school can protect the pupil from doubt which comes when he first hears of the theory of evolution and wasn't prepared for it.

Perhaps a situation will arise sometime during the year which will give the teacher an opportunity to mention briefly why Christians don't believe in evolution. If a teacher is alert and concerned she can find an opportunity to mention something. This way it will not be so formal. She might open the Bible to the few verses in Genesis which tell of creation and say that some people don't believe the Bible and teach an idea called "evolution." After explaining it briefly, she might give the three basic reasons why Christians cannot accept this idea.

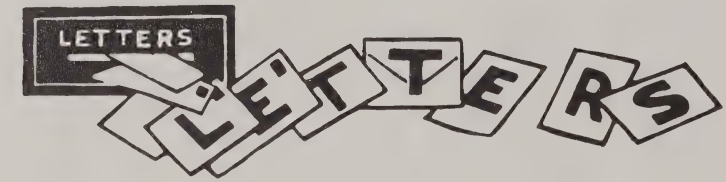
1.) It denies the Bible account of creation.
2.) It treats man as if he evolved from animals, and thus was not created.
3.) It treats man as an animal and thus man's sin is not sin. And if man did not sin then he did not need a Redeemer. Thus Jesus is not what the Bible says He is.

Pupils could also be told that the Bible shows us that the world as we know it has been here for about 6,000 years, but the evolutionists claim it is 4 1/2 billion years old. They might even be presented with the illustration that a 1900 automobile and a 1900 buggy resembled each other. Yet one did not give birth to the other. A man made each separately and chose to make them appear similar. So it is with man and animals. God created each separately and chose that they somewhat resemble each other.

If a teacher finds a nature book she appreciates, yet there is slight referrence to evolution, she can black it out. But maybe this is the opportunity she has been looking for to tell the pupils why we don't believe in evolution. If she does choose to black out portions or paste paper over them, she might take the opportunity to tell the pupils why she is doing this and thus vaccinate them with a five minute talk.

Blacking out and pasting over, at best, should be done rarely. If the book needs much editing, it would be better to discard it and select another book for the school library. An occasionally edited page in a book is not seriously noticed by a pupil, but if it occurs frequently, this too can cause doubts. The pupil may get the idea that the teacher doesn't trust his mind, or what is hidden is actually true.

Children trust books. Children's minds are young and unmolded. What they read leaves an impression. Teachers and parents should be careful what books they allow their children to read— even nature ones. It used to be we could always pick up a nature book with confidence and feel it contained nothing contrary to our faith. But in the past ten years "evolution" has crept into many nature books. Right in the middle of an interesting nature story the words may occur, "and it has lived in North America 40,000 years." There it is, one small reference, but enough to plant a seed of confusion— especially if the pupil hasn't had an evolution vaccination. -D. L.



Dear Editor,

We feel it is in order to ezpress our appreciation for your efforts in bringing reading material into our homes that is spiritually upbuilding. You certainly seem to feel the mutual need for our joining hands to perpetuate our plain way of life.

It seems our difficulty is accomplishing this can vividly in part be attributed to the worldly environment and evil influences many of us encountered in public schools. With these continued innovations of objectionable practices and the compulsory requirements of attendance, (It is now age six to seventeen in our state,) we, as parents, have begun to see the figurative "handwriting upon the wall." Consequently, the communities are being aroused to an unusual degree of action for the sakes of their children and the future of the church.

This has been our experience here and with the combined efforts of many people the parochial school movement has been wonderfully supported and expanded.

I just reread last month's article, "Sing-ing." This has always been my special interest and the author states my sentiments ideally, only many times better. We would like to hear from this father often.

We surely wish the Almighty will bless us all and see fit to extend His mercies in eternity. -A board member, Virginia

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Dear Editor,

I was quite taken aback upon seeing the blank space in answer to "Must the Timid Join?" in last month's Bulletin. I had had the urge to send in a response, but shoved it off, for canning season is a busy time for a mother with small children, and there was hardly any time left for writing. But now the blank page has spurred me to action.

It has always seemed to me that a child should learn to speak when spoken to. Though the very timid (truly timid) must be dealt with very gently, I think it should still be firmly. For even if it isn't just stubbornness underneath, they must learn to overcome it. Don't let yourself be frightened out of being firm and exacting by tears. It often costs more than a few tears in order to break a child of his wrong traits.

Sometimes I wonder if most cases of timidness don't also contain some stubborness. These children are not willing to go against their own anture in answer to your command. So I would say again, teach them to speak up when asked to.

-Mrs. Roy Miller

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Loveville, Maryland

Dear Editor,

After reading "Next Year's First Graders" (March, 1970) I decided to try having a kindergarten class for four days before school closed.

This year I can see big results with my eight beginners. They were more at ease and seemed to know what to do. I had no trouble with crying or not staying in their seats like I sometimes did other years.

Most of my first graders had practiced printing their names, counting, and saying the alphabet during the summer. Besides being more eager after a few days last spring, they are now more advanced and ready to work with letter sounds and numbers.

If it is the Lord's will that I am still teaching this spring, I plan to have a kindergarten class again. -M. M. S.

Take Time for a Break (from back cover)

experienced teachers can write to beginners and give them a word of encouragement. In the end, both will feel better.

I feel we benefit by taking time off for something different once in a while, especially if we can bring comfort and cheer to someone who has a greater sorrow than we do. It helps us to forget our own troubles, and that is what we want. -Waterloo, Ontario

Teachers will want to take special note of the article that appears under CORREO AEREO (which, by the way, is Spanish for "Air Mail"). This is the first of four or five articles of its type in which the author, Joe Stoll, suggests supplementary subjects for school children to study.

We have several reasons to think that these studies should be worthwhile. Besides being educational and interesting they are, as the author states, a welcome break of routine. "Family Trees and Roots", this month's topic, appeals to me because it forces pupils to work on their own. Usually in a project the whole class works together and pools the information they gather. But in studying family history, each child will have a different story when he is finished. He will have to gather his own information, arrange it on paper in his own way, and when he is finished he has the story of his own family. The project is his and how far it is developed is determined by how much interest he takes; for once he cannot depend on the rest of the class to do the work for him.

The second reason why I like the idea is the possibility of the project spreading outside the classroom. If the teacher shows enough enthusiasm, her pupils will catch the "germ" and carry it home to their parents. There will surely be some questions the parents won't be able to answer, so there will be the suggestion to ask "Grandpa". Before long the study of family history will become a communtiy project. And such a project is an ideal way to span the space that often exists between the school and the rest of the community.

Are there any teachers in your area who have been married recently, or had a death in the family, or had any other noteworthy incident? Help other teachers keep track of such happenings by writing to NEWS AND NOTES in the Bulletin. We also welcome announcements of meetings, teacher's singings, and other forth coming events.

Das Neue Kinderleider has by this time found its way into a few classrooms. It is a paperback booklet containing 102 songs (all German) which were selected from six other songbooks. We tried to choose songs that were suitable for children, had easy vocabulary, and were wellknown. (For a list of the songs, see the ad in the September issue of the Bulletin.)

Also included in the book are almost two pages listing familiar English songs which can be sung on German songs with matching meters. This list is very incomplete, and we hope to add to the list before the next printing is made.

We feel these books should be a help to the schools, since they are a collection of the well known songs and it is no longer necessary to buy the more expensive hardbound books in order to have the words to the few dozen songs that were sung from those books.

The price of Das Neue Kinderlieder is fifty cents. Available from Pathway Bookstore, Route 4, LaGrange, Indiana 46761.

The 1970 Teacher's Directory is well under way. We hope to have it completed in time to print it with the November issue of the Bulletin. This year we tried to contact people in each community who would supply us with the needed information. We have had a very good response, but there are still about seven small communities which we have not heard from.

If you are an Amish teacher who has not been contacted for information either by a person in your community or by the Bulletin staff, you could do us a big favor by filling out the form below and sending it directly to us. Address it to Teacher's Directory, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

Please do it now so that the information will reach us in time to be included in the directory.

School ______________________________

Teacher ______________________________

Teacher's Address ______________________

Enrollment __________ County __________

MAKING MEMORIES
-by Almeta Hilty

I am not pleased, remembering
Some things that I'd as soon forget;
My memories are not comforting,
But I cannot affort to fret.

For, oh, my heart!—the time is here
To make the memories you'll love!
So choose the noblest things you can
To make tomorrow's memories of.

The little kindly deeds, and things
That seem but naught along the way
Will later on return and cheer
With golden thoughts of yesterday!

Oh, heart, remember, though it seems
The way of wilderness you trod,
'Twill make the sweetest memories if
You've walked the way with God.

OPINIONS PLEASE!

A Christmas Program?

"Good morning," Fannie Miller greeted some of her seventh and eighth grade girls as they walked up to her desk.

"Good morning, "returned the girls.

"Are we going to have a Christmas program this year?" Elsie asked.

"A Christmas program?" asked Fannie in shocked surprise. "In an Amish parochial school?"

"We've always had Christmas programs before," returned Betty.

Fannie hesitated a moment, wondering how she should answer them. She'd rather talk to the school board about it first. Perhaps she could at least postpone the discussion for now. "Well, perhaps we might have some singing for the parents and maybe we could have some of you memorize some verses to say together."

"Oh, but, we'd like to have some plays," interrupted Fern. "Last year I was in a play and acted as if I were the mother of three children. We were very poor and couldn't buy any gifts for each other so we had to make our own. It was really a good one."

"I really don't care to have any plays," answered Fannie. "Besides, it isn't even Thanksgiving yet." Seeing their looks of disappointment and determination, she went on. "I'll speak to the school board and the parents about it. We'll see what they have to say."

"I'm going to persuade my mother and father to tell her they want a program," whispered Elsie as the girls walked away.

Fannie dreaded the thought of all the extra work a program would mean. This was a new school and also her first year of teaching. As all other teachers, she had been very busy. In the hubbub of the daily activities she'd almost forgotten about Christmas. She had been so busy trying to keep up with what she felt was necessary and important. How would she find time to work in a Christmas program, even if she wanted one? Besides, she had always been taught it wasn't right to spend so much time to provide entertainment for someone and that one should not pretend to be someone else, as in a play. Well, there was to be a board meeting the following evening. She would ask the men about it then.

The following evening Fannie brought it up before the school board.

"Well," John Yoder stated, "they were used to having them in the public school, but if you'd rather not have one, then I think it's up to you."

Fannie sat quietly, at loss for words.

"I really don't have anything against them," Eli Miller commented, "but I, too, feel it's up to you if you have one or not. Some of the children may be a little disappointed, but that doesn't mean you have to have one."

"I wouldn't mind having some singing and perhaps have the parents and children all sing together for a while," Fannie explained, "but to have a big program with a lot of plays and recitations and a little singing doesn't appeal to me." She went on to explain why she felt as she did.

"I'm afraid, too, that the children may be disappointed, but I agree that it's up to you," said Jerry Frey.

In the days that followed, the subject of a Christmas program was often discussed among the girls at school. Fannie told them they would have some singing with the parents. The men were right; the children were disappointed.

The subject was even brought up by some of the mothers in church. Fannie told them what she had told the school board and of her plans for some singing with the parents.

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"Oh, but, the children are really disappointed that they're not having a real program," remarked one of the mothers. "It would not seem like Christmas not having one."

"I suppose it does take quite a bit of time," added Mrs. Yoder, "but let the girls do most of the work for you."

"Well, I can see why the girls find it hard to accept," Fannie thought to herself, "if the mother feel like this."

"I don't know," she said out loud, "I hardly know how to go about preparing for one."

"Well, let the girls help you," replied another one.

As Christmas drew nearer, the girls became more and more dissatisfied. Finally Fannie agreed to go along with the idea and found some program books to use. The girls had offered to pick out the parts for her, but she decided she'd better pick them out herself and let the girls copy them for her.

The parts were passed out and a few weeks before the day of the program, they started practicing. The children were disappointed that they couldn't start practicing sooner, but Fannie felt she couldn't spare more time than that. As practicing progressed, and she had to give her attention to so many different things, discipline problems kept cropping up more and more. With the unusual activities and the excited children, it was hard to keep the school in order, and the pupils took advantage of the situation. The children may have been enjoying themselves but it was a hectic and frustrating time for Fannie. Each evening she was exhausted and unhappy because of the discipline problems she was having at this time.

Finally the day of the program arrived. As Fannie sat in the audience, she realized that the children were very happy and that the parents were pleased with their performances. Except for a twinge of conscience, Fannie could have enjoyed it too. Instead she could only ask herself, "Have I done the right thing?"

Address your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Reader Response

For myself, as a parent, I think if I had older children in school I would depend on them to help see to it that the younger children behave. This could be a help to the teacher, as long as the older children are not overbearing about it. Of course, many times younger ones are not about to give in to older brothers and sisters, even though they are used to obeying their parents. If such is the case, then it could soon raise more ruckus than what it would help.

But as Levi said, "Mom and Dad wouldn't let Enos act like that either if they were here." We don't want our children to misbehave and therefore would want to have the older ones help keep the younger ones in order, as long as it is done in a nice way.

-W. M., Indiana

* * *

Since many parents expect the older pupils to watch over their younger brothers and sisters, especially in such matters as seeing that they wear their rubbers or watch for cars when they cross the road, such authority should be encouraged by the teacher. However, the teacher may suggest a better method than slapping or shaking them.

I do not feel that the younger children are robbed of a privilege. The freedom which they lose is at best of doubtful value. This is counterbalanced by the protection they gain. -Isaac Horst, Ontario

Concerning "Older Pupil Authority," I think all the pupils should have equal rights whether they are the youngest or the oldest in the family. I had the same trouble; the older ones were constantly nagging at their younger brothers and sisters. Now since the older ones are out of school I can see a big difference in the younger ones. They are more relaxed on the playground and they express their thoughts more in classtime.

I think the older children should help the younger ones to a certain extent, but never rule over them. -S., Ohio

In answer to "Opinions Please," I do not think that older brothers and sisters should have authority over the younger ones. I can see that a teacher would have problems with this; we also have the same problem at home. We try to admonish them for getting into a dispute, then punish the one that was out of place. Sometimes it takes two punishments if they have disputed to the point that they became angry.

However, I think we all agree that it is all right for the older pupil to reprove a younger one in a kind manner. This should not be done in a bossy way, but rather in love.

We have also had problems with the children coming home from school and one telling what mischief the other one has gotten into. This often happened at the supper table and resulted in a dispute of "I did not," "Yes, you did," and so on. Finally we made a rule against this, telling our children to tell us privately if one of the others had done wrong; then we could talk privately with that child. This way of reproving is much better than to do it with so many ears listening.

If any question arises as to which reports are true, we go to the teacher. When the children know that the teacher and the parents work together there is a lot to be gained. But if the parents don't take the teacher's word before they take the children's word, then our parochial schools lose ground.

Praying for more unity in our schools, homes, and churches, I remain,—J., Illinois

An older pupil helping to discipline a younger brother or sister in school or at home can be a great help if it is done in a kind, loving way. No doubt the domineering and rough actions toward younger children in school is a reflection of what takes place in the home.

I once overheard an older girl roughly scolding her little sister at home, whereupon the father reprimanded her, asking if they ever talked to her like that when they had to correct her. I feel confident that she had been instructed by her parents in a kind but firm way. He reminded her to consider the little sister's age and if she needed correcting, to do it in a kind way. This girl was later often allowed to instruct her younger brothers and sisters if it was done with the right attitude. Because of this she grew up to be a good example for the younger ones.

Indeed we want to be our brother's keeper, working together as a family with love for one another, be it at home or in school.

-M. F., Indiana

In my years of teaching I found it was a great help when older brothers and sisters helped keep the younger ones out of mischief. Once they start sticking up for each other in unruliness, then there is trouble ahead. -an ex-teacher, Missouri

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Your question regarding "older-pupil authority" is one which we should realize is more prevalent in the small schools having many grades in one room. Here the different aged children of a family are still in fairly close contact with each other. It seems the consequences can be both good and bad. Also, we would assume the difference rests within the temperaments of the home.

In the examples that were given there must have been a degree of billigerency shown. This is never good. Perhaps it was a result of a "chain reaction." Let me explain by giving an illustration which I remember seeing in a magazine years ago. To begin with, an executive had called his employee "on the carpet" for some mistake he had made. This man was shown in the next picture as being very irritable to his wife because his stockings had not been darned. The next picture showed the wife scolding her son for not picking up his clothing, and in the last picture the little boy was shaking a warning finger at a very innocent-looking puppy.

We, as parents, are glad when the older children become concerned and are mature enough to develop the sense of responsibility required th help the younger ones from doing wrong. Yet, the easiest thing for them to do is forget that they themselves have only recently come through the typical age of mischievousness. Only when they can exercise such authority in an attitude of love and understanding can they add anything toward a harmonized whole.

—John Rhodes, Virginia

If we think it is wrong for older children to rule over the younger ones, let us remember to practice that more at home. For those teachers who are single and have younger brothers and sisters at home, it is so easy to reprimand then about trival things. Isn't this taking away a certain privilege, too? This article taught me a valuable lesson. -P. T., Indiana

Well intended as an older brother or sister may be in trying to straighten out a younger child in school, I still think it is wrong for them to exercise such authority The teacher is the one and only person who has that right. Once this teacher allows the pupils to slap or get rough with others, he is in for trouble. In my opinion the pupils should be encouraged to report any and all wrong doings to the teacher instead of taking matters into their own hands.

As a fourteen-year-old lad at home I once (and only once) tried that with a younger brother and received a valuable lesson from Dad on "Older Brother" authority— a woodshed lesson, that is. -Ex-teacher, Ohio

SCHOOL MEETING. 1970

A Report of the Meeting

The annual Teachers' Meeting was held on the thirteenth and fourteenth of August at the Melvin Miller home in Holmes County, Ohio. It was quite well attended with approximately 125 teachers, including thirty-two beginners. Also attending were ministers, board members, and many other people.

The twelfth was a busy day for the people in the locality. There were food and clean beds to prepare for the strangers as they arrived. Only one bus load came the evening before. This bus came from Pennsylvania. After visiting a while the weary travelers were sent to various places for the night.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear with very little breeze. People began to arrive from all directions. The forenoon was spent in getting acquainted and visiting. In the afternoon a few ministers gave inspiring talks, then a question and answer period was held, after which the booklet TIPS FOR TEACHERS was introduced and made available to the teachers. The evening was spent in singing.

Friday morning brought the people back again. Three busses and several cars started from the Miller home on a tour. The first stop was Maple Grove School, then Brush Run. From there we went to the Budget office in Sugarcreek and then on to Warther's Museum. Warther is claimed to be the world's master carver. Besides his models of locomotives, we saw large displays of arrow heads and buttons. After spending some time there, we headed on toward Schoenbrunn State Park, an Indian village with the original log cabins. (See "Yesterdays and Years," Feb. 1970, Family Life).

While the committee and some volunteers were preparing lunch, the rest took a tour to the various cabins and places of interest. After lunch a few songs were sung, then two Pennsylvania teachers, Lydia Beiler and Sarah Beiler, gave a short explanation of the teachers' classes they have been having in their community. Gertrude Huntington gave a summary on the Iowa Basic Tests which were given in some schools two years ago. The point was brought out that the children scored low in vocabulary. (This should encourage us to stress it more.) Elizabeth Miller explained the work with the Bulletin and stressed the need for writers. A skit was read by Ivan Coblentz and Clara Miller.

Our time was cut short due to the one bus having another charter trip for the evening and had to be back by a certain time. The parting song was sung, then the crowd once more visited and bade each other "good by" until only a few remained. The teachers' meeting was over.

No definite plans have been made for the meeting next year, but plans are underway.

We want to thank everyone who helped make these two days possible. May the teachers have renewed their teaching zeal and our prayers are, may God bless and guide each one through a prosperous school term.

- the Committee

Our Trip to Ohio

- by Lydia F. Beiler

The 1970 Teachers' Meeting is now history and as far as I know, it was enjoyed by all. This was the 16th annual meeting held in this way and although each one is similar in a way, each one is different in some respects. Attendance at these meetings had increased from about a dozen people in 1954 to over 300 this year. Teacher attendance has increased from nine the first year to over a hundred. From these figures everyone can see that more people than teachers are interested. And we teachers definitely feel the need of the help from bishops, ministers, directors, and parents.

Attending the meeting from Pennsylvania were twenty-two teachers from Lancaster, Centre, Juniata, and Somerset Counties. We traveled by chartered bus, stopping off at Abe Kinsingers in Somerset County for dinner on the 12th. While we were there we visited Mt. Davis, which is supposed to be the highest point in Pennsylvania. Then we traveled on and arrived at Mary Anne Beachy's home about dusk. We scattered to various places for the night, seeking a good rest before the "big day."

Details about the meeting will be given by the Ohio committee, but I want to express my gratitude for the wonderful hospitality shown by all the people we met on the trip. Also appreciation for the cooperation of the group on our bus and the generosity of the driver is hard to express. A special "thank you" should also go to the Melvin Millers and their

Teachers Who Attended

Beachy, Mary Ann	Baltic, Ohio
Beiler, Esther	Stuarts Draft, Va.
Beiler, Lydia	Leola, Pa.
Beiler, Lydia F.	Ronks, Pa.
Beiler, Katie K.	Lancaster, Pa.
Beiler, Sarah	Ronks, Pa.
Bender, Rebecca	Middlefield, Ohio
Byler, Mary M.	Middlefield, Ohio
Borntrager, Ida Sue	Centerville, Mich.
Borntrager, Vernon	Middlebury, Ind.
Coblentz, Ivan	Sugarcreek, Ohio
Coblentz, Ruth	Middlebury, Ind.
Eicher, Magdalena	Aylmer, Ontario
Esh, Emma Mae	Gordenville, Pa.
Esh, Nancy S.	Lancaster, Pa.
Fisher, Mary H.	Lancaster, Pa.
Graber, Anna Barbara	Montgomery, Ind.
Graber, Miriam	Montgomery, Ind.
Hershberger, Alma	Burton, Ohio
Hershberger, Amanda	Burton, Ohio
Hochstetler, LaMar	Milford, Ind.
Hochstetler, Mary	Dundee, Ohio
Hochstetler, Susie	LaGrange, Ind.
Huyard, Mary	New Holland, Pa.
Kauffman, Katie	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Keim, Clara	Millersburg, Ohio
King, Lydia	New Holland, Pa.
King, Susie	Ronks, Pa.
Kinsinger, Mary A.	Myersdale, Pa.
Knepp, Verna	Montgomery, Ind.
Kuephfer, Mary	Linwood, Ontario
Kuhns, Wilma	Middlebury, Ind.
Lapp, Nancy	Gordonville, Pa.
Lapp, Saloma	Ronks, Pa.
Lehman, Fannie E.	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Martin, John B.	Narvon, Pa.
Mast, Ada	Fresno, Ohio
Mast, Fannie	Millersburg, Ohio
Mast, Susie	Orrville, Ohio
Miller, Andy C.	Butler, Ohio
Miller, Anna A.	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Miller, Anna H.	Millersburg, Ohio
Miller, Barbara Ellen	Chouteau, Okla.
Miller, Clara	Sugarcreek, Ohio
Miller, Edna J.	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Miller, Edna	New Glarus, Wis.
Miller, Elizabeth Ann	Topeka, Indiana
Miller, Elizabeth E.	Millersburg, Ohio
Miller, Emma	Paradise, Pa.
Miller, Emma E.	Hartville, Ohio
Miller, Fannie A.	Millersburg, Ohio
Miller, Fannie E.	Millersburg, Ohio
Miller, Fannie	Tuscola, Ill.
Miller, Mrs. Freeman S.	Topeka, Indiana
Miller, Ida	Fisherville, Pa.
Miller, Ida J.	Middlefield, Ohio
Miller, Ida	Middlebury, Ind.
Miller, Joe	Aylmer, Ontario
Miller, John J. Jr.	Burton, Ohio
Miller, Joni	Stuarts Draft, Va.
Miller, Katie	Millersburg, Ohio
Miller, Katie	Baltic, Ohio
Miller, Mary Ann	Sugarcreek, Ohio
Miller, Marjorie	Hartville, Ohio
Miller, Monroe D.	Apple Creek, Ohio
Miller, Wilma	Topeka, Ind.
Mullet, Amanda Eva	Milton, Iowa
Mullet, Raymond	Nappanee, Ind.
Nisley, Amanda	Millersburg, Ohio
Nisley, Edna	Millersburg, Ohio
Nisley, Fannie	Millersburg, Ohio
Nisley, Jonas	Millersburg, Ohio
Nisley, Lizzieann	Millersburg, Ohio
Nisley, Lovina	Millersburg, Ohio
Otto, Magdalena	Nappanee, Indiana
Otto, Susanna	Arthur, Illinois
Petersheim, Susie	Gordonville, Pa.
Raber, Elizabeth	Baltic, Ohio
Raber, Joan	Montgomery, Indiana
Schlabach, Oma	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Smucker, Joseph M.	Etna Green, Indiana
Schrock, Barbara Ann	Stuarts Draft, Va.
Schrock, Elizabeth Ann	Arthur, Illinois
Schrock, Sarah	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Schrock, Sylvia	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Stolzfus, Emma	Narvon, Pennsylvania
Stolzfus, Emma F.	Leola, Pennsylvania
Stolzfus, Bena	Quarryville, Pa.
Stolzfus, Lydia	Christiana, Pa.
Stolzfus, Rachel K.	Millheim, Pa.
Swartz, Chris Mrs.	Goshen, Indiana
Swartzentruber, Ella	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Swartzentruber, Emma	Fredericksburg, Ohio
Troyer, Amanda	Apple Creek, Ohio
Troyer, Fannie M.	Orrville, Ohio
Troyer, Jacob M.	Orrville, Ohio
Troyer, Leon	Hartville, Ohio
Troyer, Mary N.	Plain City, Ohio
Troyer, Polly Anna	Topeka, Indiana
Upton, Susan	Nappanee, Indiana
Wagler, Naomi	Aylmer, Ontario
Wagler, Sarah	Aylmer, Ontario
Weaver, Barbara	Holmesville, Ohio
Weaver, Lydia	Loogootee, Indiana
Wengerd, Mattie	Dundee, Ohio
Yoder, Amanda	Holmesville, Ohio
Yoder, Carolyn	Shipshewana, Ind.
Yoder, David	Shipshewana, Ind.
Yoder, Eli A.	Millersburg, Ohio
Yoder, Eli M.	Apple Creek, Ohio
Yoder, Everett	Nappanee, Indiana
Yoder, Fannie	Baltic, Ohio
Yoder, Fannie	Mifflintown, Pa.
Yoder, Josephine	Loogootee, Ind.
Yoder, Lizzie	Mifflintown, Pa.
Yoder, Levi A.	Dundee, Ohio
Yoder, Lydia	Dundee, Ohio
Yoder, Mose L.	Sugarcreek, Ohio
Yoder, Polly	Middlebury, Ind.
Yoder, Rhoda	Guthrie, Kentucky
Yoder, Sarah	Guthrie, Kentucky
Zook, Mary E.	Kinzer, Pennsylvania
Zook, Rebecca	Kinzer, Pennsylvania

neighbors and to the teachers in charge who had a part in making such a gathering possible. Words cannot describe the value of the fellowship we have when those of the same faith and occupations and interests get together. There are always old friendships to renew and new ones to make.

Of special interest on our trip was our first visit to the Budget office and the Warther museum in Dover, Ohio. To anyone traveling that way, I would advise you visit this place and meet the carver himself, who has made a lifetime hobby of whittling, without trying to reap a fortune. He is now 84 years old and says he has never had a headache.

The afternoon of the second day was made especially interesting by the talk given by Gertrude Huntington on the results of some testing and comparing pupils of parochial schools and public schools.

All too soon it was time to say "Good by" to our many old and new friends we met during the two days we spent together. We left for home soon after the meeting and arrived home a little after midnight. We felt very thankful to the Giver of all good gifts for His protection and care. The trip to the school meeting was history.

The following week we had our first class meeting for this term in Lancaster County at the Harristown School near Vintage. Sixty-five teachers attended, mostly from Pennsylvania. But we were especially happy to have a group from Ohio attending and we hope their trip was worthwhile. Among the Pensylvania teachers were fifteen beginners.

Some thoughts we gathered at these gatherings were the importance of not rushing the first graders too much or pushing them too hard. We must go slowly enough to give them a good foundation to build on. Another thought was to try to make school interesting for the little ones and to teach phonics thoroughly. This is more important than rushing them into reading too soon. When phonics have really been mastered, then reading comes naturally.

With these new ideas plus the old ideas renewed, we turn to the classroom with renewed zeal. The term lies before us like a field of opportunity.

- Ronks, Pennsylvania

1970 Vocational School Meeting

(Pennsylvania)

- by John F. Beiler

The annual vocational school meeting for the state of Pennsylvania was held on August 12th at Samuel K. Stoltzfus' with a good attendance.

At 8:00 A.M. the meeting was called to order by the chairman. An opening was made by Bishop Dan E. Stoltzfus, followed by silent prayer. Then a brief review was given of the present vocational system and those present were reminded of the time and patience it took to establish a program that was agreeable to our plain people and also endorsed by the public officials. Therefore we should not by any means misuse or neglect these privileges.

The minutes of last year's meeting were read and approved. Mention was made of how important it is to have the school records in good condition so that if some official should call to see them, we do not need to be ashamed of what we have to show. In order to do this, we must have good attendance and well-written diaries. The diaries should be written neatly and daily, containing worthwhile reports. Penmanship was stressed and excuse cards for absences should be honestly and properly filled out. Where the public boards demand it, working permits at the age of fifteen should be given prompt attention.

It was urged that pupils should not be tardy and if it happened too often, the suggestion was given to keep them after school in order to have them spend three hours in classes.

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THE FOURTH “

-by Elizabeth Miller

READING, 'riting, and 'rithmetic — the three "r's". They have been taught in the schools of America ever since the first pupils sat on high benches and swung their feet as they bent over their primers and slates. Since then the schools of our country have made immense changes. The log schoolhouses with their primitive teaching methods have long since faded away and given room for improved schools and methods, but the three "r's" remain. They are still the fundamentals of secular education.

We can not deny the importance of the three "r's". It would be hard to imagine life in these times without them. Even the farmer and the housewife would have a hard time getting along with the limited education the pioneer schools were able to give their pupils. But in one area the pioneer schools far surpassed the modern schools of today and that is in the teaching of the fourth "r" — respect.

Today in our large cities teaching is considered a hazardous job. A clipping from a local neswpaper states that findings of a recent schools survey in Washington indicate school teaching is rapidly becoming one of the high-risk professions. It goes on to say that last year in Chicago alone there were 1085 attacks on teachers, and of these 760 were by pupils in grades one to six. In Washington 45 teachers of one high school walked out on their jobs, claiming their lives were in serious danger. They had reason for it, too; a pupil had stabbed a teacher with a knife after being punished for an earlier attack. In an article in Time magazine it is stated that three-fourths of the teachers in the high schools of East St. Louis, Illinois carry weapons for protection.

Of course, the above named incidents are the extremes that take place in schools in lower income neighborhoods of large cities. The lives of the pupils who attend these schools are affected by divorced parents, undesirable television programs, and the lack of proper teaching in the home. I am sure there are many public schools where such happenings are unheard of and the pupils do still respect the authority of their teachers. But the purpose of this article is not to discuss the problems of public schools; it is to deal with a subject more closely related to us — teaching the fourth "r" in our parochial schools.

I don't think we've reached the stage where a teacher of a parochial school is ever in physical danger. But in another area of disrespect, we can't plead ourselves as "not guilty" altogether. There are many parochial school teachers whose teaching zeal suffers because the pupils do not have the respect they should have. Even in the best of schools there are bound to be problems throughout the term. Why? Often because respect is lacking.

RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

Respect for authority must be taught long before the child goes to school. The first time a baby gets his fingers slapped for doing something his mother had warned him not to do is the first real lesson in respecting authority. Day after day the lessons must be repeated; respect for authority is hard to learn. So many times it goes against human nature. Early in life the child must learn to give up his will and submit to the will of his parents.

A child who is taught respect for authority at home will have a head start in school, for he knows that "no" means "no" and "do not" means "do not." But teaching respect in the

R”

home, no matter how important it is considered, is not enough. Children will not get through life by being respectful to their parents alone. When a child steps into the classroom for the first time he is under the authority of the school's rules. It is up to the teacher to teach the child to respect and obey these rules.

No matter how good a set of rules is, merely making them and reading them to the pupils is not teaching them; enforcing them is. One way many teachers lose out in teaching respect for authority is by not being stable in the requirements for the children. Too often they let their moods rule rather than consistency. Any teacher knows that the same deed which upsets her one day might be easily passed by the next when she is in a better mood. But these feelings must be deeply hidden and the problems must be dealt with with firmness in order to win respect for authority.

The easiest way for a teacher to win respect from her pupils is to be worthy of respect. Every teacher is under certain rules herself and failing to abide with the rules she is under is like removing the lower half of the rungs in the ladder. A teacher will have a hard time winning respect for her rules if she does not respect the rules she is under.

One teacher learned this the hard way. When she started teaching she noticed that her dresses were just a little shorter and a little brighter than those of her pupils. At first she didn't give it a thought, since she was from a community where their way of dressing was more advanced. From the very beginning she had to struggle with discipline problems, but she didn't realize that her own attitude toward the church rules was blighting the progress she wanted to make.

It took an innocent remark from one of her lower-grade pupils to open her eyes. The clock in the schoolhouse was not dependable so she carried her brother's wrist watch. During the day the watch was in the top drawer of her desk, but even then the children sometimes saw it and privately remarked about the teacher's wrist watch. One day when this teacher wanted to take her children for a noon period in the woods she felt she needed the watch to tell her when it was time to return to the schoolhouse. Since the watch wasn't hers, she didn't want to lose it and she reasoned within herself that the safest place to carry it was in its intended place. After all, the children knew she had it. Strapping the watch to her wrist, she went out to join the children.

She was slightly annoyed at the surprised gasps she heard when she came out, but the remark one of the boys made startled her. "Ah, that's not allowed," he said. Then turning to one of his friends he added, "We have to obey, but the teacher doesn't."

Needless to say, the teacher never wore the watch again, and by the next week there was a new clock in the schoolhouse. But that wasn't all. Within the next weeks the teacher made noticeable changes for she realized she could not teach her children to be obedient without being obedient herself. Not only that, but by respecting the church rules she won a respect she had to have — the respect of the parents.

RESPECT FOR OTHERS

There is no way in which children can ruin the reputation of their school and teacher more than by being disrespectful to others. When children are disrespectful to each other in school there is a good chance that they show disrespect to people they meet on the way to and from school.

I know of a teacher who went into a community to teach where all the people were strange to her. One morning soon after school started she heard quite a noise on the playground and went to the door to investigate. There she was shocked at what she saw and heard. A man who usually walked past the schoolhouse earlier in the morning on his way to work was walking up the road, head bent low, trying not to hear the insulting remarks the children were yelling at him. She did not know the man, but she did know her pupils were seriously in the wrong.

Calling the children into the classroom she proceeded to give them a lecture. She let them off on mercy, but firmly warned them that she did not expect it to happen again — either to this man or to anyone else.

The man passed the schoolhouse more frequently in the weeks that followed and fortunately, it didn't happen again. The teacher might have forgotten the incident, had it not been for the strange visitor she had about a month later. It was past five o'clock and she was just ready to leave the rest of the work and go home when she heard a hesitant knock at the door. When she opened the door she recognized the man as being the same one her pupils had insulted. Her heart beat rapidly, wondering what he was going to say. Had her children been teasing him again? Trying to hide her fears, she invited him in.

"I — I guess you know who I am," he said.

"Yes, I think I've seen you pass the schoolhouse," she answered.

"W — well." The man was noticeably nervous and stammered for words. "I — I I just thought I had to stop in and tell you that —"

Tears filled the man's eyes. The teacher waited anxiously.

" . . . that I appreciate what you did."

A sigh of relief escaped the teacher's lips. "Oh," she said.

The man continued. "There is such a big difference in the children. It used to be so bad that I tried to go to work early before any of the school children were here. The last morning when you came to the door things had kept me at home and I was later than usual. Just as I expected, the children yelled at me, using all kinds of names." The man's voice broke again. "I know people say I'm — I'm different, but I don't like to have people laugh at me. I — I love children and it hurts me to see them act like that."

"Has it happened since? I warned the children about . . ."

"No, no. At first they just stood and stared at me. That gave me mood to try and be more friendly. I waved at them and before long they were waving back. And just this morning as I was coming across the field from our place some children were coming up the road. Instead of poking so they don't have to walk with me, they hurried to catch up with me. Of course, they wouldn't have been that way in the first place if it hadn't been for some of the others."

After a friendly visit the man left. The teacher was glad for the visit, but she was thoroughly perplexed. What had caused the children to act so disrespectfully in the first place? The man seemed very friendly. But after she had taught in the community several months her question was answered. She learned there had been truth in the man's statement. In some ways he was a little odd, and many grown-ups did behind his back the very thing the children had done to his face; they made fun of him.

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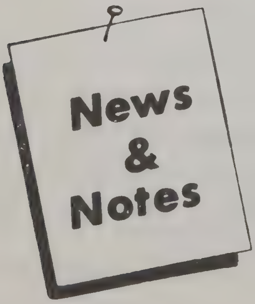


FROM HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO

The second Teachers' Class in Holmes County is to be held at Doughty Valley School at 2:00 on Wednesday afternoon, October 21st. All teachers in the area are welcome to attend.

FROM GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO

Ex-teacher Monroe Schmucker and Katie Hershberger are published to be married on October 8th. Monroe formerly taught at Troy Parochial, and Katie at Nash Road.

RESPECT FOR PROPERTY

One of my teachers used to tell us to take care of things as if they were our own. Many of the things in the classroom and on the playground belong to someone else and it is important that children learn to respect the property of others. Disrespect for property falls into two types. One is thoughtless wasting of supplies and the other is malicious destruction. Even though the second might appear the more serious of the two, the first one should not be disregarded altogether.

Being wasteful with paper and supplies usually shows up in the first grade. A teacher might be tempted to blame it on the parents, saying the child has not been taught the proper respect at home. Even though parents fail to teach thriftiness in the home, that doesn't give the teacher the right to say it can't be taught in school. It can be taught and it must be taught.

Often children are wasteful because they do not know the value of things. They must be taught that being wasteful leads to poverty; therefore it is unwise, whether it is wasting paper, glue, or left-over food from their lunch buckets. Being careless with books is another sign of wastefulness and it shows lack of respect for property. Since books generally are school property, the teacher is in a position to correct this form of disrespect.

Malicious destruction of property is an outward indication that inward respect is lacking. Willfully destroying the property of others is often a way of getting even. A teacher came to the schoolhouse one Monday morning to find the floor strewn with broken pencils, crayons, and bits of cardboard which had once been a pencil box. When the pieces had been gathered up and claimed, she was surprised that everything which had been destroyed belonged to the three children of one family — something too odd for coincidence. She watched the pupils closely during the day and did a bit of detective work, for by now she was sure the mischief had been done by one of her pupils and not by the ninth graders who came in to have classes on Saturday.

By evening she had found the guilty ones. She took the matter up with the parents. The destroyed property was replaced and punishments were meted out. But the teacher was disappointed in the attitude taken by the parents of the guilty boys. There had been difficulties between the two families for several years and it was obvious that they thought the other children "had it coming" because of earlier incidents.

The teacher mentioned above learned the same thing the teacher whose pupils had shouted insults at the man did; the pupils' attitudes and respects are merely a reflection of their parents'. Grown-ups can disrespect another person in one area and respect him in other ways; children are more likely to overlook a person's good points and openly show the disrespect they feel. In other words, children are more honest in showing their attitudes.

RESPECT BETWEEN THE TEACHER AND PUPIL

A pupil will respect his teacher only if she respects him and others. A child has certain rights in school which must be respected by the teacher. A teacher must be considerate of her child's point of view, but she must not allow him to talk back when she says something. For example, let's say Ervin was in trouble. When the teacher wanted to correct him he said, "Andy did, too." There is nothing wrong with telling the teacher if others are in the same mischief, but the tone of voice usually tells the teacher whether the child is merely telling or if he is talking back.

A teacher must remember that her pupils are humans and they appreciate being respected. Scolding or ridiculing a child in the presence of others is not showing respect for the child. Children do need correction at times, but any lengthy scolding should not take place in public. A child will respect his teacher for talking to him privately and in a respectful manner.

In order to hold the respect of her pupils, a teacher must never lower herself to their level. That doesn't mean she can't join in the children's games and conversations; every teacher knows that doing this helps build up a close relationship between the teacher and pupils. But the fun in any game can just go to a certain degree and a teacher must be in a position to put a stop to it when it has passed its peak. Teachers are human and many have found themselves in the place where they had to ask their pupils to stop something they had started themselves. But if the pupils show respect for their teacher and have confidence in her, this can be done without difficulty.

There is nothing wrong with a teacher going out and throwing snowballs with her pupils as long as it is kept within limits. But when the pupils gang up on the teacher and blast her with snowballs the minute she steps outside the door — that can hardly be considered respectful. Children who respect the teacher just wouldn't do this.

All throughout this article we have a way of falling back on the parents. Respect between the teacher and pupil is no exception. No parents should expect their child to show respect to a teacher whom they themselves criticize. I wonder if the lack of this respect isn't the leading reason for teachers giving up and saying teaching isn't for them.

Our schools teach the three "r's." That's what the teachers are hired for. But teaching the three "r's" alone isn't the purpose of having our own schools. The public schools could probably teach them more effectively than we can. The successful parochial school is one where the parents and the teacher join hands and help each other teach the three "r's," plus the fourth one — respect.

Correo Aereo

— *Joseph Stoll*

FAMILY TREES AND ROOTS

Routine lessons are fine in their place, just as porridge is a good dish for breakfast. Now I like porridge, but when it is a steady fare, morning after morning, I somehow lose my enthusiasm for it.

School is not much different. The days get pretty dull when every one of them has the same measured grind— an hour of arithmetic, an hour of reading, a half hour of spelling; well, you know how the schedule goes. What every school needs from time to time is an exciting project to work on, something that is not done in the run-of-the-mill way.

There are thousands of possibilities. All the teacher needs is an idea, plus a spark to light up the children's interest and the courage to let that interest run its course— within bounds, of course.

I wonder if we aren't babying our pupils too much— feeding them with a spoon when they might as well be feeding themselves part of the time. Somehow we haven't given enough encouragement in independent study, or to group study where only a guideline is laid down and the pupils take it from there.

If a group project is something new for your pupils, you will want to start with a simple one. How about family trees? Such a project requires individual effort and research with a minimum of class work. Later you can tackle the more complicated projects where each pupil's work is a necessary part of the completed whole.

Everybody, or almost everybody, is interested in his own personal family. Yet it is amazing how little most children know about their family beyond the grandparents. If you want to check, ask your class to write the names of their greatgrandparents. The results will show you how ignorant they are about their family tree.

To get things rolling, draw a diagram on the blackboard to show how a family tree is made. If you have artists in your class, they can draw a real tree around the names of their ancestors and color the picture when it is finished. The names of deceased persons can be written in a different color ink than those of living ones.

How will the children obtain the information to fill in their "trees"? They may start by asking their parents. (The parents will likely join in, and do a little research themselves.) If the grandparents are living, the children will want to ask them. There may be family Bibles that date back many generations, and contain much information. Or, family genealogies offer even more facts.

What about the younger grades? If at all possible, get them to participate, too, though it will have to be in a limited way. The greats and great-greats may confuse some of them, and they will be happy to have some coaching. But let them do what they can themselves, and don't rebuke them for being original.

I am sure you will be pleased with the huge trees some of the children will come up with. The Amish are almost as good as the Jews at keeping family records, you know!

Within a few days the family trees should reach maturity. You are the teacher, so it is up to you what use you will make of the "trees." Perhaps you can post some of them on the bulletin board for a few weeks, along with interesting notes about each family. But keep in mind that in the end the family trees should go back to the children, who will want to take them home and put them away with their other little treasures and keepsakes.

I am sure you will want to have at least one discussion period. During this period try to draw the shyer pupils into taking part also. The discussion period may bring up a whole list of subjects related to family trees that your pupils will want to study, too, while they are interested.

For instance, what do the different surnames mean? How did they get started? were there Anabaptists by the same names your children have, and are they therefore directly cescended from the Christian martyrs of the Reformation?

If you look through the various family trees, you will find a number of surenames. Many names denote the occupation of an ancestor, and these your children can pick out quite easily. Examples: Miller (operator of a flour mill), Kauffman (buyer), Zimmerman (carpenter), Gerber (tanner), and Fisher. (How about King?)

If you can obtain back copies of Family Life, Dec. 1968 to March, 1969, you can glean a lot of information from the series, "Amish and Mennonite Family Names." Also, the book Mennonites in Europe has an appendix listing the family names of refugees from Switzerland who later settled in America.

Of what worth is a study of family trees? It is, for one thing, an introduction to history. Because the study is a personal one, the child relates to the past in a way that is often difficult in regular history classes.

Each of us is in a way a physical product of his ancestors, and largely also a moral and spiritual product. If Jakie's grandfather was tall stoop-shouldered man with a Roman nose, we'll understand how it happens that seventh-grader Jakie is lanky and has a prominent nose. If his grandfather was an honest and unselfish man, and a devout Christian, the heritage that comes down to young Jacob is a precious one and can be a great help to his salvation.

The study of a family's history may well be a step forward in a child's search to understand himself. It may challenge him to grow up to be a man or a woman like one of his noble ancestors.

One thing more. Trees grow. Take a minute to suggest to your pupils that the day may come when they too will have children. They may smile at the idea, but inwardly they will realize it is not a joke. The person they marry will furnish half the family tree for these future children, a thought that shows the importance of seeking God's will in marriage.

The study of family trees will emphasize to the pupils that life goes on. People are born and people die. If the children in your school gain a new awareness of what life really is, the project will have been worthwhile.

VOCATIONAL MEETING (from page 68)

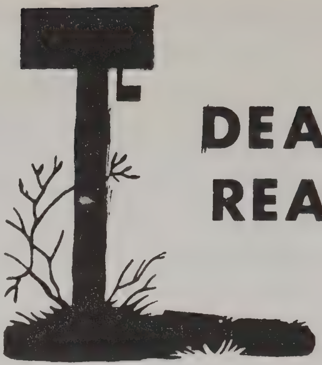
A discussion was held on how to improve singing in these schools, as some teachers complained that interest in singing at this age level is lacking. One suggestion was that parents should spend more time singing with their children at home.

Harry O. Weaver gave a talk concerning the Old Order Mennonite side of the program. Andy Kinsinger gave a talk about some questionnaires that the supervising principal of the Pequea Valley School District brought to him, demanding some information about our parochial as well as vocational schools. We decided among ourselves that according to law, it was not compulsory and not necessary to give them the asked-for information and we agreed not to fill out and return these questionnaires.

It was again stressed that if a child is through the eighth grade and not yet fourteen years of age, he should return to the eighth grade until his fourteenth birthday or else get a written release from public school officials. We have no choice according to law; we have no right to enroll any pupil in the three-hour schools that has not passed the eighth grade and reached fourteen years of age.

A question and answer period was then held and all those present agreed in full to the system, and many wished the Lord's blessings to these schools. The meeting was closed with a prayer led by Bishop John M. Beiler. Next year's meeting was announced to be held at Abe P. Stoltzfus', Route 1, Gap, Pennsylvania.

Let us all try and do our best to comply with these regulations.



DEAR READERS,

FORTUNA, MISSOURI

DEAR READERS,

This is my second year of teaching and I think we all run across problems that are hard to answer. At least, I know I've found myself in those puzzling situations.

Take Jake*, for instance. He is in the second grade and one day he was playing with a crayon and for some unknown reason he colored his face a firey, almost frightening red. This brought giggles from the other children and even chuckles from the teacher. Jake was embarrassed and immediately tried to wipe it off with a handkerchief. Since I felt that the embarrassment this boy had had was punishment enough so that it would not happen again, I dismissed the matter.

Before long, Simon, in the same grade, wanted attention and colored his face a wicked black. He looked around for his share of laughs, but instead of laughing the teacher frowned. "So you wanted some attention, too?" was the disapproving answer little Simon got. Could he understand why the teacher laughed at Jake, but frowned at Simon?

Then there was Katherine. She sits at the front of the overcrowded room, only a few feet from the bare wall. Having nothing better to do to pass the time she partly turns around and watches the others, but makes no further commotion or disturbance. The teacher notices and says nothing. A few minutes later Betty, who causes disturbances quite often, turns around and talks to the others. Immediately the teacher reproves her and tells her which way to turn in her seat.

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*Names have been changed.

Betty goes home and tells her parents that the teacher is not fair; Katherine is his pet because he lets her turn around and the others get scolded for the same thing.

What can we do? Each teacher has to work with the best judgment and do it conscientiously and impartially. With the help of God and the cooperation of the parents we can come very near to doing what the children think is right.

Parents should help the children understand that the child who tries to do his best does not get punished for little deeds as soon as the one does that is constantly in mischief. It is those pupils that are watched by the teacher. In other words, it is the troublemakers we are trying to reform.

Sincerely,
Henry D. Yoder

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APPLECREEK, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name. By now most of us have had several weeks of school and after a rather shaky start, things are starting to smoothen up a bit. It seems the pupils always forget so much during the summer months. Sometimes it makes me wonder if they learned anything last year. "Was this pupil ready to pass?" is another question that at times comes to my mind.

School teaching has its problems, but it also has its rewards. It is often thought of as a simple job — not very important. But we need teachers who are contented to have that "small job." We all have a place to work in the vineyard of God. I found a very suitable poem in a daily devotional book which I would like to share with you.

"Father, where shall I work today?"
And my love flowed warm and free;
He pointed to a tiny spot
And said, "Tend that for me."

I answered quickly, "O no, not there;
Why, no one would ever see
No matter how well my work was done;
That little place is not for me.

The word He spoke, it was not stern,
He answered most tenderly,
"Little one, search that heart of thine;
Art thou working for them or Me?
Nazareth was a little place,
And so was Galilee."

I think we younger teachers should be especially thankful for what the older teachers have done to make teaching easier for us. The book entitled School Bells Ringing and now the newer one, Tips for Teachers were evidently written for that purpose. It took, I am persuaded, years of painful experience to learn and iron out the answers to the many perplexing questions a teacher is faced with. Now we can learn much by reading of the experiences of others and pick up many short cuts through these two books.

Have other teachers also found that the hardest problem is not reciting lessons, but to always have an understanding heart and to show Christian love and patience toward all the pupils? Maybe we could have some tips from older teachers on how to cope with the problem of self-discipline.

May the blessings of God be extended to all who take interest to do their best to make improvements in our schools.

Sincerely,
Eli M. Yoder

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TIPS FOR TEACHERS

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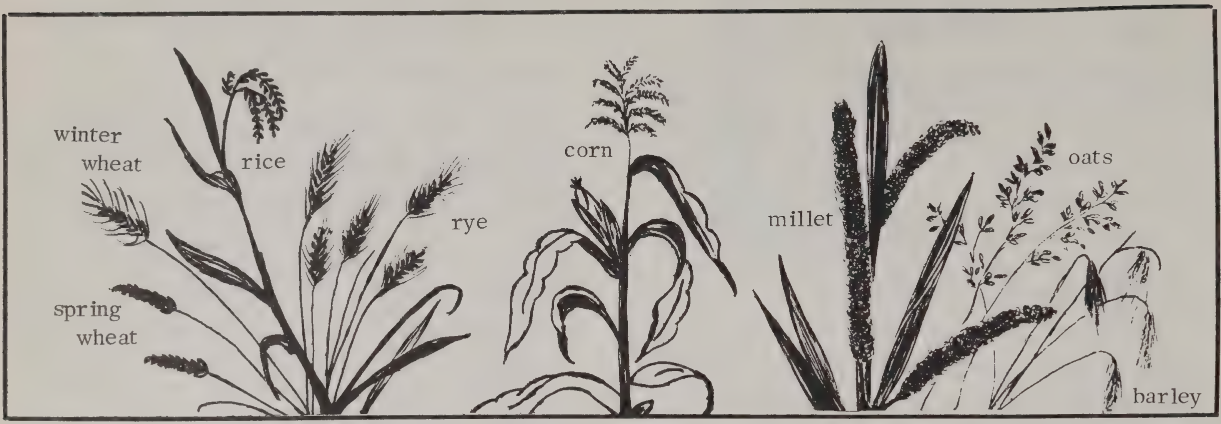


GRAIN: FOOD FOR THE NATIONS.

Say 'harvest' to your pupils; what will they immediately think of? As farmer's sons and daughters the answer will usually be "wheat" or some other well known grain.

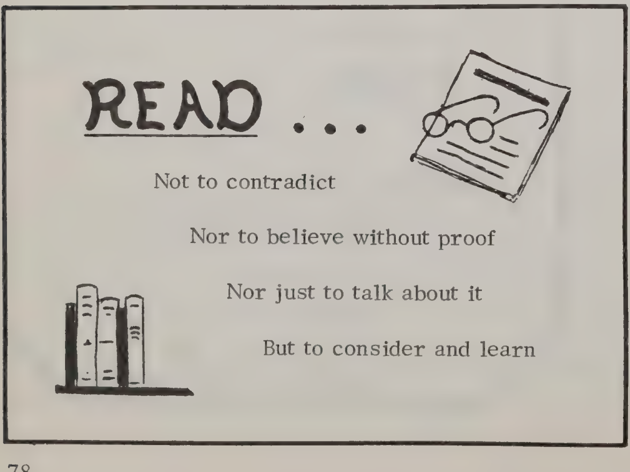
Scavenger hunts are always fun. This time let's try one to find as many grains as possible. Prepare charts for each pupil with squares for the grain, its uses, and where and how it is raised.

Give credits for each box correctly filled with two or three seeds and its proper information. Perhaps you would like to leave a few boxes unlabeled and allow extra credit for any grain you hadn't thought of. Children might also substitute pictures where it is impossible to find the real seed.

It would also be interesting to have a tall vase filled with the grain stalks of crops grown in your community. If your pupils keep notebooks a picture of the vase along with their completed chart would be a worthwhile addition.

If you wish to have a bulletin board display ask a pupil to trace a large map of the world or of the United States.

A Poster to Make



READ . . .

Not to contradict

Nor to believe without proof

Nor just to talk about it

But to consider and learn

Assign several pupils to find out which three countries or states are top growers for each grain. Then cover these areas with glue and sprinkle on the correct grains. In case you have trouble finding the grains you could draw fields of grain instead. If you lack pictures of grains the illustration at the top may help some.

THANKSGIVING DISPLAY

This year why not use real fruits for the harvest for your display? Ask the children to bring apples, pears, grapes, squash, gourds, a small pumpkin, nuts, etc. and let them help you arrange them in some unusual container in a corner on floor or table.

Suggestions for containers— a bushel basket, the round lid of a cheese box (wooden) a child's small wheel barrow or wagon, or a huge pumpkin cut in half and cleaned.

PRIMARY PROJECT

Cut out a large bushel basket for each child. One day give them brown paper and have them cut out potatoes to fill one basket. Another day use orange paper for carrots, green for cabbage, celery, cucumbers, red for apples and so on, until each basket has been filled with a different crop.

Similarly, pupils can help do Mother's canning. Duplicate jars on white sheets. Pass out scrap paper and let the children tear out enough cherries to fill the jar. Paste these on the jar, cut out and cover with clear plastic wrap if you wish. Cut out a ring from gray paper and paste on top. Children may "can" a different fruit every day for a while as they seem always eager to work with scissors and paste.

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For instructions on how to use colored rice in art see page 58 in TIPS FOR TEACHERS.

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FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

The rain was pelting on the roof of the van. Lightning flashed and revealed to us the mountains around us. Thunder rumbled and its echo bounced from the distant hills. These were some of the things our group saw and heard as we were headed for Pennsylvania late in the evening of August 19th.

Mrs. Ivan D. Miller, Clara Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Roman E. Miller, Maryann Miller, Eli A. Yoder, Mary Ann Beachy, and I left home at 2:30 P. M. and arrived in Ronks, Pennsylvania around midnight.

The following day we attended a teachers' meeting in that area. During the meeting we heard many interesting tips on how to start first graders. We teachers were admonished not to push them too hard as this causes them to become discouraged and to give up.

At 11:30 a delicious meal was served at a neighboring farm, after which another session followed. Three reading classes were held. The first two showed how improper classes sound and look. The third one showed the "pupils" coming to class in single file, standing in a straight line, reading with expression, and was followed by a question period. These classes were educational and interesting to watch.

We were sorry that we had to leave for home before the meeting was over and we hope to put the many tips we learned to use before the term is over. Thanks again to the teachers who invited us to attend this meeting and to those who showed their hospitality.

Ivan N. Coblentz

to READ ALOUD

WIDE ENOUGH FOR TWO

—Joseph Stoll

"Oh, no, not again," exclaimed Miriam Byler as she heard her baby sister whimper in the bedroom. She quickly turned the copy of Family Life upside down on the table, and hurried to pick up baby Martha.

"Just shake the crib," called Mother after her. "Maybe she'll go to sleep again." Mother was washing dishes, and the younger children were drying them. The dishes were usually Miriam's job, but tonight Mother had said she would be excused if she put Baby to sleep.

"It's a pretty good deal for me," Miriam had thought when Martha had promptly dropped off to sleep for her. But the baby was not feeling well; her teeth were bothering her, or something. Twice she had awakened and started crying. Miriam shook the crib back and forth.

"Come on, go to sleep, Martha," coaxed Miriam in a whisper. "I want to finish that story."

Little Martha didn't obey. She opened her eyes wide and began to play with her blanket. Miriam picked her up and began rocking in the old hickory rocker. She heard the outside door open and close and guessed that Peter was coming in from chores. He had been helping Dad at the barn.

Miriam was ten years old, almost eleven — the big girl in the Byler family. She began singing a song she had learned at school,

"Do to others, do to others,
As ye would they do to you ..."

Mother always sang when she put the baby to sleep. Miriam felt her little sister snuggle up under her arm and relax.

Five minutes later Miriam tried to lay the sleeping baby in her bed, but in a moment little Martha's eyes were open and she began crying. Mother came into the bedroom then, wiping her wet hands on her apron. "Here, Miriam," she said. "Give her to me. I'm finished with the dishes and maybe I can get her to sleep."

Mother settled down in the rocker and began to hum to the baby. "Thanks, Mom," said Miriam, as she hurried to return to Family Life.

But when Miriam got out to the table, the magazine was no longer there. "I'm sure I left it here," said Miriam to herself. "But maybe I took it to the bedroom without thinking." She went to the bedroom and began to search there.

"What are you looking for?" whispered Mother, slowly rocking the baby to sleep.

"Family Life."

"I think Peter has it," answered Mother. "He's stretched out on the couch reading something."

"He better not have it," Miriam muttered. "I had it first." She trotted out to the sun porch. There was Peter, sure enough, reading the same story in the "Children's Section" that Miriam had been reading.

Miriam slipped up behind Peter and grabbed the magazine from under his eyes. "Give it to me," she said. "I had it first. I left it on the table upside down so I wouldn't lose my place."

Peter jumped up in a minute. He was a year younger than his sister, but he wasn't going to let her boss him around even if she was older. He dived for the magazine. He caught the edge of it in his fingers and gave it a jerk, but Miriam held on.

"I had it first," panted Miriam, twisting the magazine from her brother's hand and running into the living room.

"I don't care if you did have it first," replied Peter. "You laid it down. I found it on the table, and I have just as much right to read it as you have."

"I want to finish the story," argued Miriam. "I'm half way through . . . "

"So am I," said Peter. "I want to finish reading it just as bad as you do." He grabbed for the magazine again.

Miriam dodged, and circled back out to the sun porch. Peter followed.

"Go away and let me finish this story, just this one story," begged Miriam. "You can have it as soon as I am done."

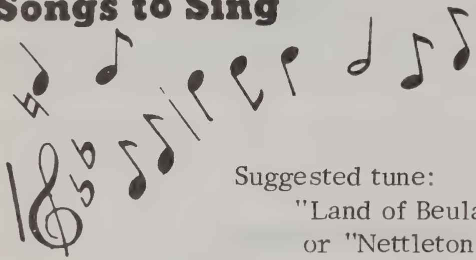
"Yes, I know you, Miriam Byler. As soon as you're done with that story, you'll start the next one. Let me read it first, and then you can have it."

"No, I had it first," returned Miriam. "And if you don't go away and leave me alone, I'll tell Mom."

"If you don't give me the magazine back, I'll go tell Mom," said Peter.

Miriam crowded into a corner, and turned her back to Peter. She spread her elbows so

Songs to Sing



Suggested tune:
"Land of Beulah"
or "Nettleton"

DO WHAT YOU CAN

8,7,8,7

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant a happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

Do not stand then idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy mistress,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in your vineyard;
Do not fear to do and care;
If you want a field of kindness
You can find it anywhere.

Peter could not snatch the magazine. She opened Family Life to the "Children's Section" and began reading. But Peter gave her no chance. He pinched her elbow, and pushed her arm.

"Go away and leave me alone, will you?" shouted Miriam, but not very loud for she was afraid Mother would hear from the bedroom.

"Give me Family Life and I will leave you alone," promised Peter.

"I can't see why I should. I had it first."

"No, you didn't. I had it yesterday evening so I had it first," said Peter, thinking of a new argument.

"Well, if you had it last night, it's my turn tonight," replied Miriam.

"But I didn't read very much ..."

"I didn't read very much tonight either. I just got started good when the baby woke up. But it won't take me long to finish the story ..." Miriam's voice broke, and she began to sob.

"Okay, crybaby, you can have it then," said Peter, turning to go. But when he turned around, he discovered Mother standing there. She had heard the quarreling from the bedroom, and as soon as the baby was safely asleep, she had come to investigate.

"What's the trouble?" she asked.

"I was reading Family Life and Miriam took it away ..."

"I had it first ..."

"Wait a minute," said Mother in a calm voice. "This isn't the way for a big boy and girl to act. Both of you sit down here on the couch and tell me the whole story, right from the start. If we can't get it settled, we'll wait till Dad comes in from the chores."

"She can just have it if she wants it so badly," said Peter, casting a sour look at his sister.

"No, Peter, you sit down and we'll talk this over. Miriam will tell her side of the story first, and when she is finished you can talk. So you wait till Miriam is finished, Peter."

Miriam told how she had been reading the story when the baby cried. "I just laid it down for a few minutes. Peter had no right to take it while I was reading it."

"Now, Peter, what do you have to say?" asked Mother.

"When I came in it was on the table. I didn't know Miriam was reading it, so I picked it up and started reading. I just started good when Miriam came and jerked it away. She had no right ..."

"Children, I am very much disappointed in you," said Mother, her voice sad. "It would be much better to give up to the other than to quarrel like this. You're both old enough to know that much."

As Mother talked, both Miriam's and Peter's heads began to hang in shame.

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" asked Mother. "There is an old story about two goats that met on a narrow footbridge. One was traveling one way and the other was going the other way. They met in the middle of the bridge, and there wasn't room for them to pass. They put their horny heads down and glared at each other for awhile, and neither one backed up. At last those hard heads came crashing together, and two goats fell into the river."

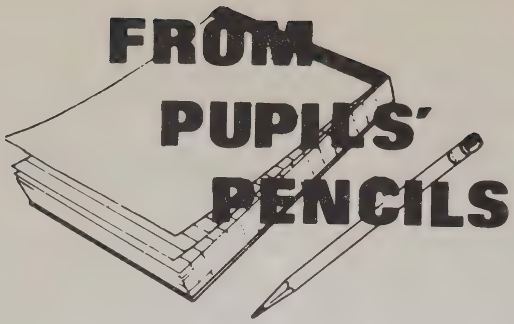
Peter looked up with interest when Mother began to tell a story about goats.

She went on, "Tonight you two children were just like those stubborn goats. If either one of the goats had backed up and let the other pass, they could have both been on their way in a hurry. They wouldn't have lost much time. And you children could have done the same. Miriam is the oldest, so I think she should have let Peter finish the story. Then she could have read it. By this time ..." Mother looked at the clock, and then went on, "By this time I am sure both of you could have finished reading the story. Instead, you have been quarreling and neither one of you has read it."

When Mother had finished, the children were thoughtful. "Peter can read it first," whispered Miriam.

"I don't care if Miriam has it," replied Peter shyly, looking the other way.

"I believe there is a better plan," said Mother. "You both wanted to read the same story, didn't you? You both started reading it, and my guess is you're about the same far along. Why don't you sit side by side on the couch and read it together? The pages are big. It's wide enough for two."



NOTICE: For next month's Pupils' Pencils' page we would like to feature autumn poems written by boys and girls. In order to encourage the children to send in poems, we are offering small gifts to the authors of the poems we select for publication. The poems will be judged for originality, meter, rhythm, and neatness.

Send your entry to Cousin Carrie
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

The letters must be postmarked on or before October 31, 1970.

AN ANABAPTIST MEETING

-Eunice Rudolph

"**S**arah," called Mother, as she quickly folded the last towel and put it into the wooden cupboard.

"Coming, Mother," answered Sarah. She came running down from upstairs where she had been putting clothes away.

"Let's hurry and get supper on the table," Mother said. "You may set the table."

Several minutes later Father came in and the family sat down at the table. Little incidents of the day were told, as usually were at the supper table. Mother told Father how low their supply of candles was getting.

"Well, I guess that means going to bed a little earlier," said Father cheerfully.

Sarah looked at her younger brother, Simon. He looked disgusted. Sarah smiled to herself, for she knew why. Simon thought they went to bed too early already.

After the supper dishes were done Mother said, "Sarah, you can start washing the twins and getting them into clean clothes,"

Sarah looked at her mother inquiringly. Mother did not say anything but by the knowing look she gave her, Sarah knew that they were going to one of those meetings her parents had recently become interested in.

Finally they were all ready to go and after closing the door behind them, Father led them down the street. Soon they had gone through so many streets that the children did not see how Father still knew where he was going. But suddenly he stopped at a house and knocked softly. They were cordially welcomed in by a gray-bearded man and his wife.

Already there were a few people sitting in the room. Within the next few minutes more came. Then the gray-bearded man stood up in front of the group and opening a Bible he read to them.

Sarah listened at first, but as he kept reading, her eyes wandered around the room. She noticed that the shutters were closed and since it was dark, a candle was placed so the man could see to read. A few minutes later they knelt to pray. Just as they were getting up from their knees and and another man went forward with the Bible, a rough knock was heard at the door.

The gray-bearded man took the Bible and quickly taking the top off the chair on which he had been sitting, he slipped the Bible under the seat.

Just as he was putting the lid back on, the door banged open. But by then the men were talking about their businesses and the women about the high food prices. The rough soldiers walked into the room. Everyone stopped talking and the gray-headed man got up and walked toward the men. Shaking hands with one of them he asked kindly, "What can I do for you?"

The men looked disgusted at such calmness and asked, "Where is your Bible?"

"You have my permission to search for one," he answered.

It wasn't long until the men had searched the room. Then they went through the whole house. When they could find nothing, one of the men said to the officer, "These people can't be having a service, sir, for they have no Bible." Soon the men were gone.

That night as they were walking home, Sarah whispered to Simon, "I was really scared when those soldiers came in, but that gray-bearded man didn't seem like he was afraid."

"I'll say," exclaimed Simon. "But even if we were afraid I hope we will go to the meeting again soon. I think we will, because I think our parents are Anabaptists now, too.

"I think so, too," remarked Sarah thoughtfully.

-Grade 8
Hagerstown, Maryland

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Dear Friends,

I enjoy reading the Blackboard Bulletin and Cousin Carrie's page. I will be in the eighth grade this year. I think we should be very thankful that we have the privilege of having our own schools.

I have Hodgkin's disease and can not attend school as regularly as some pupils can, but I do my work at home when I can't be in school. I appreciate the cooperation and help my teachers have given me.

I think God is very good to us, although at times he may afflict us with things we don't understand. I thank Him for the health and strength He has given me, so that I can go to school sometimes. I want to do my best and make this a successful school year.

Best Wishes,
Sue Hostetler
Blue River, Wisconsin

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

Dear Boys & Girls,

With thoughts of winter, humans and animals are preparing for it. In a way, preparing for winter is alike for humans and animals. They both are concerned about food and shelter. But the reason for being concerned is very different.

Humans have what we call "learned behavior." Farmers know that if they don't fill the hay mow and the corn cribs and the grain bins that there will be a shortage of food for the animals. Mothers have been busy all summer in the garden and in the kitchen, raising and canning food for the family. They do this because they are taught to do it— their parents taught them, they teach their children, who in turn grow up and teach their children.

Animals, on the other hand, have a different knowing power that is quite different from "learned behavior." Theirs is called "instinct." Take squirrels, for example. How do the squirrels which were born in the spring know that a cold time is coming when they can not find food? Who tells them when the nights get chilly and the days shorten that it is time to run about the forest and gather in all the nuts they can find and store them into their burrow? How do they know that they will go to sleep and wake up when the weather gets a little warmer and be very hungry? No one tells them, yet they know. They know because they have a God-given sense of knowing called instinct.

It is easy to see that God gave different instincts to different animals. Birds know to fly south when autumn comes, some fish swim to warmer climates, and other animals, like the squirrel, prepare for winter where they are. Still others depend on man to feed them during the winter.

The cow, for example, does not have an instinct to tell her she must gather food for winter. If she were left to herself, she would feast on green grass in the summertime and starve in the wintertime. She has no way of knowing that the corncrib and the haymow are full and will provide food for her during the winter. Yet she makes no preparations for the winter months. This is because when the cow was still a wild animal, she roamed about in a warmer climate and found grass to eat the year round. When man domesticated the cow, she became dependant on him to supply food for the winter months.

Instinct in animals is a strong one. I know of people who have a pet squirrel. During the summer months he is as contented in his cage as he can be. But around the middle of September and during October he gets restless, even frantic. He spends days running around and around his cage, trying to find a way to escape. The reason is because his instinct tells him it is time to gather nuts for winter. The people who caged him have no way of telling him not to worry and that they will provide food for him next winter. He has the urge to gather food for himself and store it away. Every year when I take a walk to the woods to watch the squirrels (A good time is right after the first hard frost.) I can't help but feel sorry for the poor prisoners whose instinct tells them to gather nuts, yet they can't.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, take time to take a hike to the woods. Autumn is such a good time to study nature and observe how God made each creature different from the rest and gave them all the instinct best suited to their way of living.

Best wishes,

-Cousin Carrie

TAKE TIME FOR A BREAK

-by Saloma Rudy

BY THE TIME this will be read, several weeks of school will have fled and have left behind its joys and sorrows. We, as teachers, will at some time or other endure frustrating moments. Some last only a short time, others a day or two, whereas some trying times have a way of dragging on for weeks.

The new teachers, especially, get such thoughts like, "Why did I ever think I could teach?" or "Was anyone ever such a failure as I am?" or "After the mistake I made today, how can I face my pupils tomorrow?" These dark thoughts have a way of passing through our minds when we are tired in the evening. Therefore it is good to take a rest from school thoughts and do something different for a change.

Many of us feel we have too many things to do; we have no time for anything else except our school work. It is surprising how much better we can concentrate on school work after spending an evening with something entirely different. This is especially true if our work has been dragging us down.

In many communities we might be able to find some people who are not able to go about as most folks do. Whether this person is an invalid, a cripple, or a widow does not matter. If we go to visit them (not too late in the evening when they are tired) with the intentions to cheer them up, it is surprising how much we cheer ourselves. Often we will find them so cheerful that we are ashamed of how grieved we had been over our own little troubles. At other times we come to them when they are less cheerful. Then we can go home with new appreciation of our health.

If we are not in the mood to go visiting, perhaps we could take a little stroll. In the summertime there are many things in nature that we can study. How the different branches on the trees grow, how the birds sing their songs of praise, —if we have any interest in nature at all, we can find something that will help us relax our mind and nerves.

On a clear, dark night we can go out and view the starry universe at any time of the year. Isn't it marvelous how these tiny stars have always been twinkling in the sky for nearly six thousand years! I can imagine some of you are thinking, "My moody times come when the nights are cloudy and too stormy to go outside."

Sit down and think. Isn't there at least one lonely person whom you could cheer up with a letter? Beginning teachers can write letters to an experienced teacher, telling of the frustrations she has met;

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Blackboard Bulletin
November 1970

NEW SONGBOOKS

-by Martha Helmuth

In this article the author who taught for a good number of years imagines how one morning's song period might have gone with new books.

MARY TROYER STEPPED into the schoolhouse loaded with the usual armful of books and papers and her lunch. Today, though, she had an extra package of books to carry along. After stirring up the fire she unpacked her books and stacked them on the edge of her desk, ready to be passed out later. She busied herself with a few last minute preparations for the day. Before long she heard the door open and the first happy children trooped in, glad for the warm schoolhouse after a mile walk on a chilly morning.

"Good morning," Mary greeted the children.

"Good morning," chorused the girls as they grouped around the stove.

"Tomorrow morning I'm going to wear my new gloves," stated Wilma, a little second grade girl. "I didn't think it would be so cold or I would have worn them this morning."

Soon the girls walked up to Mary's desk to see what she was doing and to tell her the usual stories about the happenings at home, the antics of the pet dog or some new words baby sister had said.

"Are we getting new workbooks?" asked Wilma as she picked up one of the books from the teacher's desk.

Mary smiled as she answered, "Yes, we are getting new books, but they aren't workbooks. Open one and see if you can tell me what kind of books they are.

"Oh, they're German books," answered Wilma as she opened one.

"Das Neue Kinderlieder," read Ruth, Wilma's sister, as she picked one up and started to look through it. "This is much bigger than the one we have at home."

"Yes, they are about twice as large as the others," Mary told them. "Do

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Coming next month:

THINKING BACK -by Urie R. Byler

What was school life like a generation ago? This author tells us of his memories— some good and some not so good, and of how these experiences affected his own classroom years later when he was teaching.

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AN EDITORIAL

In last month's editorial it was mentioned that evolution is creeping into many nature books. It used to be that nature books were the "safest" reading, but now even these books can be misleading to young minds.

"Misleading" is but one of the many words that could be chosen to decsribe books which are basically harmful to Amish children's minds. As was written last month, "Children trust books. Children's minds are young and unmolded. What they read leaves an impression. Teachers and parents should be careful what books they allow their children to read."

What is the largest collection of books to which Amish children have easy access? The school library. I wonder how many parents have ever stopped to glance through random books on their school's library shelves. If the school library is typical, it will contain a variety of books with a variety of worth. Some will be definitely beneficial while others will be of no value. Most will likely fall in the catagory of "just so" — won't do you any harm; won't do you any good.

I've often wondered where most school library books come from. I can't help but think that many were purchased at auctions by the boxful at 75¢ a box. Anything which had an old cover and an old-fashioned title was selected for the school library. But what parent ever read farther than the title? Are the books sitting on many Amish school library shelves really suitable for the pupils to read?

Maybe some parents don't feel a school library is important. If that's the case, then they shouldn't have one. They shouldn't buy up books at auctions and give them to the school thinking a library isn't really important anyway, so why be "choosy" about what books go into it. If a library isn't worthy enough to receive good books, then it is better off with none. Having no books on the shelves is better than poor ones.

But many parents feel a library is important. They don't want their children's education limited merely to textbooks and workbooks. Part of a child's eduaction comes from what he reads from the books in the school library. Some teachers even require the pupils to make book reports periodically. A library with worthwhile books can be a big asset— an aid to education.

Maybe right now you are thinking don't libraries cost quite a bit of money. Yes, that's part of the problem. Books do cost money and often more than we wish to pay. But perhaps if we examine the situation from all its angles, we will find that the cost isn't really so great. First, it should be remembered that a library is part of the child's education. Take it away and part of his education is removed. Second, if the library is part of the educational process, then it should have a place in the school's budget. A certain amount of money should be set aside each term for purchasing library books — the same as is presently done for paper towels, playground equiptment, and workbooks. No school is expected to spend $600 for two hundred books in one year, but by spreading the buying over a dozen years, it becomes more reasonable. Third, a $3.95 school library book is cheaper than a $3.95 home library book, if you consider the mileage it gets. Many more people read it at school than at home. Fourth, if a book is properly cared for, it should last a long time. The library shouldn't be the "forgotten corner" of the schoolhouse, but should be watched to make sure no books are worn or missing. (A book's life span is greatly increased if the pupils are not allowed to keep them in their desks or take them home.)

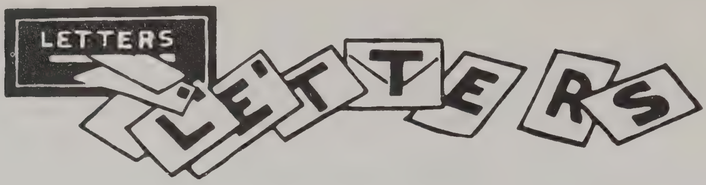
The expense of books is not the only reason why many schools have poor or limited libraries. Another major reason is that most people do not know where to obtain good books. Who has time to write different companies or to go book hunting in different stores?

What schools need to do is to discuss the school library at the parent-teacher meeting. There it should be decided how much money is to be budgeted for library books and whose responsibility it is to purchase them. Those at the meeting might also spend some time seeing what books are presently on the library shelves. Books which no one at the meeting has read might be taken home and read, and an opinion passed on them at the next meeting.

We on the Bulletin want to do our part, too, in helping build up worthwhile school libraries. We thought since we are in the book business and receive catalogs each week, we might do some book hunting. Beginning with this issue on page 108 we are featuring a column called "The Bookshelf." Here each month we will review and recommend a few books which we feel are especially good. They will be purchasable through our bookstore in Indiana at 30% off (for schools only). Anyone may purchase a book at the reduced price, providing the book is donated to a school library. We will keep a file card for each school so in case two people donate the same book, we can refund one of them.

Building a school library isn't done in a day, but if we add books each year, the shelves are filled before we know it.

—D.L.



Dear Editor,

The article, "The Fourth 'R' " in the October issue was quite helpful. It was a timely article and worth consideration. If a teacher respects the pupils, he is not likely to ridicule them in front of the other scolars or bring them to shame. Having respect for the children and treating them as persons with feeling instead of "things" goes a long ways in making and keeping good relationship between the teacher and the pupils.

—Eli Yoder, Ohio

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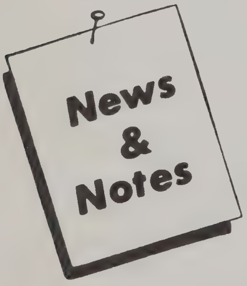
Dear Editor,

Thank you for your interest in parochial schools. We appreciate the Bulletin very much

We are having a problem in our home with candy that the teacher gives the children for prizes and rewards. I seldom buy candy for our family for health reasons, and anyone who agrees with me can imagine my disgust when the children come home every few days with a sucker or a candy bar he got for having a certain number of points.

Besides being bad for the teeth, I've wondered how it makes those children feel who try so hard and yet aren't able to win any. I would not object if it happened once in a big while, but every few days is too often. A few words of praise would be more appropriate and would not teach the child that he deserves a prize everytime he does something right. I have learned from experience that candy makes anything but "good" children.

- by a mother



FROM OUR OFFICE

Last summer at the teachers' meeting mention was made that it is possible to "renew" the life of duplicator rollers by buffing them on an emery wheel. Several people have asked how it is done, and even though I remember hearing about it, I don't remember the details or who gave them. Would anyone who knows how it is done please write and tell us about it?

FROM MT. FOREST, ONTARIO

Hannah Horst and Levi Martin were married on October 8th. Hannah taught three terms at Winfield Parochial School.

FROM DAVIESS COUNTY, INDIANA

On September 24th John L. Lambright and Joan Raber were united in marriage. John formerly took care of the Pathway Bookstore at LaGrange and Joan is teaching at Green Acres again this term.

FROM HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO

Teacher Amanda Yoder and Wyman Coblentz were married on October 27th. Amanda is presently teaching at Hill Crest School near Holmesville.

Verna Miller, who taught three terms at Weaver's School near Bunker Hill, is published to be married to Roy Yoder of Wayne County. Verna is not teaching this term.

OPINIONS PLEASE!

The Teacher's Dress

"We might as well go home," said Elmer Lehman to his wife Mary. "I don't think it is going to stop raining right away."

Mary's eyes scanned the western skies. "It is getting darker," she said. "It's too bad we can't husk, now that the children are at Grandpa's."

"Well, there's other things we can do this afternoon," said Elmer. "In fact, we could even visit school," he added with a grin.

"Oh, let's. Won't Susan be pleased!" exclaimed Mary.

Ever since that Monday morning about two months ago when their oldest daughter had started to school, Mary had dreamed of visiting school. But Elmer had been busy with the fall work and had suggested she go by herself. Now he offered to go along. Suddenly Mary was glad it rained.

That afternoon Elmer and Mary sat in the classroom at Woodlawn School. The happy smile on their first-grade daughter's face was reason enough to make them glad they had taken time to come. But that wasn't the only reason. Mary had taught school herself before she was married, and she was still very much a teacher at heart. Today as she sat in Annie Burkholder's classroom, she found it easy to imagine herself in Annie's place. She knew why Annie's face was a little flushed and why she couldn't quite hide the lack of self-confidence.

Mary was pleased at some of the things she saw. Annie took time to explain the lessons well and she was quick to smile and reassure her children. Mary secretly rejoiced when she saw Annie reprimand a second-grade boy when he tried to show off in front of the visitors. Yes, except for one thing, Mary was well pleased with what she saw in the classroom her daughter was attending. She wondered what Elmer thought.

After school they took Susan along home and then drove over to Grandpa's for the younger children. So it was not until late in the evening that they could discuss their afternoon at school.

"I thought Annie Burkholder did real well this afternoon, considering that we were the first visitors she had since she's teaching," said Mary.

"Maybe she did," said Elmer, "but I couldn't help but wonder all afternoon why she was hired in the first place. Anyone who dresses like that shouldn't be allowed to teach."

"I was disappointed, too," said Mary. "But when I saw how well she did in other ways, I couldn't help but be glad we had her for our teacher. After all, she doesn't look as bad as some of the girls do."

"But does that give us reason to ignore things like that? Why, her dress was not only short and tight, it was so thin you could see clear through it! And the way she had her hair piled on the front of her head — I can't see why we let someone like that teach."

"I don't like it, either," said Mary. "But teachers are hard to find. And who are we to say something? You aren't on the schoolboard and we only have one child in school. Maybe if Annie were in our church district we could talk to the ministers, but with her coming from way over on the other side of Linfield, I don't think there's anything we can do about it."

Elmer looked at his wife. "But are we going to sit back with our hands folded as if we don't care? I couldn't help but notice how some of the upper-grade girls are pushing their hair forward and pinning their coverings on the backs of their heads. As long as we have them influenced by a teacher who dresses like Annie does, they're not going to get any better."

"What can we do?" asked Mary.

"I don't know," said Elmer slowly. "Let's ask other parents. Maybe they can give us some advice."

Reader Response

A CHRISTMAS PROGRAM ?

Concerning "A Christmas Program?" I was anxious to read a story on this subject, but very disappointed upon reading the end of it.

I am also a teacher and not in my first years. I have never had a Christmas program with plays and feel I'd rather give up teaching than have one.

I am not stressing the fact that the teacher did wrong, but feel if my conscience tells me not to do something, then it is wrong for me to do it. I have had the same experience this teacher did with both parents and board members. A few parents did suggest that we invite parents to hear the children recite poems and sing songs, and that each family should send food for us to enjoy after the families had left. I tried this and had some very disappointed parents and children, but think the children did enjoy their noonday meal after all when the time came.

- A teacher, Pennsylvania

No, we don't feel that a program such as the public schools used to have is Christlike. To impersomate a character in a play certainly doesn't seem fitting, along with playing Santa Claus, having a Christmas tree, and so on.

I'm sure most of us are agreed to stay away from such activities. The next question is, where shall we draw the line and what should we do to observe Christmas?

I think we should be careful that we don't go too far in allowing things for the sake of the little one's pleasures. We, the parents, are responsible for the attitudes and thoughts of our children, and are often at fault when our children show disrespect at school.

— Henry Hochstetler, Missouri

I think Fannie had a good plan for a "program", if only she had stuck to it, rather than give in to the wishes of her pupils. I have never heard the Christmas story more beautifully told than when children recite appropriate verses and poems and sing Christmas carols. And to have the parents come to school and join the children in singing these carols and listening to the poems is, in my way of reasoning, not out of place.

But to mix in plays and other pagan exercises and to decorate the classroom with crepe paper, tinsel, and Christmas bells (as I have seen in some parochial schools) for the occasion is following much too closely on the heels of the world. A Christmas program should, by its simplicity and solemness, inspire the audience and perhaps even move them to tears, not induce laughter and hilarity.

- Ex-teacher, Ohio

Concerning "Christmas Programs?" I am very much against it. I feel we should not have plays in our Amish schools. Aren't we hypocrites when we pretend to be someone we aren't? It is an entertainment that is unnecessary.

In our schools we have singing with the parents helping, then several songs by the children and perhaps a few poems. Usually we have refreshments, then everyone goes home.

- L. L., Indiana

I think Fannie shouldn't have given in and had plays just because the children wanted them. If we can have a little program with singing and verses and poems, that is sufficient. But any program, no matter how well organized, makes a lot of extra work for the teacher, and it calls for cooperative children. We need to be careful in selecting the poems and songs the children sing, for if the program is to the honor and glory of God, then we must remember the Unseen Guest in the audience.

- M. H., Ohio

* * *

Rather than having a program, why not ask one of the ministers to come to school and tell in simple words the real happenings of that long-ago night in Bethelem, and why Jesus was born. Then singing the beloved carols would have double meaning.

I feel the children would go home with this beautiful event again freshly impressed on their young minds.

— Rhoda Yoder, Kentucky

* * *

Concerning "A Christmas Program?", I feel this is not for sincere Christians. It is interesting to note that the English word "hypocrite" comes from the Greek word "actor."

Where can a Christian act, even in a religious play? Like in a Nativity scene, one child has to take the role of King Herod, and appear to be angry and jealous. The more he shows these evil traits, the "cuter" he is considered to be. Also to pretend to be the Christ Child is blasphemy and a grave sin. "Fools make a mock of sin." Pro. 14:9

If we are to follow after the public schools why take all the time and effort to establish and run our own schools? Why not just send our children to public school?

- L., Pennsylvania

PATHWAY'S 1971 BOOK CATALOG is now completed and was sent out with the November issue of Family Life. If you do not get Family Life, you may send for your free copy of the book catalog now.

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FREE CATALOG

In answer to "Opinions Please", I, too, have been taught against plays. If my pupils would ask me for a Christmas program, I would have to give them a firm "no."

Why do we have parochial schools if it isn't to get away from these things?

Yes, the children were happy and the parents were pleased, but was it pleasing to God? I, like Fannie, couldn't have had a clear conscience either.

—A teacher, Missouri

* * *

We as parents that attended public schools, thought it wonderful to have our own children attend a parochial school to avoid the partaking of worldly entertainment. Now, perhaps without being fully aware of the fact, we are dragging some of this "world" into our parochial schools.

- Kathryn Burkholder, Pennsylvania

* * *

Since we have our own schools and are free to abstain from higher education and worldly entertainment, I think it is better to do as Fannie would have liked to do, rather than the way she did.

Aden Zimmerman, Pennsylvania

* * *

I do not think it is the right thing to have Christmas plays. The time and energy they take could be used for better things. I think the teacher should have stood her ground.

I read that early church disciplines forbade receiving actors into church membership unless they made a clean break from their sinful profession.

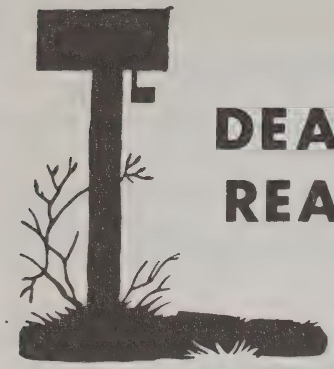
—Pennsylvania

* * *

I fail to see why we should have Christmas programs which often have to do with characters such as St. Nicholas, Scrooge, and others. Couldn't we honor God more by singing spiritual hymns?

Fannie's children should have learned that the way to become stronger is to be strong now.

—Ohio



DEAR READERS,

LEOLA, PENNSYLVANIA
DEAR READERS,

I thought I'd write to the *Bulletin* concerning some of our experiences we had when our oldest child started to school. My sister has been teaching a parochial school since before I was married and I never dreamed that I would ever be sending a child to public school. But there were no parochial schools in our area when we moved here. However, as the time drew near for our child to start to school we had hopes, for a school was being built not far from where we lived.

We did end up sending her to public school because the parochial school was full the year she started; we had no choice. This was very disappointing to us, and even though she had a very good teacher, there were so many things that didn't seem quite right.

This fall the parochial school wasn't so full so we got permission to send our little girl there. We are so glad and thankful for the change. We're hoping we'll have another school before long, as there are still other parents who are sending their children to public schools who aren't satisfied with how things are going there.

At first I couldn't understand why our little girl had to go to public school, but I think now that we learned a few things and we appreciate our own school more because of it.

I hope all the parents take time to visit school at least twice a term. I feel they would benefit from it. I also wish the parents who are still satisfied with public schools would visit both kinds of schools and see the difference for themselves.

To all the teachers I would like to say, keep up the good work. You are doing a tremendous work with our children. Our prayers are with you. We realize your problems are many and varied, but for each perplexing moment, take time to pause and ask God for guidance. I have failed many times by not taking this pause.

A Mother,
Anna King

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

LINWOOD, ONTARIO
DEAR READERS,

"Do you like teaching?"

"What is it like?"

These are two questions probably every teacher has been asked and re-asked. These questions are seldom answered the same. At the moment, here are my answers.

"Do I like it?"

Sometimes I love it. Sometimes it's a great job. And sometimes . . . Well . . . let's skip it.

"What is it like?"

To me teaching is like a lot of different things. It can mean a roomful of children having thirty smiles and sixty willing hands. It can mean thirty sweet voices singing praises to God. It can mean tears of pain on the last day of school for the term.

But . . .

It can also mean a lot of noise on rainy days, or trying to teach a third grader when borrowing in subtraction is necessary and that we cannot subtract one row of numbers and add the next. It can mean careful preparation of the schedule to allow time to help a poor speller, only to have that pupil absent for the day. It can mean correcting sentences like "broom the floor" and "drink the cows." It can mean pupils who look for Ontario (on the map) in the heart of Africa, or trying to correct six papers in a few minutes before dismissal time.

Probably if you are considering teaching in the future you will stop and ponder. It is no wonder; I did the same thing. And for some mysterious reason I decided to teach again this term.

And . . . I love it!

Sincerely,
Mary Keupfer

NEW SONGBOOKS (con't from front cover) you think you can sing these songs?"

"Maybe you can learn us sone new ones," suggested Wilma.

"Maybe I can teach you some new songs, Wilma," Mary said as she smiled at her. "We'll pass them out after the bell rings. Then we'll look through them and see how many songs we already know and find some that I can teach you."

By this time they had been joined by a number of other inquisitive children wanting to know what was new, and soon their chatter turned to other things. As Wilma saw her teacher glance at the clock she asked, "May I ring the bell?"

"Yes, you may ring it right away," Mary replied.

Wilma eagerly took the hand bell and walked to the door and gave it a mighty shake.

The children hurried in and quietly took their seats. A few stragglers came running in the drive, burst into the schoolhouse, hung up their wraps, and got into their seats just in time. After saying the Lord's prayer together and reading a Bible story, Mary picked up the stack of books saying, "This morning I'm going to pass out some new song books called Das Neue Kinderlieder. How many of you have the old Kinderlieder at home?"

Most of the children raised their hands.

"Those books were out of print which means we couldn't buy any more like that unless more would be printed. Instead of printing another one just like the one you have at home, a larger one was printed. You will see that there are about one hundred songs in here while the other one had only about fifty. Nearly all the songs that were in the old one are in here plus about fifty others. Leaf through them and find some songs you know."

After a moment of leafing through the books, James raised his hand.

"Yes, James?" Mary encouraged.

"I found 'Teure Kinder,'" he said.

Wilma brightened up as she raised her hand. "I found 'Jesus Liebt die Kleine Kinder.'" She was smiling happily at having found her favorite song.

"Did you notice the heading on this page, 'Lieder für die kleine Kinder?" Mary asked as she held up her book to the class. As the children nodded she went on, "The songs from this page to the end of the book are for little children." She smiled at them. "I think you'll find some more of your favorites in this section."

After the children had looked through their books a few more minutes, Mary asked Bertha, an eighth grade girl, to choose a song to sing. Soon the room was ringing with the strains of "Die Bible ist ein Köstlich Buch."

When the song was finished James raised his hand. "What do those numbers 8,6,8,6 above the song mean?"

"I'm glad you asked that question," Mary replied. "Those numbers tell us what meter the song has. In this song the first line of each stanza has eight syllables, the second line six syllables, the third eight and the fourth six again." The children nodded as Mary went on. "That means that most songs that have the numbers 8,6,8,6 above them can be sung to the same tune. Because the rise and fall of the rhythm and the meter matches that of another song, we can sing the same tune on both songs. This meter is a very common one, and most of them also have the same rhythm, therefore we have many tunes that can be sung to it."

"Why would songs with the same meter have a different rhythm?" Bertha, wanted to know.

"The different rhythms are caused by the way the words of each line are arranged and where the accented syllables fall," Mary explained. "I don't think you need to worry about it, though. We seldom come across one that has this meter with a different rhythm.

"Now, let's look at song number 25 on the opposite page," continued Mary. "What is the meter of that song?" She paused. "Jerry?"

"8,8,8,8," answered Jerry.

"That's right," Mary said. "Now, tell me what it means."

"It means that there are eight syllables in every line of the song." Jerry answered.

"That's right," Mary was pleased to know that at least some of them understood. "Now let's turn to the back of the book to the last two pages. Can anyone tell me what this means?"

After a moment Freida volunteered, "It's a list of the tunes that can be sung on the different meters."

"That's right," answered Mary "Now let's pick out a song listed here that we all know. How about 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus?" That has a meter of 8,7,8,7. Now pick out a song that has that meter, but one we have not sung in school yet."

After a moment Junior, suggested song number 51, "Kinder, eilt euch zu bekehren."

"You see," Mary went on, "if we can read the German and know the tune suggested, we should have no difficulty in singing it, providing the rhythm is also the same. It probably is. For this one we'll need to sing two verses of the song to go through the tune once. Will you start it Junior?"

Junior hesitated a moment.

"Go ahead. We'll help you right away." Mary encouraged.

Reluctantly he started in and the others joined a little unsure at first because of the unfamilier words. As they gained confidence, the song picked up in volume. Mary knew that after they would have sung it several times the singing would be still better.

After the song had ended, Mary glanced at the clock. "Let's pick out another one."

Ruth suggested song number 27, "Wo ist Jesus mein Verlangen."

After they had song it, Arlene raised her hand. "My sister sometimes sings that song with a different tune."

"Can you tell us what tune she sings?" Mary asked.

"Arlene thought a moment. "I think it's 'Precious Memories.'"

Mary hummed the tune as she read the words. "That's right. It does have the same meter. Let's see if it's listed in the back of the book." They turned to the list of meters and songs to see if it was listed under 8,7,8,7, but it wasn't there. "You see, that does not mean that all the songs of that meter are listed here. It would be a good idea to determine the meter of any new song that we learn, or others that we already know, and see if we have one with a matching meter in this book. If we find one, we can write it in the correct list in our book. Let's add 'Precious Memories" to the list for 8,7,8,7 right now. Write it quite small and as neatly as you can. There isn't room for many more titles, and we want to keep our books neat." She waited while the children jotted down the title. "There is almost no end to the different songs that can be sung in this way," she continued. "Using different tunes for the same songs, or better yet, using the tunes on a variety of songs." She looked at the children. She noticed some were smiling with understanding and others returned questioning looks.

She went on to explain. "It's better to sing various tunes on different songs than to use the same tune each time. At the same time, it's also better to sing different songs than to always be singing the same words with different tunes." Mary was pleased to see them nodding with understanding.

"Do other German songbooks have the meters listed too?" Bertha wanted to know.

"Liedersamlung G has them listed in the back of the book just before the index. There all the songs from that book are catagorized according to their meters. All those that have the meter 8,7,8,7 are in one list and those with a meter of 8,6,8,6 are in another list, and so on." explained Mary.

"I like our new songbooks." remarked Freida.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," answered Mary. "I like them too. Let's make it a practice to figure out the meter of the English songs we song to see if we can use their tunes on our German songs. Before long we may be able to sing all the songs in this book, and yet have enough tunes so that we won't be singing the same ones often enough to become tired of them." The children nodded and smiled happily.

Mary glanced at the clock again. "It's time we go on with our other classes. James, will you please collect the songbooks and put them on the shelf for me?" They had spent about twenty minutes more in singing and discussing their songbooks than usual, but Mary knew that if they had learned to understand meters and enjoyed the lesson it was time well spent.

TEACHERS' DIRECTORY

1970

OLD ORDER AMISH SCHOOLS

Name of School	1st year	Pupils	Teacher	Address
DELAWARE				
KENT CO.				
Apple Grove	1925	33	Irvin D. Beachy	R.2, Dover
Green Hill	1933	29	Emma Yoder	R.2, Box 238, Dover
Oak Point	1969	37	Mrs. Joe D. Byler	R.1, Box 366, Wyoming
Rose Valley (2)	1969	22	Malinda M. Miller	R.2, Dover
		24	Barbara Ann Detweiler	R.2, Dover
West Center	1970	20	Jacob J. Yoder	R.2, Dover
Wileys	1969	37	Atlee J. Hershberger	R.2, Dover
HONDURAS				
GUIAMACA				
Grapefruit Grove (2)	1969	28	Martha Schlabach	Guiamaca, F.M.,
			Sarah Stoll	Honduras, C.A.
ILLINOIS				
MOULTRIE CO.				
Jonathan Creek (2)	1968	18	Madgalena Otto	R.2, Sullivan
		14	Esther Otto	R.2, Box 82A, Sullivan
Plainview (2)	1966	32	Lovina Miller	R.1, Arthur
		28	Fannie Miller	R.1, Arthur
Prairie Lane	1967	23	Susannah Otto	R.1, Box 54, Arthur
		25	Elizabeth Ann Schrock	R.1, Box 25, Arthur
South Prairie	1970	33	Lydia Otto	R.2, Box 54, Arthur
INDIANA				
ADAMS CO.				
Lincoln (2)	1962	58	Jacob S. Girod	R.2, Berne
			Lizzie T. Schwartz	R.2, Berne
Plain View	1967	38	Mrs. Jonas Schwartz	R.2, Box 179, Berne
Pleasant Valley	1967	41	Elmer N. Schwartz	R.1, Box 276, Monroe

Sunnyside	1962	44	Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Girod	R.2, Box 18, Berne
Swiss Valley (2)	1970	29	Nate A. Wickey	R.1, Monroe
		28	Ann Shetler	R.1, Monroe
Winchester (2)	1962	46	Mr. & Mrs. Neil Troyer	R.1, Box 42, Monroe

ALLEN CO.

Amish Center (2)	1966	80	Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Espenshade	R.1, Grabill
Amish Parochial (3)	1959	105	John Zehr	R.1, Grabill
			Fannie Mae Graber	R.1, Grabill
			David Schmucker	R.1, Grabill
Cedar Creek	1969	52	Christian Schwartz	R.1, New Haven
Number Four	1968		Mary Graber	R.2, Grabill

DAVIESS COUNTY

Green Acres	1968	35	Mrs. John Lambright	R.1, Box 143, Montgomery
Hickory Ridge	1969	20	Lydia Raber	R.2, Box 172, Loogootee
North Bogard (2)	1965	13	Mary Miller	R.1, Odon
		21	Lowell Woolbright	R.1, Odon
Parson's Amish (2)	1963	33	Verna Knepp	R.1, Box 151, Montgomery
		40	Verna Marner	R.1, Box 143, Montgomery
South East Center (2)	1965	38	Dorothy Graber	Loogootee
		45	Josephine Yoder	Loogootee
South Bogard	1966	14	Anna Barbara Graber	R.1, Box 63, Montgomery
		24	Miriam Graber	R.1, Box 89. Montgomery

ELKHART CO.

Eight Square (2)	1967	35	Bertha Bontrager	R.1, Box 30, Middlebury
			Miriam Lambright	Middlebury
Fish Lake (2)	1968	56	Ida Miller	R.1, Box 188, Middlebury
			Ruby Yoder	R.1, Goshen
Hillside (2)	1970	27	Mrs. Chris Schwartz	R.1, Box 72D, Goshen
			Joann Hostetler	
Plain View (2)	1948	46	Elmer J. Lehman	R.1, Middlebury
			Barbara Ellen Miller	R.2, Middlebury
Weldy (2)	1953	38	Joseph Wagler	R.3, Box 54A, Nappanee
			Mary Kauffman	

HOWARD CO.

Millerview (2)	1965	32	Wilma Miller	R.4, Box 202, Kokomo
			Irene Gingerich	R.2, Box 66, Greentown

KOSCIUSKO CO.

Maple Grove (2)	1968	24	LaMar Hostetler	R.2, Box 110, Milford
		15	Susan Upton	R.2, Box 138, Milford
Pleasant Valley	1964	24	Joe Miller	R.2, Nappanee
Sunny Meadow (2)	1968	46	Joseph M. Schmucker	R.2, Nappanee
			Raymond Mullet	R.2, Nappanee

LAGRANGE CO.

Blue Ridge (2)	1965	29	Martha Farmwald	R.2, Shipshewana
			Susie Hostetler	R.2, Shipshewana
Brookside	1968	25	Polly Yoder	Middlebury
Cable Line (2)	1970	28	Carolyn Yoder	R.4, LaGrange
			Ruth Coblentz	R.4, LaGrange
Cotton Wood Grove	1962	34	Clara Bontrager	R.2, Topeka
County Line	962	29	Lydia Schwartz	R.2, Topeka

East Yoder (2)	1966	50	LeAnna Lambright	R.1, Topeka
			Edna Schrock	R.1, Topeka
Elmview (2)	1968	33	Pollyanna Troyer	R.2, Topeka
			Neil Troyer	R.1, Topeka
Hawpatch (2)	1967	40	Mrs.Wm.J.Yoder	R.1, LaGrange
			Mrs. Joe R.Bontrager	R.1, LaGrange
Honey Brook (2)	1967	46	Edna Mae Miller	R.1, Topeka
			Elizabeth Ann Miller	R.1, Topeka
Little Acorn (2)	1964	44	David Marner	R.4, LaGrange
			Darlene Marner	R.4, LaGrange
Maple Grove (2)	1962	38	Madgalena Mae Miller	R.4, Box 318A, LaGrange
			Laura J. Bontrager	LaGrange
Meadow Lane (2)	1967	33	Alma Hershberger	R.4, Box 146, LaGrange
			Susie Schmucker	LaGrange
Middle Barrens	1969	20	Wilma Kuhns	R.1, Box 193, Middlebury
North Side	1967	26	Sam E. Gingerich	R.2, Middlebury
Pleasant Ridge (2)	1957	41	Vernon Bontrager	R.2, Middlebury
			David Yoder	R.2, Shipshewana
Southwest	1966	20	Wilma A. Miller	R.1, Box 146, Millersburg
Spring Hill (2)	1964	50	Amanda Miller	R.2, Topeka
			Wilma Miller	R.2, Topeka
Sunny Ridge	1968	21	Edna Miller	R.1, Box 113, Topeka
Sunnyside (2)	1967	42	Katie Shrock	R.2, Topeka
			Idasue Bontrager	R.2, Topeka
West Yoder (2)	1967	39	Ada Miller	R.1, Box 221, Shipshewana
			Elizabeth Mast	
Woodside (2)	1964	38	Lizzie Kuhns	R.4, Box 266, LaGrange
			Madgalena Eicher	

MARSHALL CO.

Sandy Ridge (2)	1969	40	Madgalena Wagler	R.3, Box54A, Nappanee
			Barbara Ellen Miller	R.2, Nappanee
Borkholder	1951	20	Laura Miller	R.1, Bremen
New Burlington (2)	1967	42	Annie Mast	R.1, Box 177, Bremen
			Mattie Mast	R.1, Box 177, Bremen
South Beech (2)	1968	33	Mary Chupp	R.1, Bremen
			Everett Yoder	R.2, Nappanee

RUSH CO.

Milroy Amish	1970		(No report)	

STEUBEN CO.

Alvardo Amish	1964		(No report)	

IOWA

BUCHANAN CO.

Charity Flat	1962	17	Mrs. Abner Schwartz	Hazelton
Hazelton No. 1	1962	18	Mattie Nisley	R.1, Hazelton
Hilltop View	1970	17	Gertie Yoder	R.1, Box 151, Hazelton

JOHNSON CO.

Friendship	1966	20	Eunice Miller	R.1, Kalona
Glenbrook	1969	21	Linda Hershberger	R.2, Kalona
Maple Grove	1969	25	Martha E. Mast	R.1, Kalona

VAN BUREN CO.

Plain View	1969	25	Eva Amanda Mullet	R.1, Box 25, Milton

WASHINGTON CO.

Pleasant Valley	1969	27	Amanda Hostetler	R.2, Kalona

KENTUCKY

TODD CO.

Guthrie Christian Day	1969	25	Sarah Yoder	R.2, Guthrie
		32	Rhoda Yoder	R.2, Guthrie

MARYLAND

ST. MARY'S CO.

Meadow View	1967	32	Hannah Beiler	R.2, Mechanicsville
Ryceville	1967	27	Lydia Beiler	R.2, Mechanicsville
Woodburn Hill	1967	31	Annie Swarey	R.2, Mechanicsville

MICHIGAN

HILLSDALE CO.

East School	1958	22	Martha Eicher	R.2, Carpenter Rd., Camde
Branch County Parochial			(No report)	
West School	1960	21	Rosina Graber	R.1, Carpenter Rd., Camde

MISSOURI

AUDRAIN CO.

Ash Grove	1957	23	Ada E. Bontrager	R.1, Clark
Haven Hill	1962	28	Lizzie W. Borntreger	R.1, Clark
Macedonia	1957	23	Barbara N. Gingerich	R.1, Clark
Plain View	1957	27	Jonas C. Bontrager	R.1, Clark
Pleasant Ridge	1961	26	Susie Petersheim	R.1, Clark

DAVIS CO.

Hickory Hill	1967	24	Madgalena Detweiler	R.3, Jamesport
Meadow View (2)	1966	19	Clara Yoder	R.2, Jamesport
		15	Mary E. Bontrager	R.2, Jamesport
Oak Grove	1966	28	Ruby Schrock	R.3, Jamesport
Pleasant Hill	1966	35	Vernon Troyer	R.2, Jamesport

MACON CO.

Hillside	1967	18	Esther Lee	R.1, Annabel
Locust Grove	1967	23	Anna Hostetler	R.1, Annabel
West Side	1967	13	Mattie Bontrager	R.2, Macon

MONITEAU CO.

County Line	1968	25	Henry D. Yoder	R.1, Box 70, Fortuna
Ozark Prairie	1968	15	Menno Lambright	Fortuna
Yoder Corner	1968	25	Savilla Gingerich	Star Rt., Latham

MONROE CO.

Garrett Private	1960	25	Rachel D. Beachy	R.1, Clark

PIKE CO.

Hickory Grove	1968	27	Jacob Girod	R.2, Curryville
Maple Branch	1948	27	Verena S. Schwartz	R.3, Bowling Green
Meadow View	1950	19	Johnny S. Eicher	R.1, Bowling Green
Pleasant View	1967	18	Amanda Borkholder	R.2, Curryville
West School	1970	15	Glen Yoder	R.1, Curryville

NEW YORK

CATTARAUGUS CO.

Axeville	1958	34	Edna Hershberger	East Randolph
Flat Iron (2)	1951	51	Sarah H. Miller Emma H. Miller	Conewango Valley
Gardner	1949	41	Mrs. Nancy Yoder	Conewango Valley
Seager Hill	1951	38	Barbara L. Shetler	R.1, Conewango Valley
West Road	1965	47	Lizzie I. Miller	R.1, Conewango Valley

OHIO

ASHLAND CO.

Dividing Ridge	1962	29	Emma I. Yoder	R.2, Greenwich
Meadowbrook	1958	28	Moses R. Coblentz	R.5, Ashland
Meadow View	1969	25	Katie M. Troyer	R.5, Box 224, Ashland
Pine Grove	1965	30	Andrew D. Miller	R.2, Greenwich

DEFIANCE CO.

Newville Amish	1968	16	Mary E. Graber	R.1, Hicksville

GEAUGA CO.

Bundysburg Private	1954	31	Lovina E. Wengerd	R.1, Middlefield
Fox Run	1954	37	Ida J. Miller	R.1, Middlefield
Hosmer Road (2)	1962	27	Emma M. Miller	R.3, Middlefield
		15	Nancy J. Troyer	R.3, Middlefield
Meadow Glow (2)	1965	39	Enos J. Schrock	R.2, Box 220, Burton
		23	Barbara Yoder	Chardon
Meadowlark (2)	1952	24	Dan J. Miller	R.2, Middlefield
		21	Sarah D. Miller	R.1, Middlefield
Nash Road	1965	29	Wilma Glick	R.2, Box 118, Burton
Nauvoo Country	1963	37	Katie Weaver	R.1, Middlefield
Newcomb Road (2)	1963	36	John Fisher	R.3, Middlefield
		13	Paul Detweiler	R.3, Middlefield
Parkman Parochial (2)	1950	28	Mrs. Mary M. Byler	Madison Rd., Middlefield
		28	Lester J. Hershberger	R.3, Middlefield

Pleasant Valley (2)	1952	36	William Bender	Pioneer Rd., Middlefield
		32	Becky Bender	
South Hayes (2)	1954	46	Neil E. Miller	R.2, Middlefield
			Katie Miller	R.2, Middlefield
Troy Parochial (2)	1958	25	John J. Miller, Jr.	R.2, Box 172, Burton
		23	Amanda N. Hershberger	R.2, Box 147, Burton
Valley View (2)	1964	63	Jonas J. Byler	R.2, Middlefield
			Emma Byler	R.2, Middlefield

HARDIN CO.

Kenton Amish # 1			(No Report)	
Kenton Amish # 2				

HARRISON CO.

Amish Parochial	1970	11	Rudy S. Yoder	R.1, Newcomerstown

HOLMES CO.

Barrs Mills	1959	35	Mr. & Mrs. Mose L. Yoder	R.2, Sugarcreek
Boontown	1960	37	Amanda Wengerd	R.2, Box 67A, Fredericksbu
Breezeway (2)	1962	48	Ella Swartzentruber	R.2, Fredericksburg
			Emma Swartzentruber	
Brush Run	1960	32	Mary Ann Beachy	R.1, Baltic
Buckeye (2)	1961	43	Jonas A. Nisley	R.1, Baltic
			Edna J. Nisley	
Center Ridge	1967	34	Katie Miller	R.1, Baltic
Doughty Valley (2)	1965	44	Elizabeth Raber	R.1, Baltic
			Fannie Miller	
Dublin	1955	25	Ivan Coblentz	R.2, Box 104, Fredericksbu
Fairview (west)	1955	37	Jacob M. Troyer	Star Rt., Millersburg
Fairview (east)	1966	27	Clara Keim	Star Rt., Millersburg
Green Ridge	1956	31	Elizabeth E. Miller	R.3, Millersburg
Hickory Ridge	1965	24	Mary D. Miller	R.1, Big Prairie
Hill Crest	1965	40	Amanda J. Yoder	R.1, Holmesville
Knob View	1964	28	Katie Kauffman	R.1, Baltic
Lakeville Private	1962	26	Esther Barkman	R.1, Lakeville
Leepers (2)	1958	20	Anna M. Yoder	R.1, Dundee
		21	Anna A. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg
Maple Grove (north)	1944	35	Lydia Yoder	R.1, Dundee
Maple Grove (south) (2)	1958	27	Amanda Nisley	R.1, Baltic
		22	Lovina Nisley	R.1, Baltic
New Bunker Hill	1958	37	Katie S. Miller	R.5, Millersburg
North Bunker Hill	1956	36	Ada J. Miller	R.5, Millersburg
Oak Grove	1959	21	Sylvia Schrock	R.1, Fredericksburg
Oak Ridge	1959	36	Mary Ann Miller	R.2, Sugarcreek
Pleasant View	1960	27	Annie H. Miller	R.2, Box 54, Fredericksbur
Rock Ridge	1958	31	Ada Mast	R.1, Fresno
Shady Grove	1967	28	Sarah Schrock	R.2, Shreve
South Bunker Hill	1964	36	Sarah Hershberger	R.5, Millersburg
South Mt. Hope (2)	1959	37	Mary Hochstetler	R.5, Box 130, Millersburg
			Oma Schlabach	
South Sidling Hill	1954	20	Anna J. Miller	R.1, Dundee

Stony Point	1960	22	Clara Miller	R.2, Sugarcreek
Sunny Slope	1960	13	Susie Mast	R.1, Shreve
Troyer Ridge	1966	31	Fannie Nisley	R.4, Millersburg
Valley View	1966	18	Barbara Ann Weaver	R.1, Millersburg
Walnut Grove	1966	42	Eli A. Yoder Fannie Miller	R.3, Millersburg
Weaver Ridge	1961	22	Omar Eicher	R.2, Dundee
West Mt. Hope	1969	28	Fannie J. Mast	Star Rt., Millersburg
White Oak	1966	22	Fannie E. Yoder	R.1, Baltic
KNOX CO.				
Locust Grove	1970	21	Sharan Garber	R.1, Utica
West View	1969	29	Miriam H. Byler	R.2, Butler
MADISON CO.				
Oak Grove	1963	21	Mary Troyer	R.1, Box 128, Plain City
MEDINA CO.				
Lodi North	1967	36	Joe A. Schlabach	R.1, Homerville
Lodi South	1955	27	Mary A. Schwartzentruber	R.1, Spencer
STARK CO.				
Kimmel Christain (2)	1950	20 24	Marjorie Miller Joyce Wagler	1121 Andrew St., Hartville
Walnut Grove	1952	26 26	Leon H. Troyer Emma Miller	R.2, #44, Hartville 12133 Kinsley Dr., Hartville
WAYNE CO.				
Anderson	1959	44	Lizzieann Nisley	R.1, Applecreek
Beech Grove	1951	30	Anna A. Yoder	R.2, Box 273, Dalton
Brown	1959	27	Henry Hochstetler	R.1, Fredericksburg
Cherry Ridge	1954	43	Levi A. Yoder	R.1, Dundee
Cunningham (2)	1959	43	Henry Petersheim Anna Petersheim	R.2, Applecreek
Fountain Nook	1948	41	Eli M. Yoder	R.1, Box 247, Applecreek
Frease (2)	1959	41	Mary R. Miller Fannie Lehman	R.2, Fredericksburg
Green Valley	1959	40	Fannie M. Troyer	R.2, Applecreek
Johnson	1959	25	Katie Y. Hershberger	R.2, Applecreek
Maple Grove	1944	34	Lydia Yoder	R.1, Dundee
Meadow Valley	1956	38	Eli S. Yoder	R.1, Box 92, Dundee
Nebo Valley	1970	24	Elsie Beachy	R.1, Fredericksburg
North Sidling Hill	1959	25	Lena U. Miller	R.1, Box 4, Applecreek
Oak Grove	1960	43	Emanuel D. Miller	R.2, Applecreek
Paint Valley	1970	34	Ezra S. Petersheim	R.2, Applecreek
Pleasant View	1947	33	Mattie C. Hershberger	R.2, Applecreek
Spring Brook	1959	37	Mattie Wengerd	R.1, Dundee
Stone Hill	1967	35	Monroe D. Miller	R.1, Box 185, Applecreek
Sunny View	1960	26	Eli D. Stutzman	R.2, Box 63, Applecreek
Woodland (2)	1961	41	Edna J. Miller Amanda M. Troyer	R.1, Fredericksburg R.1, Applecreek

NOTICE......If you are able to supply any of the missing information or to correct any errors in this directory, we would be happy to hear from you.

ONTARIO

ELGIN CO.				
Aylmer (East)	1953	15	Sarah Wagler (Grades 1-3)	R.4, Aylmer
Aylmer (West)	1953	18	Naomi Wagler (Grades 4-8)	R.4, Aylmer
GREY CO.				
Hillcrest	1967	35	Amos U. Gingerich	R.1, Desboro
Lakedale	1967	29	Roman D. Yoder	R.1, Desboro
OXFORD CO.				
Brookside	1970	13	Catherine Troyer	R.1, Lakeside
Clearview	1970	19	Ida Petersheim	R.2, Mossley
Maple Dell (2)	1961	47	Daniel L. Stutzman	R.7, Tillsonburg
			Ella M. Miller	R.1, Norwich
Maple Lane	1970	12	Katie Bontrager	R.1, Mossley
Maplewood	1968	9	Fannie Hertzler	R.2, Tavistock
Millers (2)	1960	39	Lovina J. Stutzman	R.1, Mt. Elgin
			Anna Miller	R.1, Norwich
PERTH CO.				
Amish Parochial #1	1966	36	Esther Keupfer	R.1, Millbank
Amish Parochial #2	1969	30	Mary Keupfer	R.1, Newton
Amish Parochial #3	1968	29	Catherine Wagler	R.1, Milverton
Amish Parochial #4	1968	14	Nancy Wagler	R.2, Milverton

PENNSYLVANIA

ADAMS CO.				
Fairview (2)	1964	30	Barbara Fisher	R.1, Gettysburg
		19	Mrs. Jonathan Fisher	Littletown
BRADFORD CO.				
Valley View	1968	39	Andy A. Byler	R.2, Box 53A, LeRaysville
			Elizabeth D. Byler	R.2, LeRaysville
CENTRE CO.				
Elk Creek	1967	37	Rachel K. Stoltzfus	R.D., Millheim
CHESTER CO.				
Fairview	1960	36	Thelma King	Honeybrook
West Brandywine	1967	51	Sarah Stoltzfus	R.2, Coatesville
CRAWFORD CO.				
Amish Private	1950	26	Iva Miller	Atlantic
Rundell	1970	15	Mattie Troyer	R.2, Conneautville
INDIANA CO.				
Dry Knob	1968	37	Mrs. Marie Schlabach	R.1, Box 141, Smicksburg
Hickory Hollow (2)	1967	56	Mrs. Verna Byler	Beyers
			Esther Keim	Beyers
Oak Grove	1965	30	Mrs. Lydia Weaver	R.1, Smicksburg
Owl Hollow (2)	1969	37	Mrs. Emma Yoder	R.1, Box 1, Smicksburg
JEFFERSON CO.				
Allegheny Private	1970	8	Christine Schrock	R.3, Box 58, Punxsutawney
JUNIATA CO.				
Black Run	1964	25	Elizabeth Peachy	R.2, Mifflintown
Kurtz Valley	1954	30	Fannie R. Yoder	R.2, Box 330, Mifflintown
Laural Run	1961	26	Lizzie R. Yoder	R.1, Box 91, Mifflintown

LANCASTER CO.

Bartville	1966	40	Emma Stoltzfus	R.1, Box 88, Kirkwood
Beaver Dam	1969	40	Mildred Emery	Honeybrook
Beiler's	1969	40	Lydia Stoltzfus	R.1, Box 55, Ronks
Belmont	1955	33	Susie King	R.1, Ronks
Brick Parochial	1948	36	Sadie Kauffman	R.1, Christiana
Buena Vista	1967	36	Mary B. Zook	R.1, Kinzers
Bunker Hill	1970	26	Barbara S. Lantz	R.1, Strasburg
Byerstown	1967	41	Sarah F. Stoltzfus	R.1, Kinzers
Cambridge	1969	37	Annie Brubacher	Narvon
Centerville	1967	45	Susie L. Petersheim	R.1, Gordonville
Cherry Lane	1964	37	Mary H. Fisher	R.1, Ronks
Chestnut Hill	1965	24	Lydia Stutzman	R.1, Christiana
Clearview	1956	36	Saloma F. Lapp	R.1, Box 11, Ronks
Compass	1970	32	Annie F. Stoltzfus	R.1, Kinzers
Deer Hollow	1967	33	Emma F. Stoltzfus	R.1, Leola
Farview	1953	34	Katie F. Beiler	R.4, Lancaster
Fishers	1957	27	Sarah S. Stoltzfus	R.1, Kirkwood
Green Tree	1954	41	Emma S. Stoltzfus	R.1, Christiana
Harrison	1955	32	Susie Fisher	Paradise
Hawksville	1962	38	Mary K. Stoltzfus	R.R., Quarryville
Hickory Grove	1969	34	Emma Mae Esh	R.1, Gordonville
Hollow	1966	34	Lydia Fisher	R.1, Honeybrook
Iva	1955	21	Bena Stoltzfus	R.3, Quarryville
Limeville	1969	38	Annie L. Esh	Gordonville
Meadow Creek	1970	36	Lydia King	R.2, New Holland
Meadow View	1969	32	Naomi Beiler	R.1, Ronks
Meetinghouse Road	1970	35	Katie E. Blank	R.1, Gap
Millcreek	1969	24	Sarah K. Fisher	R.1, Box 408, Bird-in-Hand
Millroad	1968	43	Mary A. Stoltzfus	R.2, Box 141, Elverson
Millwood	1969	49	Rebecca B. Zook	R.1, Kinzers
Muddy Run	1967	36	Ida Z. Beiler	R.1, Ronks
New Milltown	1965	32	Bertha S. Miller	R.1, Kinzers
Newport	1960	24	Nancy Beiler	R.1, Ronks
Nickel Mines	1957	36	Emma K. Miller	R.1, Paradise
Oak Grove	1939	37	Nancy S. Esch	2208 Hill Creek Rd, Lancaste
Oak Shade	1970	24	Barbara K. Fisher	R.1, Kirkwood
Pine Crest	1961	41	Naomi Lapp	R.1, Gap
Pine Grove	1966	28	Nancy A. Lapp	R.1, Gordonville
Pleasant View	1938	34	Lydia F. Beiler	Ronks
Salem	1950	41	Annie E. Beiler	Kirkwood
Snake Hill	1968	32	Mary F. Huyard	R.1, New Holland
Spring Garden	1968	30	Sarah Beiler	R.1, Ronks
Stony Hill	1965	35	Rachel Lapp	R.3, Quarryville
Stumptown	1968	34	Sadie Stoltzfus	R.1, Bird-in-Hand
Union	1960	23	Rebecca K. Fisher	R.1, Oxford
Valley Road	1958	39	Fannie S. Miller	Box 280, Christiana
Witmer	1969	36	Lydia Beiler	117 Horseshoe Rd., Leola

LEBANON CO.

Cherry Lane	1949	22	Fannie M. Lapp	R.2, Myerstown

Rocky Ledge	1964	19	Marlene Nolt	R.3, Myerstown
MERCER CO.				
Indian Run	1962	13	Saloma J. Byler	R.2, New Wilmington
Woodlawn	1970	28	Katie D. Kurtz	R.2, New Wilmington
Zuvor	1953	27	Lydia J. Hostetler	R.2, Box 130A, Mercer
MIFFLIN CO.				
Clearview	1952	35	Lydia S. Wengerd	Belleville
Mountain View	1960	31	Ella B. Peachy	Belleville
Sunnyside	1965	36	Katie L. Bender	Belleville
Waynesboro	1952	33	Catherine M. Swarey	Belleville
White Hall	1954	36	Susie E. Swarey	Belleville
MIFFLIN CO. (Plainest Old Order)				
Barville		20	Mattie Spicher	Reedsville
Church Lane		30	Mary Hostetler	Reedsville
Woodland		21	Mrs. Nancy Hostetler	Reedsville
Zook Corner		30	Rachel Zook	Milroy
SOMERSET CO.				
Crossroad	1966	9	Nancy Brenneman	Springs
Summit Mills	1966	7	Sadie Summey	R.1, Myersdale
SNYDER CO.				
Cross Grove Hall		6	Katie A. Speicher	McClure
Krouse		21	Rhoda Swartzentruber	R.1, Selinsgrove
Perry Township	1955	22	Edna D. Troyer	R.1,Box 142,Mt.Pleasant Mil
WARREN CO.				
Little Ash	1969	9	Elizabeth A. Byler	R.1, Sugar Grove

TENNESSEE

LAWRANCE CO.				
Ethridge # 1	(No report)			
Ethridge # 2	(No report)			

WISCONSIN

CLARK CO.				
Catnip Ridge	1967		(No Report)	
Golden Willows	1960	21	Annie Lehman	R.1,Curtiss
Green Meadows	1968	24	Ida Bontrager	R.3, Medford
Hillside	1960	30	Elizabeth and Esther Miller	R.3, Medford
Poplar Grove	1964	23	Ella Borntrager	R.3, Medford
DANE CO.				
Pleasant View	1968	28	Edna A. Miller	R.1,Box 122,New Glarus
Pleasant View # 1	1966		(No Reoprt)	
Pleasant View # 2	1968		(No Report)	
MONROE CO.				
East Ridgeville	1969	29	Ada J. Borntrager	Wilton.
Grove View	1969	24	Katie G. Miller	R.3, Cashton
North Clinton	1966	28	Maryanne J. Schmucker	R.3, Cashton

South Clinton	1967	23	Barbara L. Miller	R.3, Cashton
Sugar Grove	1969	24	Elizabeth M. Hochstetler	R.3, Cashton
PORTAGE CO.				
Pleasant View	1966	25	Mary Mast	R.1, Amherst
Stony Ridge	1968	21	Mary Sue Miller	R.2, Amherst
TREMPEALEAU CO.				
Pine Hill	1967	23	Ida Mast	R.1, Blair
Riverside	1967	19	Susie Mast	R.1, Whitehall

21 Amish School Facts

1. Females make up 82.6% of the 365 teachers in Amish schools.
2. Lancaster Co. schools have 100% female teachers.
3. Wayne Co. has 39% male teachers; Geauga has 41% male; Allen and Adams Co. have the highest per cent of male teachers— 53%.
4. 75% of Amish schools have one teacher.
5. Indiana has the highest per cent of two-teacher schools— 65%.
6. 9,542 pupils are enrolled in Amish schools. (Ten schools did not report enrollment.)
7. Average number of pupils per teacher is 26.
8. Twenty-three schools opened in 1970.
9. The year in which the greatest number of schools opened was 1967 with 37.
10. Pennsylvania, with 86 schools, is the state with the most Amish schools.
11. Ohio has 2 less schools than Pennsylvania but 229 more pupils.
12. Lancaster Co.,Pa. has 47 schools making it the county with the most.
13. Holmes-Wayne Co. have the most schools (56) in adjoining counties.
14. Three states have Amish residents but no schools: Kansas, Oklahoma, and Florida.
15. Lawrence Co.,Penna. is the largest Amish settlement with no private schools.
16. The smallest settlement with the most schools is Fortuna, Mo. with 3. (65 pupils)
17. Cross Grove Hall in Snyder Co.,Pa. has the smallest enrollment: 6. (Plainest of OOA)
18. Amish Parochial in Allen Co.,Ind. is the largest school— 105 pupils.
19. Christian Schwartz (Allen Co.) has 52 pupils making him the teacher with the most.
20. The largest number of pupils with 2 teachers is 80 at Amish Center Sch. (Allen Co.).
21. Apple Grove at Dover, Delaware is the oldest Amish school, founded in 1925.

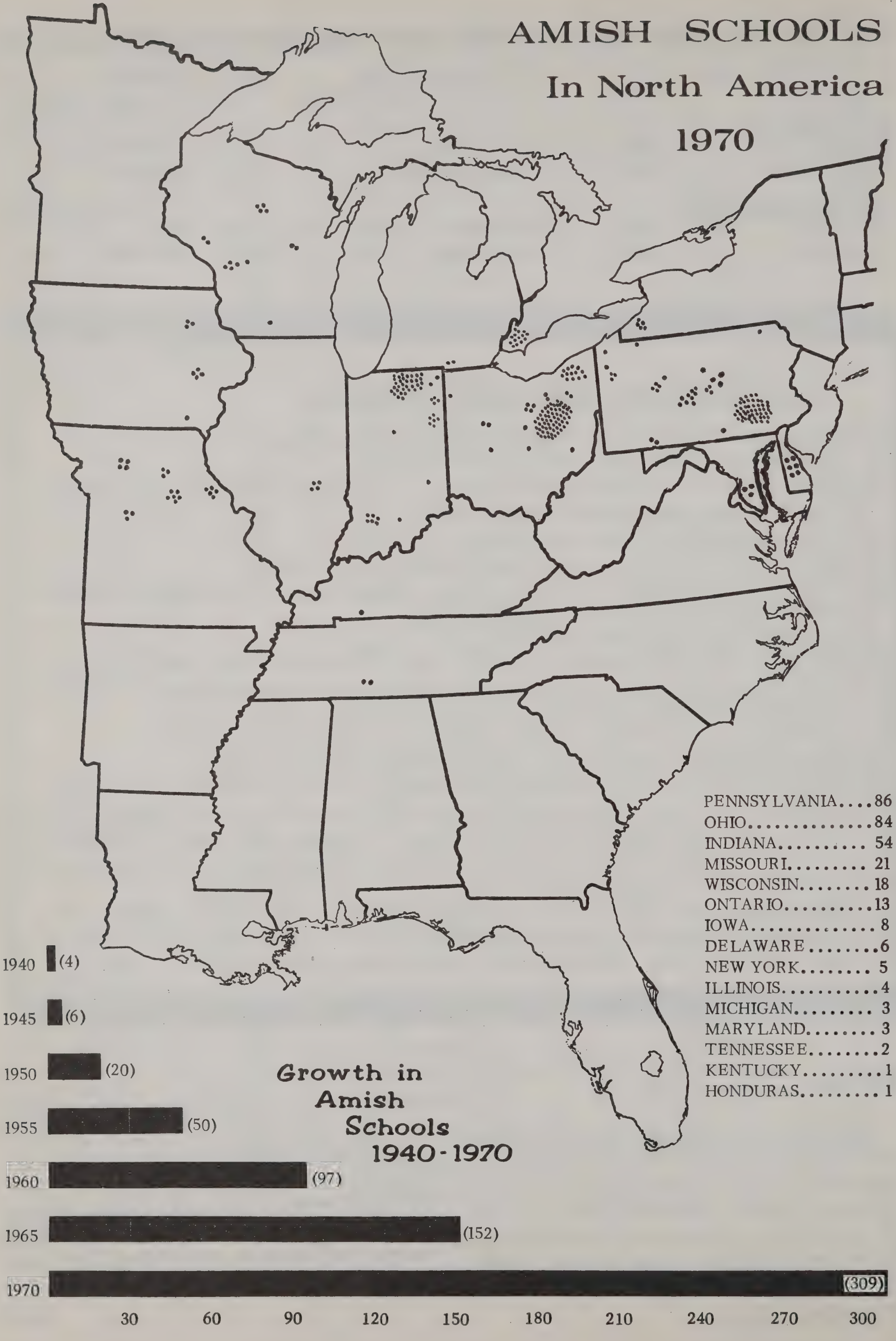
Note----

For two reasons we are holding back the Old Order Mennonite Teachers' directory until the next issue. First, with the increasing number of schools, space does not permit us to print both the Amish and Mennonite directories in the same issue. Second, the information for the Mennonite schools is not as complete as we would like to have it. The following schools are the ones we are still hoping to hear from before the December issue goes to press: Diamond Road, Doners, East Penn, Lebanon Christain, Middle Creek, Millport Christain, Nacetown, and West Penn Valley. We would be glad to hear from the teachers or anyone else from these schools.

AMISH SCHOOLS

In North America

1970



PENNSYLVANIA	86
OHIO	84
INDIANA	54
MISSOURI	21
WISCONSIN	18
ONTARIO	13
IOWA	8
DELAWARE	6
NEW YORK	5
ILLINOIS	4
MICHIGAN	3
MARYLAND	3
TENNESSEE	2
KENTUCKY	1
HONDURAS	1

Growth in Amish Schools 1940-1970

Correo Aereo

—Joseph Stoll

Depth Study of an Amish Settement

Ready for another project? (This one may turn out to be a bigger assignment than the study of family trees last month.) If there are any pupils in your classroom that look to be future historians, this might be a good time to give them some practice.

Eleven years ago while I was teaching at Aylmer, Ontario, the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh graders (no eighth grade that year) gathered the information for a study of the Aylmer Amish settlement. All the dates and facts and numbers were sorted, and the completed report was written on the blackboard for the pupils to copy into their notebooks.

Last year one of the 1959 fourth graders, Leroy Eicher (now grown and married), brought his notebook up to date and submitted the material to The Diary❀ in which it was printed as a history of the Aylmer settlement.

As I recall, this was a very interesting project, and not a difficult one. We had the advantage of living in a new settlement which had been founded only six years earlier, so the material was not hard to obtain. Schools in older Amish communities wouldn't have it so easy.

However, in the older and bigger settlements such as Lancaster, Holmes, Geauga, or LaGrange, there is usually some written work to fall back upon.

Perhaps the most difficult areas of all will be the "middle-aged" settlements such as Buchanan County, Iowa, Stark County, Ohio, Arthur, Illinois, or Kokomo, Indiana. In areas such as these little previous study will have been done and yet the settlements are old enough so that only a very few people, if any, will personally remember the early days. Such settlements will provide the greatest challenge, but they should also prove the most rewarding studies.

Your project will consist of more than just history. If it is to be a depth study of your settlement (or church district), it will include the present, too. You may appoint some pupils to work on the past and others to work on the present.

And remember, as we mentioned last month, try to inspire the pupils to reach out on their own. Let them think for themselves, and don't push unless you have to. They should follow up promising leads with a minimum of prompting. And tell them not to worry about getting too much material; pages and pages full are fine.

The Past

Each settlement has a history of its own, and therefore your project will be your project, different in many ways from any others. It will be up to you and your pupils to plan the study, and to arrange the material once you have it.

Some general suggestions, however, can be made, and these may lead to further ideas to fit your own program.

Your grade-school historians will want to find out who the first Amish settlers in your area were, why they chose the site they did,

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❀The Diary is a monthly magazine of Amish history (present and past) published in Lancaster County. Subscriptions are $4.00. The Diary, R.1, Gordonville, Pa. 17529.

when they came and from where. If your settlement was founded within the last ten or twenty years, these facts will be simple to gather. If the settlement is older, you'll have to work harder.

One source of information will be the oldest men and women in the community. Have some of your senior pupils make special visits to the homes of these persons; the visits will do both the children and the old people a lot of good. But be sure at least one pupil in each group knows how to ask questions and is not too bashful to do so.

If your settlement is not too old or too big, you can compile a list of births, marriages, deaths, and ordinations. When working with dates, the boys and girls should do their best to avoid mistakes.

To add flavor to your study so that it doesn't consist only of dates and facts and figures, collect interesting anecdotes of bygone days, things that happened to the early settlers. Some may be humorous, and others tragic. Individual pupils can write reports on these and display them along with other interesting material on the bulletin board.

The children who get to visit with the old people are certain to hear some tales of the old days, and a description of what life was like a couple of generations ago. Make sure this information is made available to the whole school, either through a discussion period, class reports, or written work.

A study of the past is exciting when it is about people the children know, and when the events took place in their home community.

The Present

The second part of your study is the present-day community. If your school is situated in a multi-district settlement, the study will probably have to be limited to one or two districts, or to the area represented by the school.

In our project we covered the settlement, family by family, and then copied the fingings in notebooks. The information included the arrival date of each family, and the settlement from which they came; location of their home or farm, size of farm, occupation of the father, and other items of personal

THE BOOKSHELF

PICTURE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE

This attractive book is a storehouse of information about Bible times. In it nearly 400 words frequently found in the Bible are simply and clearly defined and made vivid by 145 small pictures.

This book will make Bible verses and stories more meaningful to children in grade school.

(Hardbound. 10"x7" Price: $2.00)
Special School Price: $1.50

NIGHT PREACHER, by Louise Vernon

The author presents historical fiction on an eighth-grade level. It is the story of Menno Simon's life as an Anabaptist preacher as seen through the eyes of his two children, Bettje and Jan.

The story is one of suspense, action, and constant danger that Menno would be arrested, since Anabaptists were forbidden to preach. But it is more than an adventure story. It tells how people lived in the 1500's and how they searched for the true Faith. Bible doctrines are mentioned in a way that children will understand.

(Hardbound. 132 pages, Price: $2.50)
Special School Price: $1.75

CUFF, A BABY BEAR by V. Voight

Cuff was born during his mother's hibernation in a cave. When spring comes a whole new world of discovery awaits him. This is a delightfully written and illustrated book for children in grades 2 and 3. The story is very realistic and is told in terms young children can understand. Many interesting facts about bears are told.

(Hardbound. 64 pages. Price: $2.68)
Special School Price: $1.88

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

interest. Following this, each member of the family was listed and his birthdate given.

How many of the families in your district are farm families? Someone may choose to make a bar graph showing the occupations of the fathers. A problem may arise in classifying the men with more than one occupation — part-time farmers and part-time something else. One solution is to show the part-timers in a separate bar. One last thing, don't forget to include a bar for the retired men.

Another question that may come up is about the age patterns in your church district. Are there mostly young parents with little children? Lots of school-age boys and girls? Many old people?

By grouping the ages in 5-year sets, and counting how many people there are in each group, it is quite easy to make a line graph that will tell you very clearly how the ages stack up.

So you see, the classroom air is full of ideas. Think up some more. The ones you or your pupils think up by yourselves are likely to be the ones you're most fond of!

For that reason I better bring this article to a close. One thing more, however. If at all possible, you should send a completed summary of your study to the Bulletin. The reason for this is not necessarily to have it published but to get the valuable historical information on file where it will be kept safely for the future generations that may possibly survive in our unsteady world.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

to
READ
ALOUD

WHERE THEY GO

by David Luthy

"Teacher!" exclaimed Ella Gingerich, as she breathlessly approached the desk where Miss Coblentz was sitting, grading papers. "Teacher, you should come out and see all the birds in the sky."

Miss Coblentz pushed her stack of geography papers aside. "Okay, Ella," she smiled at her third-grade pupil. "I'll come out and see the birds. I need some fresh air anyway." She reached for her coat which hung on a hook beside a small window. "Oh, I can see them already," she said. "They're geese."

"How can you tell?" asked Ella. "They look so far away that I can't tell what kind they are."

Miss Coblentz pulled the window shade up higher. "Stand here on top of the bench and see if you can't see something odd about the way the birds are flying."

Ella quickly climbed up on top of the small bench and gazed at the sky. She was silent a few seconds. Then she shook her head. "I don't see anything funny about how they fly."

"Sure you do, Ella. Don't the birds form a certain letter in the alphabet when they fly?"

"Oh, yes," said Ella excitedly. "Now I see what you mean. They form the letter 'V'."

"That's right," said the teacher. "When geese fly in a group they line up making a v-shaped formation. The goose which flies at the pointed part of the 'V' where the two lines meet is the leader. All the other geese are following him."

"I'm going to go out and tell Miriam what you told me," said Ella. She climbed down from the bench and was out of the schoolhouse in a second. Miss Coblentz watched out the window as her third grader ran across the playground to tell her classmate. Just then the teacher noticed another formation of geese in the distance. She tucked her arms into the coat which she had been holding and went outside.

"That's the third bunch that's flown over," Miss Coblentz heard Melvin Hershberger say to some of the other pupils.

'No, it's the fourth," corrected Wilbur Miller.

"Third or fourth, here comes another one," said Susie Miller. She pointed north toward the woods which was a quarter mile from the schoolhouse. High above the trees black specks could be faintly seen.

When the formation of geese had come nearer, Melvin called out, "Honk your horns."

Miss Coblentz laughed. "Melvin you must think you're down by the highway signaling to the semi's to toot their air horns."

Now all the children laughed and so did Melvin. "Well, the first bunch honked for us," he said.

"Listen," motioned Susie. "I think they heard you, Melvin."

Sure enough when the group of pupils was quiet they could hear the "honk-honk" of the geese in flight.

'Did they really hear Melvin say that?" asked Miriam Mast, a third grader.

Some of the older children looked at her as if to say, "Are you serious?", but no one answered her question, no one that is except her teacher.

"The geese didn't hear Melvin," she explained. "That's just the way geese usually sound when they migrate. They honk when they fly but we don't hear them because they are flying too high or the wind is from the wrong direction to carry the sound toward us."

"Migrate?" said Susie Miller. Her face was as blank as the answer spaces often were for the fraction problems on her arithmetic exams. "Migrate, what's that?"

By now a larger group of pupils had surrounded Miss Coblentz. She asked, "Who can answer Susie's question?"

Ray Mast's hand shot up.

"Yes, Ray."

"It means that the birds go south in the winter."

"Yes," nodded Miss Coblentz, "it means that birds move from one region to another. In the fall they migrate to the south and in the spring they migrate to the north. Migration for birds is always a two-way trip — south for the winter months and north for the summer."

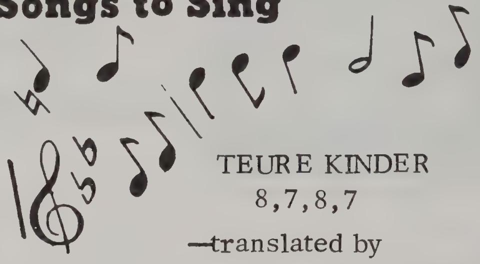
"Why do they move around like that?" asked Susie. "Why don't they just live where they are?"

Miss Coblentz was just about to answer the question when she stopped and suggested, "Why don't we make a study of bird migration for our upper-grade nature class. You can write reports and do some bird drawings and maybe even write some short six-line poems about birds."

"It's past time to go in," said a second grader.

"Sssshh," said the others. "We're having an outside class today."

Songs to Sing



TEURE KINDER
8,7,8,7
—translated by
Mrs. Daniel C. Mast

Dearest children, love each other
Just as Jesus first loved us,
He who gave His life up for us
Ne'er a child need Him distrust.

Dearest children, love each other;
It is godly,pure and good;
God is everybody's Father
And we are one flesh and blood.

Dearest children, love each other
Would you be as angels sweet;
Angels always love each other,
Love in purity and deed.

Dearest children, love each other;
Love is everlasting life,
Love bedecketh sin's great sorrow
And makes lighter all our strife.

"Time to go in," said Miss Coblentz. "Melvin, ring the two minute bell. There are still some boys playing down by the horse barn."

The group broke ranks as the boys raced for the pump to get a drink. Susie Miller walked beside her fifth-grade classmate, Lydia Mast. "I hope we get to work on the bird study this afternoon instead of history class."

"I do too," agreed Lydia. "I think Miss Coblentz makes nature seem real interesting. It's more fun than work and I really learn a lot."

"The seed pictures which we made from all the harvest seeds was my favorite project," said Susie.

"I liked that one, too," said Lydia, "but the designs we made with the leaves we found on our fall hike was my favorite."

Harvest seeds pasted onto farm scenes with reports about different crops; bunches of fall leaves and Indian corn with reports on what makes leaves change colors; these were two projects in nature study which the students at Shady Oak Parochial School had worked on since school began in September. Now it was early November and Miss Coblentz had another idea. It was two days later that she told her students more about the nature project — the study of bird migration.

"This afternoon we are going to assign topics for the bird migration project," she told the students.

Susie winked across the aisle at Lydia. Her classmate smiled back.

"The ten upper-graders will do the following:

Melvin Hershberger — draw a map of South America showing all the countries. It should be about two feet long.

Martha Miller — a report on an unusual bird that migrates.

William Miller — draw a map of Mexico and Central America. It should be about a foot and a half in length.

Mary Mast — a report on why birds migrate."

Miss Coblentz assigned the other six pupils their portions of the project and then spoke to the entire group. "I'll put a typed list of ten names of birds on the bulletin board. Each of you should sign your name to the one which you choose to draw and color."

It was Wednesday when the teacher had assigned the different topics. On Friday during art class the pupils made the ten birds. During the following week a short time was taken each afternoon for the maps to be made and the topics looked up in the encyclopedias. It had been decided that on Friday instead of the usual afternoon art class, the bird migration project would take place. Word had circulated among the families during the week and when Friday, afternoon arrived, so did some parents. They sat on the bench in the back of the classroom. It was not long before Miss Coblentz said, "Melvin and William bring your maps to the front of the room and I will tape them on the blackboard."

The boys gingerly carried their portions of the project to the front of the room. Miss Coblentz fastened them to the blackboard. The clean white paper contrasted sharply with the blackness of the background. The maps, when combined, measured nearly three feet long. Each state and country was outlined in red. Even the parents on the back bench could clearly recognize each division.

"Mary Mast will give her report first," announced the teacher.

Mary came to the front of the room. Her hands shook slightly as she read her report.

> "Why Birds Migrate. Birds migrate because of the lack of food in the area. When snow sets in it hides much food from the birds. Birds which are not able to find food during the winter months migrate to winter homes in the south where it is warm and food is plentiful.
>
> "One odd thing about birds that migrate is that they seem to be fortunetellers. For when they leave an area the food is yet plentiful; they seem to know, though, that it won't be later on. This knowledge of the future is one of the wonders of nature. Scientists have tried to explain it but have never agreed among themselves on how birds know when to migrate. We know that God has given birds 'instinct' which is part of His all wise plan of nature. God

created birds and other animals with 'instinct' which is the reason they act as they do."

Mary lifted her head from her paper and looked at her teacher. She had finished her report. Miss Coblentz asked the others, "Do any of you have any questions to ask Mary?"

Ray Mast raised his hand. "I don't understand what instinct is."

Mary appeared as puzzled as Ray. Miss Coblentz answered the question. "Instinct is the knowledge which God planted into animals and birds which makes them act as they do. Birds don't think like we do; they follow a course of action over which they have no free choice like we do. We can decide to do something or not to. But it is different with a bird; it must follow the instinct which God has given it. We might say an animal's nature is such and such; what we really mean is that the animal acts like it does because of the instinct God has given it."

Another hand was raised. "Why do birds return north each spring? Why don't they stay where it is warm all year round?"

"I'm not sure, either," laughed Mary nervously. "The encyclopedia said something about coming north again because they need more room to raise their young. But South America looks like it has more room than we do in North America, so I really don't know."

Once more Miss Coblentz entered the conversation. "Scientists often have various theories about nature, but usually they forget that God is the beginner of all things. God created the world with a 'balance of nature' which means each bird or animal must not become over-plentiful or nature will be out of balance. If all the birds remained in South America, who would eat all the insects in North America? God knows birds are needed here to keep the insects from becoming over-balanced, so He created them with the instinct to return again."

The next report to be given was Martha Miller's.

"The Migration of the Arctic Tern. The Arctic tern resembles the barn swallow in shape, but it is larger and whitish in color. Its home is in the Arctic. When it migrates it travels farther than any other bird. Its trip is 11,000 miles long, for it must fly all the way to the Antarctic which is at the opposite end of the world. The tern travels the entire way over the ocean, resting now and then on pieces of wood which have been thrown off ships. It sometimes floats on the water and dives for fish for its supper.

"The Arctic tern does not leave the region of the North Pole because of ice and snow. It leaves because in the winter there is little light or no daylight there. It must have daylight to hunt for food. So it goes to the South Pole region. While it is in the north and the south, the sun never sets; thus the tern has more hours of daylight than any other bird."

When Martha had finished giving her report, the teacher once more asked if anyone had any questions. This time one of the parents in the back of the room held up a hand.

"How far does the average bird migrate?"

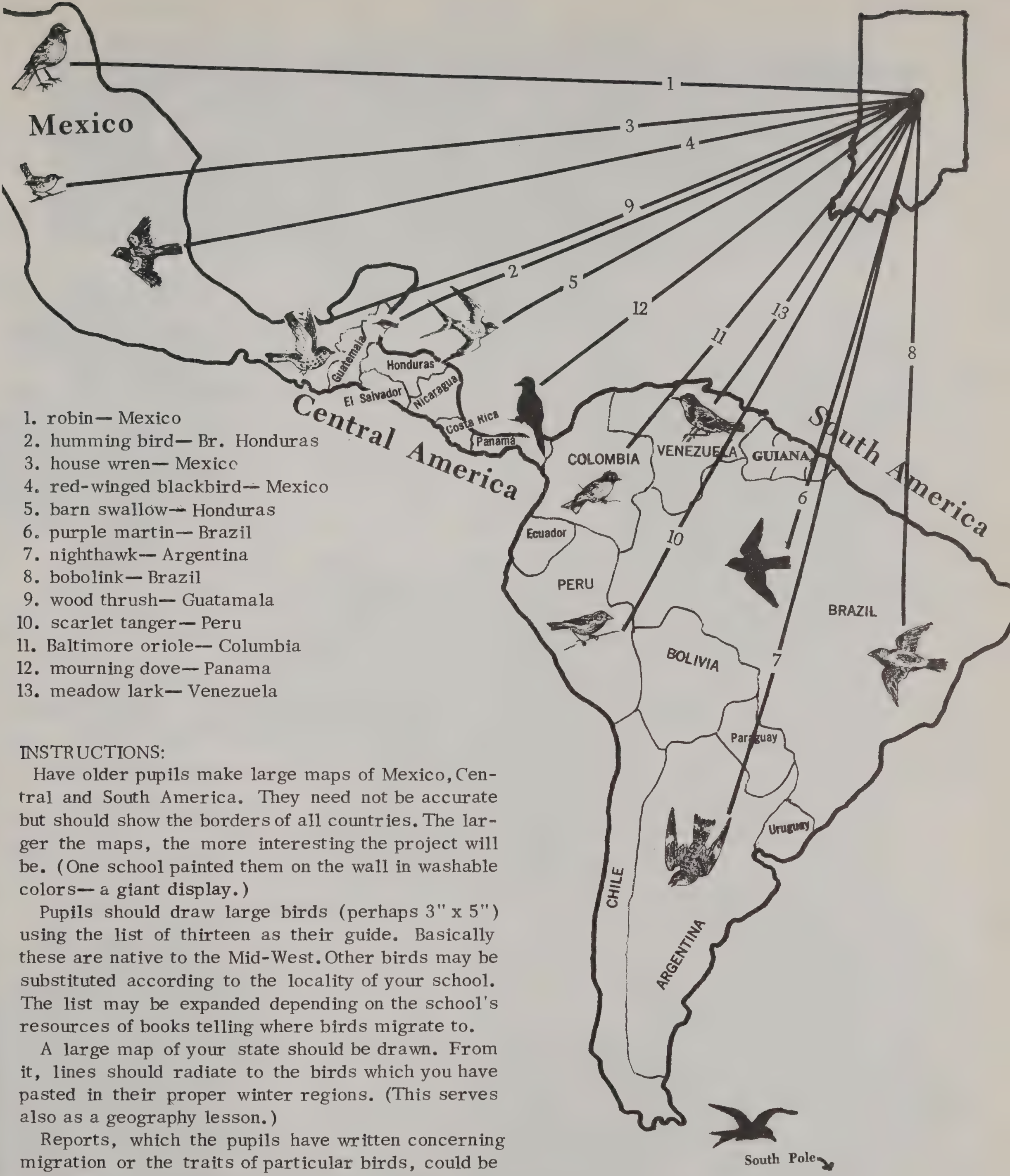
"I don't think the book I read told," answered Martha. "But I would guess about a thousand miles. So the Arctic tern really does some traveling."

"I would guess two thousand miles is the average," said Miss Coblentz. "The bluebirds migrate only a few hundred miles. But the Canada Goose goes about 6,000. I'd think two thousand miles is a good average."

"How long does it take?" asked a seventh grader.

"Different birds spend different lengths of time making the trips," responded Martha. "It takes the Arctic tern less time to make its trip than other birds for it travels faster. It is about a month before it reaches its winter home. Many birds spend two months making much shorter trips."

The reports that followed Martha's were also very interesting, but the most interesting feature of the afternoon was when Miss Coblentz had the pupils bring the birds they had drawn and paste them on the maps fastened to the blackboard. Each common bird was pasted in the area to which it migrated. Here is how the maps looked. Maybe your school would like to have a migration study project, too.



1. robin— Mexico
2. humming bird— Br. Honduras
3. house wren— Mexico
4. red-winged blackbird— Mexico
5. barn swallow— Honduras
6. purple martin— Brazil
7. nighthawk— Argentina
8. bobolink— Brazil
9. wood thrush— Guatamala
10. scarlet tanger— Peru
11. Baltimore oriole— Columbia
12. mourning dove— Panama
13. meadow lark— Venezuela

INSTRUCTIONS:

Have older pupils make large maps of Mexico, Central and South America. They need not be accurate but should show the borders of all countries. The larger the maps, the more interesting the project will be. (One school painted them on the wall in washable colors— a giant display.)

Pupils should draw large birds (perhaps 3" x 5") using the list of thirteen as their guide. Basically these are native to the Mid-West. Other birds may be substituted according to the locality of your school. The list may be expanded depending on the school's resources of books telling where birds migrate to.

A large map of your state should be drawn. From it, lines should radiate to the birds which you have pasted in their proper winter regions. (This serves also as a geography lesson.)

Reports, which the pupils have written concerning migration or the traits of particular birds, could be included in the arrangement on the bulletin board. When all is finished, invite the parents in for an open house to see their children's efforts.

PRIMARY PROJECT:

Let the little ones study bird migration by simply coloring large birds which you have duplicated for them. Have them cut them out and place them between a folded sheet of wax paper. Iron the wax paper with a warm iron which will seal it. Then hang these along a row of windows. A caption above them might read: SOME BIRDS FLY SOUTH.

BIRD BOOKS FROM PATHWAY:
How to Know the Birds, by Roger Peterson. 400 black and white illustrations with descriptions of more than 200 American birds.
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Birds, A Golden Nature Guide. Contains the most common American birds with beautiful color illustrations.
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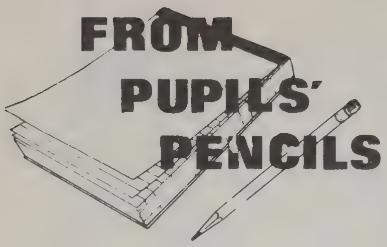

FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

THE MAPLE TREE

Autumn peeps around the corner
And turns my leaves all brown.
And when the mighty winds do blow
My leaves fall down, down, down.

Then the happy little children
From the farmhouse nearby,
Come to play with the fallen leaves
Which on the ground do lie.

They look at all the pretty colors,
The yellow, gold,and red;
They rake them up in soft piles,
And use them for their beds.

And now since all my leaves are gone,
And on the ground do lie,
I'll be bare 'till Mistress Spring
A new green dress will buy.

Naomi Bontrager, age 12
Shipshewana, Indiana

◆

LEAVES

Red leaves, yellow leaves,
'Most every color;
The woods are full of them,
They couldn't be fuller.

Brown leaves, orange leaves,
Red leaves, too;
It wouldn't surprise me
If some were blue.

Leaves, leaves, leaves,
All over the ground,
And even some
In our eves were found.

Leaves, leaves, leaves,
All over the floor,
They were tracked there
By our children all four.

Urie Hershberger, age 11
Wroxter, Ontario

AUTUMN

What is better than autumn days?
Outdoors the geese are calling.
Upon the farm and in the woods,
The golden leaves are falling.

Corn and potatoes and pumpkins;
The harvest in the fall
Makes lots of work from dawn to dusk,
From morn to supper call.

Autumn is cold and it is warm;
Autumn is windy and gay;
I have always thought that autumn
Is just as good as May.

Oh, what is better than autumn,
Than through the woods to rove?
When geese are calling overhead,
Who could stay beside the stove?

-Calvin Lambright, grade 8
LaGrange, Indiana

◆

GOD'S GOODNESS IN AUTUMN

Since autumn days have come at last,
And with them blessings free,
Ought we not thank this God who gave
These things for you and me?

It is from Him we get these crops,
Not of our own accord;
The corn, the grain, the food we eat,
All comes from our dear Lord.

So let us now out thanks express,
For all these gifts of love,
And for this bounteous harvest time
He sent us from above.

Hazel Hostetler, grade 7
Hagerstown, Maryland

◆

AUTUMN DAYS

Autumn days are here once more,
With winter knocking at the door;
The door will slowly open wide
And winter will slip right inside.
In autumn when the moon is bright
It seems like day but still it's night.
When the year's harvest comes to an end,
The birds fly south, the winter to spend.
It's such a colorful time of year,
The leaves so pretty, the woods so dear;
It's fun to walk in the evening breeze,
And watch the squirrels play in the trees,
To hear the beautiful song of a bird,
Where is a song more lovely heard?
Oh, beautiful God-given nature for all,
Nothing on earth is more pretty than fall!

Priscilla M. Schmidt, age 11
Spencerville, Indiana

AUTUMN

Autumn is here
For you and for me.
Leaves are turning red;
The goldenrod we see.

Autumn is here,
The robin would say,
"It's too cold for me
So I will not stay."

Autumn is here;
The squirrels don't play;
They must gather nuts
For some cold winter day.

-Lydia King, grade 4
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

◆

AUTUMN DAYS

I gazed in
awsome wonder
At the beauty all
all around,
For the goldenrod
was yellow,
And the appletrees
were crowned.
All the forests
standing yonder
Were dressed in
Sunday best;
Autumn comes but
once a year,
So they had a
special guest.
Wild ducks and geese
were noisy
As they flocked
along up high;
My feet were
growing weary,
For the night was
drawing nigh.
Many other
Autumn wonders,
Scattered here
upon our land
Have all been
wonderfully placed
By God's
almighty hand.
As I turned my
face to heaven,
All my heart and
mind could stress,
Was....Autumn truly
is a beauty
That our words
can not express.

Leona Weber, age 12
Heidelberg, Ontario

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

Dear Boys & Girls,

Hello, everyone!

Well, tonight as I sit down to write my monthly letter, I feel as if I were writing to someone I actually knew. Up until now I had received letters from fifteen or twenty boys and girls, and I used to think, "At least I know a few children are reading my letters." But this time it's quite a different story and I'm sure you want to hear about it.

It all began the day I decided it would be nice to have a page full of poems by children. When I wrote the note to put in I thought, "My, I hope a lot of children write. I should have at least 18 or 20 poems to choose from."

I could hardly wait until it was time for the letters to arrive. Then one day a letter came. I was excited. The next day none, but the next day two came. So it went. One letter, no letters, four letters, and so on. Then one day there were eight! The next day ten! Then 18, and 24! Some of the letters came from schools and were fat with poems, The number of poems grew— 15, 33, 45, 105, 143, and all the way up to 227! I was pleased and worried at the same time. What was I going to do with all these poems? I got out a piece of paper and pencil and did a little figuring. I discovered that if we printed all the poems I had received, we would have a whole Blackboard Bulletin full of poems. I knew we could not do that, so this is what we did.

We read all the poems very carefully and picked out the ones we thought were best. But there were still far too many to print, so we did the same thing again and the third time. Deciding wasn't very easy, because so many of the poems were excellent in one way and not quite so good in another. Maybe some had words like brown and ground, which do not really rhyme. Then others were very good in rhyming, but a line or two was too long, which spoiled the meter. Still others had four excellent verses, but the fifth one was not quite so good, so it was laid aside for that reason. Finally we were down to the seven you see on the opposite page.

You're probably thinking that if there are seven winners, then there are 220 losers. That sounds awful, especially when we think of how disappointing loosing can be. But really in a way, I think every boy and girl who sent in a poem is a winner, because at least they tried. The losers are the boys and girls who read the notice about poems, and then said, "I wish I could win a prize, but I'm sure there will be a lot of better poems than the one I can write. I won't win anyway, so what's the use of trying?"

Now, that's one kind of loser. Let me tell you about another kind. You are also a loser if you get discouraged and feel hurt because you didn't get the prize. I know disappointments do hurt, but so does a cut finger. Let's suppose you did cut yourself. Are you going to say, "Now I'm never going to touch another knife, not ever." No, that's not the thing to say. It is much better to say, "From now on I'll try to be more careful how I handle a knife."

Your cut will heal and hurt no longer. But for a long time whenever you pick up a knife you'll remember to be more careful. That's how disappointments are. They do hurt for a while, but later on they make us try harder to win the next time. In other words, there's nothing wrong about being disappointed, but being discouraged and giving up— that's when we make losers of ourselves.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, don't be a loser. Be a "tryer."

Best wishes, and a special thank you to 227 "winners."

-Cousin Carrie

From the Editor's Desk

This issue has thirty-two pages, four more than the usual twenty-eight. The reason for this is that the "Teachers' Directory" takes up eleven pages.

We are happy with this year's directory, for even though there are still a certain number of "No reports", we have more schools listed than ever before. We owe a hearty "thank you" to the many different people who helped us by sending the information from their community. We have kept the names of these people on file cards, and chances are they will hear from us again next year.

In spite of the four added pages, we found it necessary to shorten some of our other material (including this column) and several articles were laid back for the next time.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

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LITTLE LIFTS

"I sorta like school."
"I think I do too."
"My mother she sent
A greeting to you."
And here is a note
From someone who cares,
"Dear teacher, remember
You're still in our prayers."

"I'd like to clean up."
"I'll help if I may."
"I think we shall have
A visitor today!"
A knock, and a smile,
And a happy "Hello!"
A nice little speech
From someone we know!

"Just dropped in to see,"
A board member says,
"Something you need?"
There's so many ways
To help keep a school
In running repair,
Like fixing, replacing,
And counsels to share.

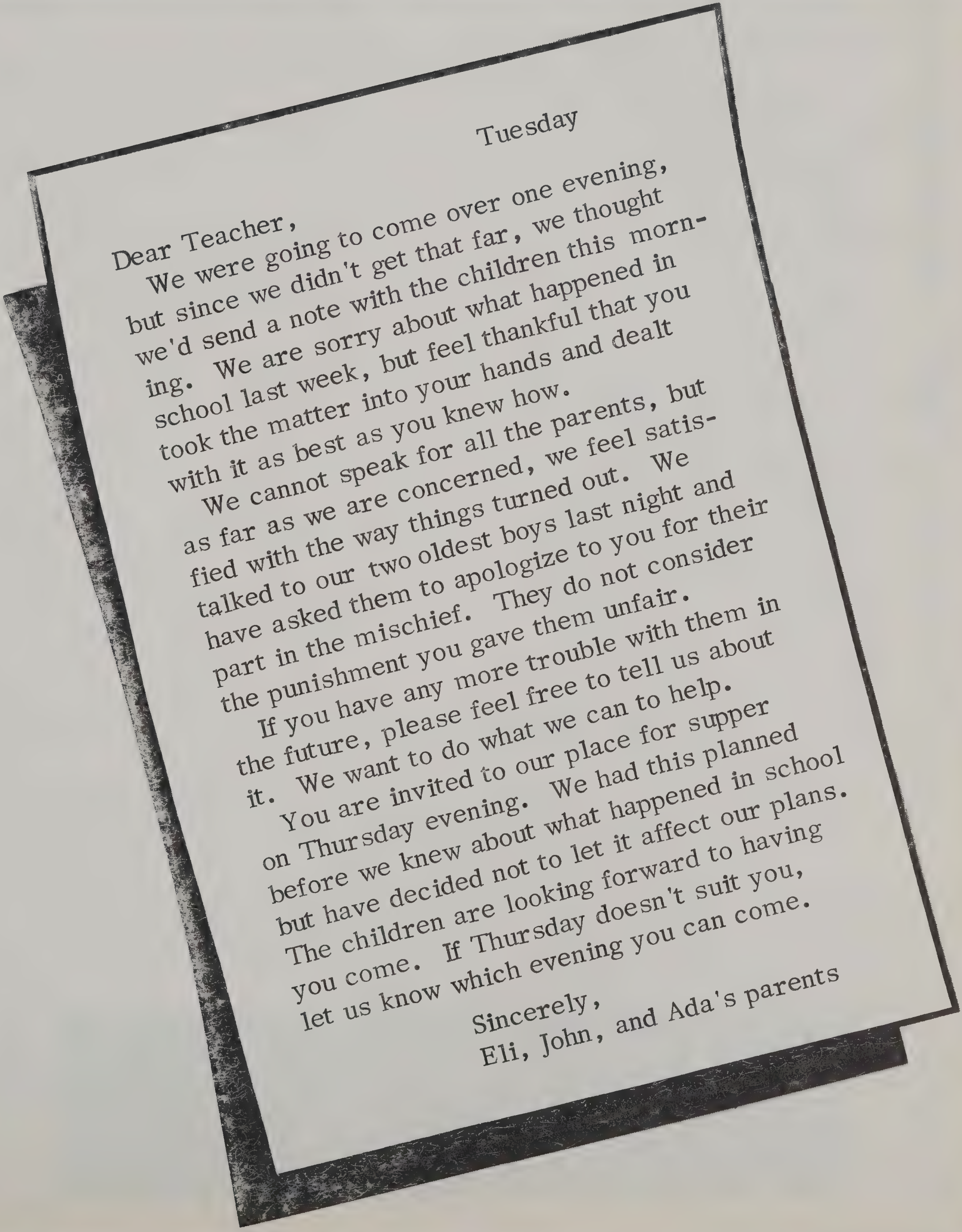
"If you care to hop on
I'm going your way,"
A father might venture
At the end of the day.
"Do my children listen?
We hope they obey.
If they give you trouble,
Just tell us, any day."

Dear children, kind parents,
Dear school board and all
You know not the blessings
That round me do fall
Through each deed of kindness
It makes me so small.
God help me do better
For one — and for all.

- An Ontario Teacher

Blackboard Bulletin

December 1970



Tuesday

Dear Teacher,

We were going to come over one evening, but since we didn't get that far, we thought we'd send a note with the children this morning. We are sorry about what happened in school last week, but feel thankful that you took the matter into your hands and dealt with it as best as you knew how.

We cannot speak for all the parents, but as far as we are concerned, we feel satisfied with the way things turned out. We talked to our two oldest boys last night and have asked them to apologize to you for their part in the mischief. They do not consider the punishment you gave them unfair.

If you have any more trouble with them in the future, please feel free to tell us about it. We want to do what we can to help.

You are invited to our place for supper on Thursday evening. We had this planned before we knew about what happened in school but have decided not to let it affect our plans. The children are looking forward to having you come. If Thursday doesn't suit you, let us know which evening you can come.

Sincerely,
Eli, John, and Ada's parents

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Coming next month:

RELATIONSHIP —by Elizabeth Miller

WORKING AND PLAYING TOGETHER The teacher who is able to keep her pupils in one happy group has taken a big step toward a successful school. This is the first of a series of four articles dealing with relationship in school.

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AN EDITORIAL

Forty-five years ago a group of men and women from the Dover, Delaware vicinity took a look into the future of the public schools and didn't like what they saw. The idea of consolidating the small schools into larger ones didn't appeal to them. They didn't care to see their children board a bus in the morning and ride away to city schools. Having their children in an environment that was foreign to their way of life worried the parents.

It is easy to imagine that when the idea of having a private Amish school was first voiced, there was a variety of opinions. Would the state allow it? Could such a school be financially supported? Would the education the children recieved in an Amish school be sufficient? Yes, there were many questions to discuss and points to consider. But in spite of all this, the people set to work and established their own school—the first Amish private school in North America.

Since that time, over three hundred neighborhoods have discussed the same problems, weighed the pros and cons of having and operating their own schools, and then taken the same step these pioneer school men from Delaware did—they established their own schools. As the bar graph in the November issue of the Bulletin showed, by far the biggest increase in the number of parochial schools occurred within the last five years. In fact, during that period of time, the number of schools doubled.

The reason for this is not hard to understand when we consider the pace at which the public schools consolidated and have been modernized. In many areas, even the two and three-room county schools are a thing of the past. Children are transported as much as twenty miles and change busses two or three times before they reach their daily destination. There they are under the influence of teaching that is contrary to our way of living and believing. Yes, is is easy to understand why many parents have chosen to take part in the parochial school movement.

Has the parochial school movement, which started in Delaware in 1925 and spread into nearly every state that has Amish communities, been a successful one? It would be easy to say that the rapid increase alone is proof enough that our schools are successful. But it isn't. During this five-year peroid (1965-1970) the Hippies have come into existance. Five years ago they were unheard of; today there are thousands of them. The increase is tremendous, and yet no one would consider the Hippy movement a success. No, increase alone does not tell a story of success.

In order to be successful, any school must fill its potential. What is the real reason of having our own schools? As was stated before, part of the reason is to keep our children out of the worldly environment of public schools. But that alone is not enough. Unless we can replace the state's schools with something better, we have failed. A parochial school should not merely be a place where a child escapes carnal education. It should be a place where carnal education is replaced by a better education — one that is grounded on and agreed with the faith of our forefathers.

A medical school stresses the study of medicines and the illnesses and cures of the human body. Unless such a school graduates skilled doctors and nurses, it is not considered a successful institution. The same is true of business colleges, dental schools, and any other school, including the Amish parochial school.

What then is the potential of our schools? This question is best answered by another one. What do we hope to graduate? Doctors, airplane pilots, and career girls? No; we hope the boys and girls who are attending our schools will grow up to be farmers, farmers' wives, homemakers, carpenters, school teachers—in other words, men and women who are satisfied with making their living in a simple, modest way. We hope they will be Christians who, by the grace of God, will be able to stand the trials and temptations they meet throughout life. Among the boys and girls who are sitting in the classrooms today are the ministers, bishops, ministers' wives, and the teachers of the coming generation. Those talented to sing will be looked upon to develop their gift and lead hymns in Amish church services twenty years from now. Who will be on the school boards of the future? Whose children will attend our schools a few decades from now?

Our schools have a grave responsibility on their hands. In order to even partially fill their potential, they need the united prayers of dedicated teachers, concerned parents and board members, and interested ministers. And even at the very best, no school will be one hundred percent successful. Every school has its dropouts, whether it is medical school, an engineering college, or an Amish parochial school. A certain number of our graduates will be "dropouts." When this happens, it should not cause us to lose confidence in our schools; it should cause us to take even deeper concern in the school to make it a better place for the future generation to develop. —E. M.

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Every Noon A Story?

The horses' hoofs beat a steady rhythm as they trotted along the blacktop. The wagon they were pulling was piled high with fire wood. Holding the reins was Levi Hershberger. He was on his way to Shady Lane School to deliver a load of wood. His children had brought a note home the evening before saying it was his turn and the wood room was almost empty.

Levi tugged at his watch chain and pulled out his pocket watch. "Five till one," he said half-out-loud. "I'll never make it in time to have some of the boys help me unload."

The team slowed for the corner and their hoofs lost their rhythmic beat as the road changed to gravel. A new sound replaced the hoofs beats — the rattling sound of the steel wagon wheels rolling over gravel. Up ahead Levi could see the schoolhouse. "The children are still on the playground," he thought. "Maybe my watch is fast and I'll get there yet in time." But just as he was thinking this, he heard the school bell ring, calling the pupils in from their noon hour. "Oh, well," said Levi to himself, "guess if I loaded it by myself, I can unload it, too."

The playground was silent when Levi and his team pulled in at the gate. He marveled at what a difference the ringing of a bell could make— one minute there was noise and running figures, then there was silence and a deserted playground.

Levi pulled the wagon to a halt beside the south wall of the frame schoolhouse. He fastened his lines and then jumped down to unlatch a small door in the wall. It served as an opening from which to fill the woodroom. Levi hoisted himself onto the sill of the small opening and let himself down inside the woodroom. "Better take a look and see if I'll hit anything I shouldn't," he thought, "before I start tossing the wood in." Just as he was about to climb back out, Levi paused and listened. He could hear that the pupils were very quiet and the teacher was reading to them. "I can't start throwing wood in here while she's reading," he told himself. "It would take the children's attention off the story." So Levi sat down on a large peice of wood which was off to one side. Since the door of the woodroom opened into the classroom he could hear what the teacher was reading even though the door was closed. He leaned his tired shoulders against the wall and listened.

At first Levi couldn't figure out what type of story was being read. It seemed there was something about a clothes factory and it having been burned down. "What kind of story is she reading?" Levi wondered. But he did not have long to wait for an answer for he then heard:

> "Quickly Nancy Drew hung up the phone receiver and stared at her companions. "The factory's been burned!' she exclaimed. 'We've got to drive to Logonsport right away and talk with Inspector Robinson. If we wait until tomorrow morning it may be too late."

The story continued for another five minutes. Then the teacher announced that the fifth graders should come up for spelling class. Levi returned to his wagon and began throwing the wood into the woodroom. His mind focused on one thing though—what he had heard the teacher reading to her pupils—a Nancy Drew mystery book.

After the wagon had been unloaded and Levi was back home he went inside to warm up a little. His wife was ironing. He told her what he had heard being read to the school children. "I'd rather she wouldn't read anything than a book like that," he said firmly. "I don't want our children reading mystery books in school or when they grow up, do you?"

Mrs. Hershberger agreed with her husband. "No, Levi, I don't. But let's not be too hard on the teacher. Maybe she never gave it much thought. I'll see if I can talk with her about it at church on Sunday."

Sunday arrived, and an opportunity presented itself for Mrs. Hershberger to speak with the teacher.

"Oh, I never gave it much thought," smiled the teacher. "When I finished the other book, one of the pupils gave me this one. I didn't have anything else in mine, so I started reading it."

"Seems to me no story might be better than a poor one," suggested Mrs. Hershberger.

The teacher studied a second. "I don't know what else we could do for the ten minutes after noontime, if I don't read to them."

"But do they need ten minutes every day when they've just had an hour noon period?" wondered Mrs. Hershberger. "Maybe storytime should be an occasional treat instead of a routine practice."

The teacher wore a puzzled-confused look. "Maybe you're right," she answered. "But all I was going by was what the children were used to. When I started teaching here that was what they were used to, so I kept it up. But maybe it should be changed."

"Oh, please don't think I'm blaming you," Mrs. Hershberger hurried to say. "I know lots of schools have this practice, too. And maybe a ten-minute period after lunch is necessary. But I wish we could put it to the best use."

"I see your point," said the teacher. "Maybe if enough parents and teachers in the area talk this over, we can come up with a solution." —OPINIONS PLEASE!

Address your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Reader Response

(THE TEACHER'S DRESS)

"The Teacher's Dress" brought up a subject that I have thought of for many years. A few years ago we had a teacher whom the children liked a lot. As far as the teaching part, I think she did well enough. But before she stopped teaching she complained that the older boys were disobedient and disrespectful. I had to think, she was expecting more from her pupils than herself, since she didn't live up to what she promised on bended knee when she was baptized.

I was disappointed this year when I met the teacher who was to teach our children. She was wearing a round-fashioned covering and a tight dress with a zipper to draw it tightly over her figure, not even mentioning all the darts and tucks that were sewn into the dress and cape to make them more attractive.

We had asked a girl to teach who we felt was living up to the church standards, but she didn't accept because she had not finished her correspondence course of studies. But to my understanding I would have preferred her before the more educated one. I think a teacher should be a good example for her pupils in every way.

— A concerned mother

I think it is very important that the teacher dresses modestly and in the ordnung of the church. Isn't that one reason for having our own schools—to get the children away from the influence of worldly teachers and companions? In my opinion, a teacher who is a member of our church and still dresses like Annie Burkholder did or in any other way that shows pride or immodesty, is just as harmful to our children and the future of our church as a teacher from the world.

The children will see that their teacher isn't obedient to the church. Will they be obedient to the teacher then? Obedience begets obedience. Won't disobedience beget disobedience, too? I feel any parents who have children attending school with a teacher whose dress is questionable has a right to speak to her about it— as becomes a Christian.

— Indiana

I, too, think a teacher should be a good example for the pupils, in dress as well as in many other things. But as to what to do in Elmer and Mary's case, I don't know. I will leave that up to the parents to answer. But then, we have too many parents who are weak on that point.

— A teacher, Pennsylvania

We, as parents, are definitely required to see that the teacher is in orderly apparel to stand before our children. In fact, it is the duty of any church member to report such incidents, for isn't that what we promised on our bended knees? (To help build up the church.)

What are we gaining by having our own schools if we don't try to keep such things from the eyes of our children? In my opinion, such a teacher is a worse influence on our children than a worldly teacher in the public school would be.

— Henry D. Yoder, Fortuna, Missouri

EVEN THOUGH THESE INCIDENTS HAPPENED YEARS AGO, THEY HAD AN EFFECT ON THE CLASSROOMS YEARS LATER.

THINKING BACK

by Uria Byler

It was about the first week in March, 1920 when two older brothers, an older sister and I climbed up steep and stony Durkee Hill on our way to Johnson Corner School, a mile and a half from our new home. We had moved to this neighborhood a few days before and of course, all of us were probably a little nervous of what this new school would be like. We knew only a few other children, such as one family of cousins, Uncle Steve's children, and neighbor Gid Byler's, who usually walked to school with us. Whether they were with us that first morning, I don't remember, but I do know we felt very lonely and forlorn.

As always is the case, it didn't take long to get acquainted with the other children. Some were very friendly from the start, others seemed cool and distant, and stood around gazing and whispering, all of which didn't help our feelings. But by the end of the first week or so, we became quite well used to our new surroundings in school, and decided it wouldn't be too bad after all.

Johnson Corner was a typical country school with two rooms. In those days the larger schools, because the pay was better, usually got the better teachers, and the country schools got what was left. Such was the case at Johnson's Corner those first few years. In education they had plenty of it, but where they fell short was in discipline. This resulted in a school where the playground was dominated by bullies, gangs, and ringleaders as we were soon to find out. While all this rowdiness was going on the teachers were usually at their desks, blissfully unaware of what was going on outside.

What really was going on outside often was something to behold. Fights were a common everyday occurrence, usually between the older boys. Of course, this roughness rubbed off on the younger ones, as such things are sure to do if allowed to go unchecked, and the result was an unruly school where the bullies ruled the roost and everyone had better stay out of their way.

Half-way between our home and the school lived the Hollowich family. Old Charlie and his wife, who had immigrated from Europe soon after they were married, had settled down on their little farm and raised two boys, Andy and Johnny.

After those first few days the new Bylers decided all they had to do to keep out of trouble was to give the bullies wide berth whenever possible, and when the fists began to fly, stay a safe distance away from the scene of action. Being in the first grade I usually ran into the schoolhouse and looked out the window. Dad and Mom had admonished us never to fight.

One day one of the older boys grabbed my brother Andy's stocking cap off his head, along with some hair, and took off. Andy went after it and soon there was a free-for-all with older brother Tobe there to defend the family honor. Other boys became involved and things looked rather dark for our side until Johnny and Andy Hollowich appeared on the scene and pitched in. It ended in a hurry then, when Johnny retrieved the cap, handed it to brother Andy, turned around and gave the gang of roughnecks to understand that they were to leave their hands off the Byler boys. From that day on the Hollowich boys, who were looked down upon because they were "hunkies" were our friends and defenders.

Sometime later the "louse scare" broke out in the school. This was the most trying period of all my school days. How it all started I don't remember, but the first thing we knew they were calling us "louse heads" every recess and noon. We were pushed around, ridiculed, and made fun of in every way imaginable. As I remember it, at first we tried to pay no attention to it. Of course, we told Mother and Dad all about it, but all we got out of them was, "Pay no attention to them. Let them make fun. That won't hurt you."

But the taunts kept on until it was almost unbearable to go to school. Finally, the teacher decided, too, that the Byler family was the source of the lice which had apparently invaded the school, so she wrote a letter home asking Mother to examine us. So, every evening for a long time she went over our heads with one of those fine combs, an operation we sincerely detested, but I don't remember that she ever found any lice.

All through this "louse-head" period we still had our loyal friends, the Hollowich boys, and how we did appreciate that. They stuck up for us and defended us with their fists if they saw fit. Our neighbors, the Gid Bylers, and cousin Steves' children also were on our side, all of which helped take the sting away from being the school "goats."

After the "louse-head" scare faded away another fuss arose. This one involved only one of us, but there was quite an uproar about it while it lasted. The teacher always had some money in her desk, and one day it came up missing. Who had taken it? One of the Bylers, of course, and the hue and cry was on. They finally settled on Andy. Some of them actually saw him take it, so they said. Others might not have seen him do it, but because their gang leaders thought so, they did, too. The teacher wrote a letter home to Dad saying that his son had stolen money out of her desk. Andy, of course, denied it, and we stuck up for him, as did the Hollowich boys. As I remember it, Dad came to school the next morning to straighten things out and have a talk with the teacher, whose only reason for blaming Andy was from what some of the older pupils had said. It all came to a happy ending for our family when sometime later the truth came out that none of us were involved.

We attended Johnson Corner School three years. Then Culbertson School was built and we started there. Times had already

THE BOOKSHELF

BLAZE, by Robert McClung

This book is written on a third-grade level with large print. Excellent illustrations accompany much of the story's text. Blaze is a stripped skunk whom the author tells about—her food, home, babies, enemies. Many informative facts of a skunk's life cycle are told with a story-like flavor which is certain to be both enjoyable and educational for children.

(Hardbound. 48 pages. Price:$3.25) Special School Price: $2.75

CHEROKEE RUN, by Barbara Smucker

Here is an exciting story of drought, grasshoppers, a great land race, Indians, greedy men, and a Mennonite girl and her dog—and of a God-fearing father who believes in the way of peace and nonviolence even on the ill-tempered prairies of the 1800's. (Grades 5-8 level)

(Hardbound. 123 pages. Price:$2.50) Special School Price: $1.75

THE OLD TESTAMENT

Eighth grade pupils will find this book interesting. It is a "How and Why" book which tells how the Bible (Old Testament) originated and came down to us through the centuries. There are many color illustrations which help to explain how life was in the centuries before Christ.

This book is sound doctrinally and explains how the Bible is the moral base for many societies. It treats God as a Creator and man as dependent on Him.

Has a heavy laminated cardboard cover and is 8"x11". (48 pages. Price:$1.25) Special School Price $1.00

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

changed during the second and third years at Johnson Corner, and our early trouble was somewhat forgotten. It was still a rough school, but because children have a way of forgiving and forgetting, we had very little trouble from the gangs that ruled the schoolground. We simply stayed out of their paths.

It's a long time from 1920 to 1952, the year I started teaching school, but the lessons I learned helped me form a basis, or foundation on what kind of a school I would try to have. Although I never did follow these intentions to the letter, and there were many missteps along the way, my mind wandered back over the years many times as I tried to put myself into a pupil's place.

Here are a few of the valuable lessons the Johnson Corner School experience helped me at Pleasant Valley, and helped me form the standards I set as a teacher.

One: If new pupils start to attend, encourage the other pupils to "accept" them, instead of only staring at them.

Two: Never allow bullies or gangs to dominate the playground.

Three: Be on the playground as often as possible to see what's going on.

Four: Never, under any circumstances allow nicknames to start. That can lead to trouble, because mild—appearing nicknames have a tendency to grow into something a lot worse.

Five: Don't relie entirely on what a few pupils will say against others. They may bear a childish grudge, and here is their chance to "get even." Let me add, though, that in a well-behaved school, their grudges are rare.

Above all, as my mind used to go back to those early days, I could see the uselessness of trying to have a school where discipline was non-existant and about every evening someone went home with black eyes, a swollen face, or torn clothes.

The days of those old schools are long gone around here, and although many of us have many pleasant memories, still, what we have today is far better if we use it to our good. Some schools, to be sure, had good teachers who believed in discipline, but others were something else.

Now, with our own teachers, own books, own "everything," we have an opportunity to fit these schools to our needs. What is a more pleasant picture than to see fathers and mothers talking things over with the teacher, and pitching in when ever there is work to do at the school? On the other hand, what is more disheartening than to see only a few take interest in getting things done, while the rest sit back with that "Let George do it" attitude?

We surely owe it to ourselves, and to our children to do everything we can to build and maintain these schools materially, and to work for well disciplined schools where our children can some day relive the golden schooldays with pleasant memories, and not of flying fists, ridicule, nicknames, and the like.

(to be concluded next month.)

A Letter I Never Mailed

Name Withheld

(Names have
been changed.)

DEAR DAVID'S MOTHER,

I decided to sit down tonight and write you a letter. I'm having trouble with David in school. He does not pay attention to his lessons like he should, especially in class. When he is supposed to be doing his lessons, so many times I find him sitting there staring into space, daydreaming. I think he must be thinking about his home— either about things that have happened or of things he is afraid will happen.

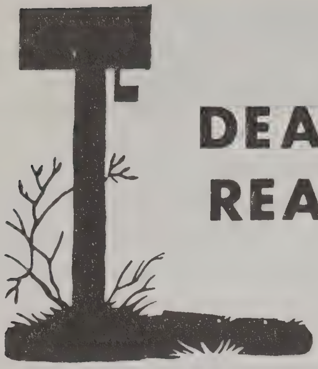
I honestly believe your child would be more relaxed and do much better work at school if he did not have such a nervous, high-strung mother. You could help David a lot by being more gentle and patient with him. Facts have proved that in other cases, parents were the cause of such children's problems.

I am not saying that everyone else in school is prefect, because we are far from it. Teachers make mistakes, too, and often I see my own mistake when it is too late. Many times I see how it would have been better to deal differently with the children, especially concerning discipline problems.

Since I'm writing anyway, I might as well tell you that David does not always tell the truth. While I was working on this problem, I found out that his parents have been spreading rumors about our school. I was discouraged— how can I teach the children to tell the truth when parents are passing falsehoods around themselves? How much better it would be if the people would come to school to get the facts before they pass on what they hear.

Please don't misunderstand my motive for writing this letter. I am not trying to bring out your faults. You have done much for our school in other ways. But for the sake of your second grade son, I felt I needed to write. I hope things will be different from now on. If they aren't, then it is time we have a heart to heart talk with each other.

— Your Discouraged Teacher



DEAR READERS,

New Holland, Pennsylvania

Dear Readers,

I have never written for the Bulletin before, but thought you would maybe be interested in the following plan. I have been getting quite satisfying results from it.

In my twelve years of teaching I've had headaches as to how to teach geography, history, and social studies. Starting this year was no exception, having a class of muted children when it came to answering questions. Finally one evening I decided to think of a new plan to increase interest in these subjects. Here is what I came up with:

Starting each Monday, the children take turns writing all the names of cities, countries, etc. on the blackboard. All the children in the class copy them down and learn to pronounce them. (We take one chapter a week.)

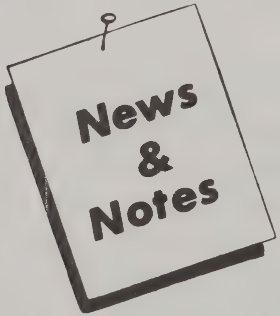
Tuesday the lesson is to find each name in the chapter and write down what it is noted for, where it is located, and all other important facts they can find about it.

Wednesday they answer questions and fill in the blanks that follow each chapter.

On Thursday I either have the children write reports on the chapter they just covered or else we have a class discussion on it. Sometimes when a chapter is extra long, we divide it into two week's work.

I wish I could explain this more fully, but hope it is enough to give you a start of your own.

Sincerely,
Lydia Hoover



FROM LANCASTER CO.,PENNSYLVANIA

Ex-teacher Sarah Lapp was married to Minister John Allgyer on November 3rd.

On the same day teacher Naomi Beiler was married to Levi Fisher. Naomi is teaching Meadow View School. This is her second term.

On November 5th Sarah Fisher and Benjamin Lapp were married. Sarah had been teaching at Harristown School.

On November 7th, Rachel King, teacher at Valley Road, and Jacob Stoltzfus were married.

A double wedding was held at Amos Millers on November 19th. Their daughter Lydia was married to Jonas Lapp and Mary was married to Levi F. Stoltzfus. Lydia had been teaching at Stumptown School for two terms.

Another double wedding is to take place at Stephen Smokers on December 1st. Mattie Smoker and Amos Zook and Mary Smoker, and Simon King are to be married. Mattie formerly taught at Nacetown School in Lebanon County, but the last three years she has taught Bartville School.

The Lancaster County Teachers' class will be held at Whitmer School on January 8, 1972.

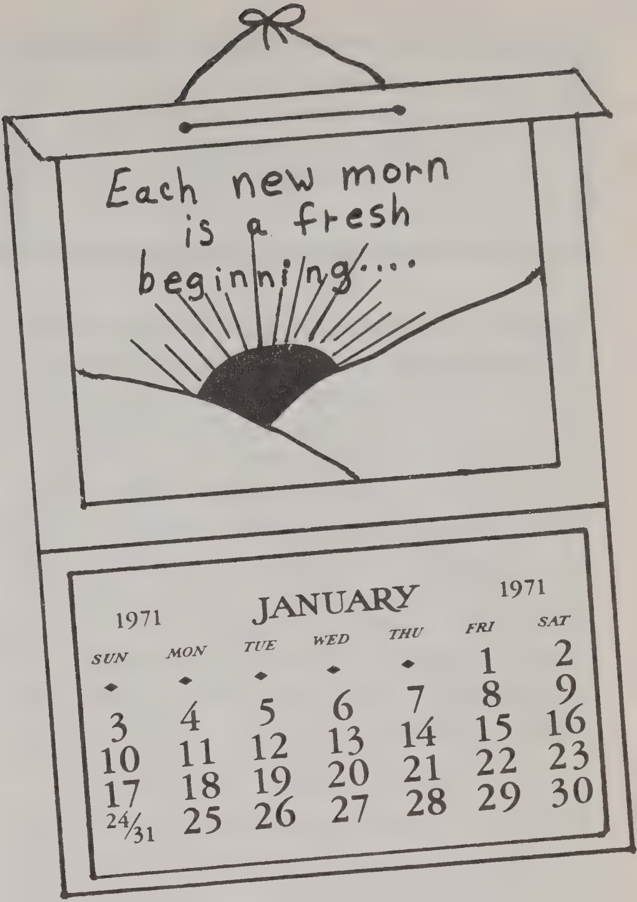
Sadie Kauffman, who is teaching at Brick Parochial, was seriously hurt in a buggy-car accident. This happened in the early part of November.

Sadie's address is Route 1, Christiana, PA 17509.

. .Projects. . . . . . .

Children like to make things as gifts for their parents, but often it is hard to think of something useful that is lasting, yet simple enough for the children to make at school. Making a kitchen calendar could be a family project for your scholars. Let the children from each family plan theirs together. Encourage them to find mottoes that are suitable to their family, the home, the seasons, or the work of their parents. If they happen to know some saying or verse that is special to their parents, let them include it.

There need not be a picture for each month. This could depend on the number of brothers and sisters in the family and their talent and ability. Where there are several younger children in the family, make sure they are allowed to contribute, too. A colored picture of some home activity, some favorite play, Mother or Father at work— these will mean just as much to the parents as the more accurate work of an older child. Help the older children to see this, and they will have learned a valuable lesson in cooperation.



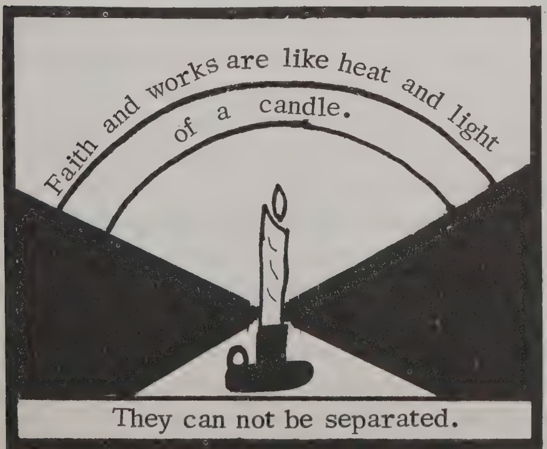
These are the materials you will need for the calendars: stiff paper for backing, (the kind used in file folders would be excellent as it folds easily and yet is quite sturdy. You might be ahead in buying the folders, using the back sides for the calendar fronts and trimming off the top.) Also, you will want calendar pages with nice clear numbers. You might be able to get them from a store or a bank, or if you prefer, they could be made at school. Ask the older pupils to stencil a copy of each month and run them off on the duplicator. The younger children could then fill the numbers in with black or red crayon.

Fold the top of the paper backing down about an inch. Now, fold in half and punch two holes into top, spacing them about three inches apart. A ribbon threaded through and tied will give it a finished packaged look. It can then be retied to serve as a hanger.

Staple the finished pictures on the top half of the backing and the calendar pages on the bottom half. Since the pictures are not fastened to the calendar, they can be changed monthly, bi-monthly, at the change of the season, or whenever the children wish, depending on how many pages were made.

(For more suggestions for things to make, see TIPS FOR TEACHERS, page 42 and 43.)

A Poster to Make


Faith and works are like heat and light of a candle.
They can not be separated.

THE DICTIONARY

When the dictionary shows the pronunciation of a word, and the teacher says to pronounce it another way, what should the pupils do?

IT ALL STARTED because of Uncle James. Well, not exactly. You see, this is how it was. Martha Coblentz and I are in the eighth grade in our parochial school, and being the only two girls in the grade, we are pretty close friends. (There's one boy in the grade, too, Delbert, but he doesn't have too much connection with this story.) It was about two months ago, soon after school began that our teacher gave us an assignment to write an essay. The essay was to be about our favorite "something." The teacher wrote suggestions on the blackboard:

My Favorite Pet
My Favorite Meal
My Favorite Hobby
My Favorite Relative
My Favorite Day
My Favorite Subject
My Favorite Place To Go

The teacher said we could choose something from the list on the board, and then after we wrote our essays, we would take turns reading them aloud in front of the school. That's what brought the groans. It was bad enough having to write it, but read it out loud — well, you know how that goes.

At recess Martha and I talked about which subject we were going to write about. We went over the list of ideas together. When we came to "My Favorite Relative," I laughed and said, "I know a good one. I could write a story about Uncle James. If he's not my favorite relative, he's close to it."

"He *is* my favorite relative," Martha said. You see, Martha and I are first cousins, so Uncle James was her uncle, too.

I'm not sure why we both like Uncle James so much. Part of it is probably that when we were little girls, he used to tell us stories and give us candy. He didn't do that often any more, but he still always noticed us and asked about what we were doing and how we liked school, and things like that.

Well, anyway, when we went over the list the second time, I decided that maybe it would be easier to write something on my favorite pet. "I'll write about Saucy," I said enthusiastically. Saucy was a pet squirrel we had tamed, and I figured he would pass as my favorite, because we didn't have any other pets. "I'll write about Saucy and you write about Uncle James," I said to Martha.

"Okay," Martha agreed. "I think I can find enough things to say about Uncle James. I'll tell about the time he gave me a choice between a dime and a nickle and I chose the nickle because it was the biggest."

Now I might as well tell you before we go any farther that I think Martha is real smart. Maybe it's just because she's my best friend, but I don't think it's just that. Because I know I've heard other people say too that she's very bright. And I can tell from her grades that is. She almost always gets a 100% or close to it. But please don't think that Martha is stuck-up or big-feeling, like you might imagine. I know some people are smart in the wrong way, but Martha isn't at all like that. She's very common — that is proved by the fact that she accepts me as her close friend, because I'm average.

Now I guess the smartest people make mistakes. And as it turned out, Martha sure made a mistake when she decided to write an essay on her favorite relative. But, of course, Martha had no way of knowing how it was going to turn out.

All the pupils from the fifth grade on up were supposed to write essays, so there were about fifteen of us altogether that had to do it. Naturally we were all nervous, but I don't think I would have been if I would have had as good a report written as Martha had. She let me read it before class, and it was very interesting and well-written.

R THE TEACHER?

by Elmo Stoll

Delbert read his essay aloud first. He had chosen the subject I did, but his pet was so different that it didn't matter. He wrote about their coon hound whose name was Yodel. I didn't think his essay was anything extra; he just told the facts, how old the dog was, how much he weighed, what color he was and that he wasn't much good for tracking down coons. Delbert is about a match for me — both of us are hard learners. I was glad I came after Delbert; I figured my report was just as good and maybe better than his, so that kept me from being quite so nervous. Another reason I was glad my turn was second was so that it would be over with once, and I could relax and enjoy Martha's essay.

I leaned back in my seat and watched as Martha stood up very straight to read her report. In a clear voice she began: "The first thing you notice about the man is his striking, long, white beard which shakes a bit when he talks. The second thing you notice is his friendly face. It is full of small wrinkles, but they are smiling wrinkles. His eyes twinkle with fun and his voice is always cheerful. No, I'm not talking about Santa Claus, but about my favorite relatives, Uncle James. One of the first things I remem —"

"Just a minute, Martha, "the teacher interrupted. "It's pronounced re-late'-ive. The accent is on the second syllable."

Martha's face turned red. She hesitated. I thought she was about to say something, but then the teacher said, "I'm sorry I had to interrupt your report, but I would like to have you pronounce it right. You may go on now."

Martha's voice trembled as she started reading again, "... One of the first things I remember about Uncle James happened when I was just three years old. It was a family gathering and Mom had invited all the rel-a— uh, er, I mean re-late'-ives in for supper ..."

I could hardly stand it as Martha read on through her report. She was nervous and she didn't read like she usually did. She stumbled over words and she didn't read with much expression. And each time she came to the word relative, she sounded as if she could hardly force herself to pronounce it the way the teacher had told her to, with the accent on the second syllable instead of on the first.

At recess I tried to make Martha feel better about the way her report went. "I wished you would have told the teacher that last year we pronounced it rel-a-tive and Betty Coblentz never said it wasn't right."

"Yes, but I don't think teachers like to be told all the time about how last year's teacher did things," Martha said. "That's why I didn't say anything. But what I can't understand is that I looked it up in the dictionary, and it says the way I pronounced it is right."

That made me feel better. "If that's true, then we should tell the teacher. He probably doesn't know that he is mistaken."

"Oh, it's not worth making a fuss about," said Martha.

"But I don't like to say re-late'-ive. It sounds funny."

"It sounds funny, all right," Martha agreed with a little laugh. "I could hardly make myself say it that way."

"I'm going to tell the teacher," I said. "He'll want to know it if he was mistaken."

John Hostetler was a new teacher for us. We had had Betty Coblentz for four years before, and we really liked her well. We didn't know John Hostetler well enough yet to like or dislike him, but it seemed like he knew quite a bit. This was the first time I found out that he was wrong, and I thought it wouldn't be more than fair to him if I told him about what Martha had found in the dictionary. I guess another reason I wanted to say something was because I wanted to stick up for Martha. I could see she wasn't going to stick up for herself.

The teacher rang the end-of-the-recess bell just as I came to his desk to tell him about the pronunciation of relative. I was suddenly very nervous. I didn't know how to begin. "Ah, er, uh, Teacher," I said. "About whether the word is pronounced rel-a-tive or re-late'-ive, we always said rel-a-tive."

"I know that some people do," he said pleasantly, "but the correct way is re-late'-ive."

"But the dictionary shows it as rel-a-tive," I said.

"Oh, I hardly think so," he said. "You must have looked wrong. The bell rang, so take your seat. We want to have a reading class."

Puzzled, I took my seat. Why didn't the teacher show more interest in finding out? I finally decided that the teacher must be right, since he was so sure that he didn't even bother looking the word up. Martha must have looked wrong.

Later in the day, after the reading class was finished, I was almost certain I saw the teacher looking something up in his dictionary, but, of course, I had no way of knowing which word he was checking on. All I know is that when he finished he just put the dictionary back in the bookcase and didn't say anything, one way or the other. I figured he must have been right, or he would have told us that he was mistaken.

When school was dismissed, I told Martha what the teacher had said. "Yes, I heard what he said," she said. "But I'm pretty sure I didn't look wrong. I've checked again, and the accent is on the first syllable."

"Maybe his dictionary is different," I said, looking for a possible explanation.

"Maybe it is," Martha said. "Come on, I'm going home."

The teacher was out in the hall doing something or the other, so I got the dictionary from his desk and looked up relative. The accent was on the first syllable, exactly as it had been in Martha's dictionary. I was stumped.

"I'm in a hurry," Martha said. "Let's go, or I'll let you walk alone."

I grabbed my lunch pail and followed her out the door. But my mind was still grappling with the rel'-a-tive — re-late'-ive problem.

The next morning I was still thinking about the puzzle. I decided to ask the teacher about it. That's one thing in my favor, what I lack in brains, I make up for in perseverance.

The teacher was at his desk checking papers, so I decided to ask him before classes started. "Teacher," I said, "did you look up the pronunciation of relative in the dictionary?"

He looked annoyed. "Please," he said, "I'm trying to concentrate. I have to get these papers checked before school starts."

I left, hurt by the rebuke.

I didn't say anything to the teacher again that day, but I kept wondering when he wouldn't be too busy to talk about it. When I got home that night I told my father about the essays we had given and how the teacher had corrected Martha on the pronunciation of relative.

"That's very interesting," my father said. "Funny, but I've always called it rel'-a-tive, too, and never knew better. So the correct way is re-late'-ive. I wonder. Sometimes a word will have two pronunciations. Bring me the dictionary, and I'll check."

"Which one?" I asked. "The little one?"

"No," Dad said. "Bring me the big one. I want one that's complete."

I got the large Webster's Dictionary out of the desk and Dad looked up relative. "No, it doesn't give a second pronunciation" he said. "The one it gives is the way we have been pronouncing it, with the accent on the first syllable. I'm afraid the teacher is wrong this time."

The next morning it was raining and Dad he would take me to school, since he wanted to go to Abe Troyers anyhow to ask about buying some hay.

On the way over, we picked up the teacher, who was running through the rain with a raincoat. He was glad for a ride. I never guessed that Dad was going to say something to him about "relative." Dad said, "Nancy says you are used to pronouncing "relative" different than we are."

"Yes," John Hostetler said, "not everybody pronounces all the words the same. Did you say you were going to buy some hay from Abe? Was the hay crop short this year or are you just feeding more livestock than usual?"

I thought it was a little strange that the subject changed so fast. I hadn't known our teacher was so interested in farming, but I guess maybe he was lonesome for that kind of work again. He kept right on asking questions about Dad's farm and his animals. I was sorry that they didn't talk more about relative, for I still couldn't understand why the dictionary said one way and the teacher the other.

When we got to the schoolyard, Dad said, "Oh, yes, we didn't finish about the pronunci-of relative. Did you look it up in the dictionary?"

"Yes, " the teacher said. "Thanks so much for the ride. This was a lot nicer than walking all the way. " He was out in the rain now. "I don't want to keep you, " he said, and ran to the schoolhouse door.

I got out of the buggy and followed him in and Dad went on down the road.

A few days later two teachers came to our school to visit. One of them was Verna Bontrager, a beginning teacher. She was looking at different things in the classroom, probably picking up ideas to take back to her own school. They stayed about an hour and when they left, our teacher went with them to the back of the room. They stopped in the foyer.

"It's been a profitable visit for me, " I heard Verna say. "I can always pick up a lot of ideas when I visit school. It seems there is so much I don't know yet. I just have to learn right along with my pupils."

I doubt if our teacher realized that we could hear him. "Let me give you some advice, " he said kindly. "Don't say something like that in front of your pupils. If you want to be their teacher, you will have to keep their respect. They won't be able to respect someone who doesn't know more than they do. Don't let them find out when you make a mistake if you can help it, for you must keep their respect at any cost. Even though they are close on your heels, they don't need to know it. You'll be surprised how easy children are to fool."

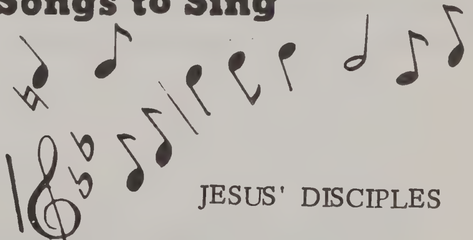
Verna just listened to the advice. She didn't agree or disagree. I wondered what she thought. Somehow it didn't sound quite right to me, but I'm just an eighth grader, and not too smart at that. But it struck me queer enough that I mentioned something to Martha about it at noon hour. "What did you think of the advice he gave Verna Bontrager?" I asked.

"I didn't think very much of it, " she said. "I know Betty Coblentz always was ready to admit it when she was wrong. She said it's more important to learn to admit when we're wrong than to learn the regular school subjects such as spelling and arithmetic."

Martha put it into words better than I could have, but it was exactly how I felt, too. I always respected Betty more for admitting she was wrong — not less.

I'm still not sure how we're supposed to pronounce "relative." Several times I have wanted to ask the teacher again, but each time I mention it, he is unusually busy or doesn't hear me. It's just more than I can figure out, but as I said before, I'm not as smart as some.

Songs to Sing



JESUS' DISCIPLES

Tune: Jesus Loves Me

Jesus called them one by one
Peter, Andrew, James, and John,
Next came Phillip, Thomas, too,
Matthew and Bartholomew.
Chorus:
Yes, Jesus called them,
Yes, Jesus called them,
Yes, Jesus called them,
He called them one by one.

James, the one they called the less,
Simon, also Thaddeus,
Twelfth apostle Judas made
Jesus was by him betrayed.

Submitted by Leola Miller

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

(Con't from the back cover)

any book that was recommended.

I hate to bring up this subject, but we are short in material this month— so short that we have to drop four pages, and even then I'm wondering if we'll have enough to fill the remaining twenty-four pages. Last month, with the directory, we added four pages and still held back two rather long artlicles for this time. It is a good thing we did, for since the Bulletin went to press last month, we received exactly two short articles, plus four "Reader Responses." The two left-over articles, the two short ones we received, plus the regular features is all we have on hand. So the only solution is to print fewer pages.

Recently the articles we received were long articles and stories. We appreciate these, but not everyone can sit down and write that type of article. We appreciate shorter articles just as much— short articles that relate some valuable incident at school, a new method of teaching a certain subject, the parents' view of school problems, or perhaps the memory of a valuable lesson learned in school.

Remember, the deadline for general material is the 25th of the month, but "Reader Responses", "News & Notes", and "Letters to the Editor" can be accepted up to the 5th of the current month.

One section of the Bulletin where there has so far not been any shortage of material is "From Pupils' Pencils." In October when we asked for autumn poems, we were astonished at the response we received, and since then the mail for that page has steadily been coming in. We can only use a small percent of the children's writings, but it certainly is encouraging to see the interest the children take in writing and submitting material.

Considering the amount of mail the children are sending in, one might think that the future generation will contain more writers. Perhaps it will, but we need to remember that these "budding writers" will grow up to be farmers, mothers, and teachers—in other words, busy people. Then we'll have exactly what we have today— writers who are too busy to write.

I don't mean to discourage the children writers. By all means, they need to be encouraged. But what I was trying to say is this — there would be just as many gifted writers today if they would only take time to uncover their talent and use it. —E.M.

Special Offer

The Challenge of the Child

Selections from

"The Blackboard Bulletin"
1957-1966

• SAVE $1 from regular price.

~~$3.50~~ $2.50

Order from:
Pathway Bookstore
LaGrange, Indiana 46761
(Offer expires January 30, 1971)

In this book, *The Challenge of the Child,* the reader will find choice selections from the *Bulletin,* 1957-66. There are poems and letters and articles on many different subjects. The writings of more than seventy people are represented, only a few of which are not Amish.

The first unit of the book is devoted to the home, the second unit to establishing and operating parochial schools, and the third unit discusses teaching in those schools.

TEACHERS' DIRECTORY
1970

OLD ORDER MENNONITE SCHOOLS

Name of School	1st year	Pupils	Teacher	Address
MARYLAND				
ST. MARY'S CO.				
Loveville Mennonite (2)	1965	29	Mary M. Stauffer	P.O. Box 115, Loveville
		25	Alice Brubacher	Avenue
MISSOURI				
DALLAS CO.				
Tunas Mennonite	1969		Mary Wenger	Tunas
ONTARIO				
WATERLOO CO.				
Balsam Grove	1966	34	Naomi Bauman	R.2, Elmira
Beechvale	1966	28	Amos Sherk	R.1, St. Clements
East Heidelberg	1967	21	Saloma Rudy	R.1, Waterloo
Macton	1968	26	Lizzie Martin	R.1, Wallenstein
Maple Grove	1968	29	Katie Weber	R.1, Wallenstein
Martin's	1966	26	Emma Gingerich	R.1, Waterloo
New Jerusalem	1967	24	Anna Martin	R.2, Waterloo
North Woolwich	1966	30	Malinda Martin	R.1, Elmira
Red Hill	1966	24	Velina Hoover	R.3, Wallenstein
Smithside	1968	22	W. Jim Maurer	R.1, Elmira
South Heidelberg	1968	25	Mary Anne Weber	Box 15, Heidelberg
South Woolwich	1966	31	Susannah Shantz	R.2, Waterloo
Winfield	1966	25	Hannah Martin	R.2, Drayton
Winterbourne	1966	24	Louisa Frey	R.2, West Montrose
Yatton	1967	20	Lovina Martin	R.4, Elmira
PENNSYLVANIA				
FRANKLIN COUNTY				
Clearfield	1969	17	Edna Oberholtzer	R.3, Shippensburg
Quarry Hill	1970	9	Anna Oberholtzer	R.2, Shippensburg
LANCASTER COUNTY				
Amsterdam	1967	32	Eleanor W. Martin	R.1, New Holland
Black Creek	1969	19	Mary Kilmer	R.1, East Earl

Bridgeville Road	1960	32	Anna W. Horst	R.1, East Earl
Buffalo Springs	1970	30	Mildred Zimmerman	R.1, Stevens
Center Grove	1965	31	Ada Hoover	R.1, New Holland
Chestnut Hill	1954	34	Ella Hoover	Bowmansville
Conestoga	1967	32	Kenneth M. Sauder	R.1, Ephrata
Consetoga View	1964	36	Caroline Eberly	R.1, Stevens
Diamond Road	1952	17	Anna H. Reiff	R.4, Lititz
Doners			(No Report)	
East Penn	1956		(No Report)	
Fairmount	1969		Edna Nolt	R.2, Ephrata
Goods	1964	32	Esther Leid	R.2, East Earl
Goods	1954	36	Rosene Martin	R.1, Narvon
Greenbank	1970	35	Muriel S. Stauffer	R.3, Ephrata
Hickletown	1968	34	Katie Horst	R.1, Leola
Lime Rock	1970	32	Mary Edna Hoover	R.1, Reinholds
Linden Grove	1965	29	Martha Hoover	R.1, Box 647, New Holland
Linden Grove	1969	39	Lydia M. Nolt	R.1, Leola
Martinsdale	1964	15	Esther W. Shirk	R.3, Ephrata
		26	Miriam S. Auker	R.3, Ephrata
Metzers	1964	20	Anna W. Sauder	R.1, Ephrata
Middle Creek	1968	33	Mrs. Anna Hurst	R.1, Leola
Millbach Springs	1949	45	Anna E. Weaver	R.1, Lebanon
			Edith K. Martin	
Millport	1957	25	Miss Darlene Stauffer	R.1, Lititz
Mt. Airy		26	Luella Sauder	R.1, Ephrata
Nacetown	1959		(No Report)	
Oak Haven	1964	29	Mildred Shirk	R.2, Kutztown
Pennytown	1966	25	John B. Martin	R.1, East Earl
Pleasant Valley	1963	29	Bertha Sensenig	R.3, East Earl
Reidenbach	1966	25	Lydia B. Hoover	R.1, New Holland
Shaeffers	1954	35	Anna Reiff	R.1, Leola
Sunnyside East	1963	35	Martha M. Nolt	R.1, Leola
Sunnyside West	1964	31	Ruth Leid	R.1, East Earl
West Terre Hill	1960	25	Mary Martin	R.1, Box 852, New Holland
White Oak	1953	36	Selesta Weaver	R.1, Narvon
Wide Hollow	1961	31	Susie Sensenig	R.1, East Earl
Willow Creek		35	Alta Weaver	R.2, Fleetwood
Wood Corner	1961	36	Minnie Sensenig	R.3, Ephrata
Woodcrest	1970	28	Anna R. Martin	R.3, Ephrata

SNYDER COUNTY

Stauffer Mennonite	1969	27	Ada Wanner	R.1, Port Trevorton
Chapman Township	1962	26	Roselyn Mazelin	R.1, Port Trevorton
Union Township	1952	26	Maryann Mazelin	R.2, Port Trevorton

UNION COUNTY

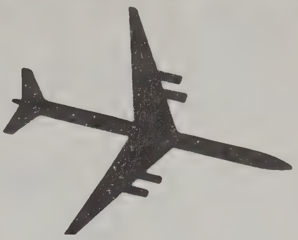
Green Grove		28	Lucinda Zimmerman	Mifflinburg
Mountain View		22	Emma Zimmerman	R.1, Millmont
Sunnyside		22	Marvin Rhodes	R.1, Millmont

VIRGINIA

ROCKINGHAM CO.

Mountain View (2)	1969	29	Betty Rhodes	R.2, Dayton
		25	Ruth Showalter	R.2, Dayton

Correo Aereo



KEEPSAKE DAY AT SCHOOL

—Joseph Stoll

In our series of projects to liven up the school year, the first three might be called "history projects". In two recent issues of the Bulletin, we have talked about Projects One and Two — "Family Trees" and "Depth Study of an Amish Settlement". The third and last attempt at looking into the past will be "Keepsake Day at School."

It seems that almost every family has a few items that have been handed down from generation to generation. Some of these are still in everyday use, but most of them aren't. Most are kept in deep dark chests or in a corner of the attic, where the only living things that get to see them are the spiders and the bugs.

Several years ago our school in Ontario planned a Keepsake Day, and it turned out to be a great success. I don't know whose idea it was originally, but the teachers did a fine job of getting things together, and stirring up interest in the community. I think most of the parents found it as worthwhile as I found it, no one went home disappointed.

I was amazed at the number of items that had been brought to the school. I don't think anyone realized the community held so many treasures of the past.

I didn't make a list or take notes, but I do remember a few of the things that were on display. There was an old 1902 Sears Roebuck catalog, owned by the oldest Amish person in our church, who had been born in that year. The catalog was simply fascinating.

There were newspapers with headlines of many major news stories of the last half century, including the outbreak of both world wars. There were yellowed marriage certificates of great-great-grandparents, and even the stockings that someone's great-grandmother had worn on her wedding day. There were old Bibles and hymn books.

There was an old wooden handmade baby crib on rockers. In it had slept the now almost-forgotten ancestors of our school children. Although it was too heavy and clumsy to bring to school, mention was made of the wooden immigrant trunk that had once belonged to Nicholas Stoltzfus, pioneer ancestor of all the Amish Stoltzfuses. This trunk had come across the Atlantic in 1766, and had been handed down to our community's Nicholas Stoltzfus, one of the ministers at Aylmer and a descendant of the first Nicholas.

A favorite with the children was the Civil War cannonball which had been picked up by one of the fathers while he served in C.P.S. near a battle round. Everybody was surprised how heavy the round steel ball was.

Many other items were on display at the school that day, but I have mentioned enough to give you teachers an idea of what surprises to expect if you plan a Keepsake Day.

Are you ready to give it a try? If so, let me prescribe a dozen suggestions to help.

1. Do a good job of publicity; make sure the parents know what it is all about. Suggest to them some possible items; old Bibles, and other books; letters; small pieces of furniture; dishes; clothing; kitchen or farm items.
2. Assure your families that their heirlooms will come to no harm.
3. Having assured the parents you will be careful, take every possible precaution to keep the items from being broken,

dirtied, lost or stolen.

4. Arrange tables or a platform along one side of the room so the items can be handily observed.

5. Place a note of explanation beside each item that has a history, telling in detail its story.

6. On the afternoon of your program, try to have the parents and other interested people come to the school.

7. After the audience has has an opportunity to look over the items, seat them. Then hold up the items one by one and tell the story of each. (The children will have leading parts in this.) Encourage open discussion from the audience, as this may plow up additional information.

8. Follow up any interesting leads, and relate this project to the earlier ones on family trees and settlement history.

9. Have the children write reports, either before or after the day of the program. Thus they will have a written record.

10. Have someone write a brief report for the Bulletin. Tell about the more interesting keepsakes, and their story.

11. Be careful with those family keepsakes. Letting one get broken will spoil the memory of the event.

12. Once more, handle with care.

A Keepsake Day at school may well turn out to be a high point in your school year. It's more meaningful than going to a museum, and certainly a lot cheaper.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

to READ ALOUD

A STORY FROM GRANDFATHER'S READER

Did you ever see a large oak standing all alone in a field? It is a good sight. Mr. Barlow had a tree just like that on his farm. Its large roots spread out far and wide, and some ran very deep into the ground. Its broad branches and thick leaves made a good shade for the cattle and horses; and when the noonday sun was too hot for them to feed, they would go and lie down under the shade of the old oak.

The little birds also would fly to this tree and seek shelter from the burning rays of the sun. Sometimes they lodged all night among the thick branches and sometimes they built their nests and reared their young in the top of that old tree.

This oak was also a favorite resort for the children. They had taken some boards and built a seat on one side of the tree and on the other side they had built a little playhouse. In the fall of the year when the acorns began to drop from the tree, the children would gather them up and set them in rows on their table in the playhouse and call them their cups and saucers. Little did they think that their pleasure wouldn't last forever. But children sometimes have to endure little losses so that they may be better prepared in later life to bear bigger ones.

One day a storm arose in the west. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew with such violence that the old oak that had stood firm for more than a hundred years was forced to yield to the power of the tempest and was laid prostrate on the ground.

Mr. Barlow was very sorry to lose the noble tree and the children were sorry, too, for they thought of the many happy hours they had spent together playing under its broad branches, using its acorns for their little cups and saucers.

A few days after the storm Mr. Barlow said, "Well, children, now that the old oak has fallen, we must make the best use of it that we can. Would you like to go with me this morning and see it?"

The children were much pleased to hear this, for they knew that their father always tried to make their rambles amusing and instructive. When they came to the spot, they found the old oak stretched out at full length on the ground with its roots turned upward and their playhouse crushed to pieces.

Two men were busy peeling the thick rough bark from the body of the tree for the tannery; two others were sawing its trunk into logs for the sawmill; another was chopping the large limbs for fuel. Every part of the old oak could be applied to some useful purpose. In a few minutes the men had sawed the trunk into two and down went the stump into its bed. The children soon gathered around it.

Now," said Mr. Barlow, "which of you can tell where the oldest part of this tree is? I mean, the part which grew first when it was a little tree."

"I can tell," said William, "in the middle."

"Well, where is the middle?" asked Mr. Barlow.

"I can find the middle," said James. "I will take the longest measure across the stump with my bow string and then one half of the length of my string will just reach from the outside to the middle."

"I think that is the middle," said Helen, placing her finger upon a little dark spot. "For you see there is a small ring around it, then another ring still larger, and still another, and another, and another, all the way to the outside of the stump."

"Oh, I see now," said all the children at the same time.

"Yes," said Mr. Barlow. "Helen is right. That little spot is the middle or where the tree first began to grow, and each ring is a year's growth. By counting these rings you can find the age of the tree."

"Oh, let us count the rings," said William, "and then we shall know the age of the old oak."

They all began to count, but soon found it no easy matter, for the rings were so numerous and the spaces between them so very narrow that they could hardly distinguish them. When the children had finished counting the rings Mr. Barlow asked each one to tell him the number. Helen said she counted one hundred ninety seven. James said he could only make out one hundred ninety five, and William said he made out the number one hundred ninety six.

"Well, children," said Mr. Barlow, "You have no doubt found out very nearly the age of the tree, for I have always supposed the tree to be nearly two hundred years old. Now here is a little acorn which I picked from one of the boughs of the tree. Let us examine it." He removed the shell and the kernel separated into two parts. Between these peices was a little white speck which Mr. Barlow placed on the point of his knife, saying, "There, children, you can see the germ of the young oak. This large oak was once a little white speck like this shut up in an acorn shell. I have shown it to you that you might see what tall oaks from little acorns grow."

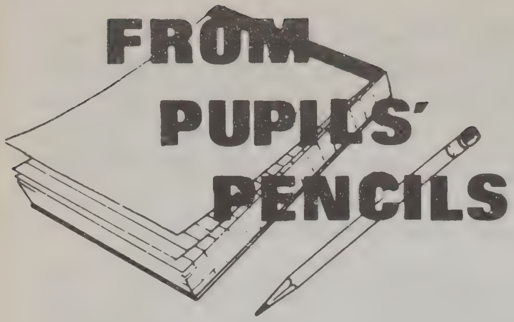
"Now I wish you to understand," he went on, "how the little white speck became a large tree. It was by adding a little to its size every year. The first year it was not over a foot in height. When it was ten or twelve years old, a child could have bent it to the ground. But it kept steadily adding one more ring to its size each year until it bacame a majestic tree."

"This is the one and only way for children to become wise. You must add a little to your knowledge every day. Men and women were once boys and girls like you and if you want to become like them, you must do as they did and improve each day. Do not waste a day because it is only a day. If the oak had said in the spring, 'What is the use of putting forth thousands of leaves just for the sake of adding one more ring to the size of my trunk,' and so stood still all summer, do you think it would have become such a mighty tree?"

The children shook their heads.

"Remember, then, my dear children," said Mr. Barlow, "to add something to your store of knowledge every day. Never return from school without bringing at least one more ring of knowledge with you."

— from Union Reader, 1869



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

Montgomery, Indiana

Dear friends,

Greetings! I saw the letters from pupils in the Blackboard Bulletin and decided to write a few lines to tell others how we are getting along at Green Acres School. We have had six weeks of school now and so we are having tests this week.

We have only one room and a basement. We have one teacher for all the grades. She got married on Thursday, September 24, 1970.

I have enjoyed school so far this year and I know there are others who have, too, but also a lot that didn't. Many people have told me that our school days are our happiest days in life, so I think we should try and enjoy them.

An eighth-grade boy,
Glen Graber

Dear Glen, I agree; school days can be happy days, but they are happy days only if you make them happy for yourself and others.

SCHOOL

— by Edna Hershberger

I am so glad school has begun,
For it is such a lot of fun
To do our lessons and play ball,
And then go in at the teacher's call.

In the evening when I get off the bus,
It seems so different without a fuss,
For at school there's always something to do —
Working, talking, and playing, too.

Then the next morning when Mom will call,
We won't be ready to get up at all;
At first we're fussy and in a bad mood,
Which doesn't do us a bit of good.

But pretty soon we're wide awake,
Ready for another day to take;
I like school— oh, yes, I do
And I really hope you do, too.

Grade 7, age 12
Fredericksburg, Ohio

Our New School

-by Naomi Blank

In the summer of 1969 something happened that changed my entire school life. There had been much talk and discussion about a parochial school in our district. Out of these discussions came a meeting. That in itself was a big step. I was very interested in the proceedings and I had many questions as to how this would ever come about.

Where would the school be built?

Who would be the teacher?

Who would go to the new school?

How many could attend the new school?

Would we really get a school?

Finally one evening after one of these meetings my father came home and said that the hopes for an Amish school would finally be realized. At another meeting they voted for directors and decided where the school would be located. It was to be built across the road from our house!

I watched as the land was surveyed and the building was marked off. Then the foundation was laid. Trees were cut down and the low places filled in. Higher and higher rose the concrete block wall. The floor was laid. Finally one day I watched the roof go on. Next came the interior work — plastering, woodwork, blackboards, and the refinishing of seats.

All summer the men hammered, sawed, and measured while the women painted, sanded, and varnished. Finally the schoolhouse was finished, but something was missing. Who would be the teacher? After much searching and asking, Mrs. Mildred Emrey was hired. On September 2, 1969, Beaver Dam Parochial School opened! The children came from all directions— forty in all.

Seats were found, supplies were handed out, and assignments were given. It wasn't long until we learned how a one-room school was managed. It was longer, though until we learned to concentrate on our lessons while other classes recited. But even the newness of having eight grades in one room soon wore off. We soon learned to look after the little pupils.

For me the term had good days and not-so-good days. But time passed swiftly and before long the term was over. It left many pleasant memories with me.

Now summer is over and we have started another term. Some scholars have left and others are starting in. Everyone (but the teacher) is a grade older than they were last year, but otherwise the school is much the same. This year, too, has started very well.

We have come to the realization that through cooperation and the willingness to concede once in a while keeps our school functioning very well. And I, as an eighth grader, hope in the future to contribute in some way to the further success of our Amish parochial school. I have achieved my dream of attending such a school, and I am very tahnkful for the privilege.

Grade 8, age 13
Narvon, Pennsylvania

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

Dear Boys & Girls,

Hello, everyone!

I just finished reading an interesting true story about two dogs. I would like to tell you about it.

Two dogs lived on one farm. One dog was real big and named Major. The other one was a small terrier, called Poodle. Poodle was the favorite pet of the three boys who lived on the farm, too.

Poodle was quite a swimmer and the boys knew it. Often they would take the two dogs and go down to a place where quite a large pool of water had formed in the river. While they were there they would take Poodle and toss him into the water and watch him swim to safety. This became a game for both the boys and the little dog.

One particular day when the boys were down by the river again, one of them playfully picked up Poodle and tossed him into the water. For some unknown reason, instead of swimming back to the shore where the boys were, Poodle swam to the opposite shore, which had a high steep bank. When Poodle reached that shore, he tried to scamper up over the bank, but it was too steep. He could just climb so far, then he would fall back into the water.

The boys stood helplessly on the opposite shore, wondering what would happen. The river was too wide and the water too deep; they could not get to the other side to help Poodle. Again and again Poodle tried to climb to safety, but each time when he reached a certain height, he tumbled back into the water.

Just when things looked pretty hopeless, Major, the big dog, came bounding down to the shore. The minute he saw Poodle in distress, he waded out through the water. When the water became too deep to wade, he began to swim. Reaching Poodle, he took his left ear into his mouth and dragged the exhaused little puppy back to the shore where the boys were. Major rescued Poodle and saved his life!

If it hadn't been for the help of the big dog, the little one would have drowned. It's the same way with boys and girls. It might not be very often that a big boy or girl will pull a little one from the water, but there are many other ways in which older children are expected to help smaller ones.

On the way to school, for example, Sometimes little children are playful and forget to stay by the side of the road. They are unaware of the danger. Unless an older child reminds them, they might get seriously hurt. Or maybe a little child can't get the hook on his coat hooked up, so he walks down the road with his coat hanging open and gets cold. Sometimes boots are stubborn and the little ones can't manage them by themselves. Maybe something they want is out of their reach. It will only take you a fraction of a minute to hand it to them. It always takes little children longer to get dressed and ready to go out. An older child can make a little one very happy by lending a helping hand in getting dressed.

These are only a few of the many, many ways that big boys and girls can help little ones. Sometimes we think we are too much in a hurry to help and we leave them behind to do the best they can. It is good to remember that not many years ago we were little ourselves, and then we appreciated the help older people gave us.

I read a motto once that said, "Man is never taller than he is when he stoops to help a child." The same is true of boys and girls. They never seem more grown - up than when they take time to help little ones.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, remember Major, the big rescuing dog and be like him.... Look out for the little ones. Best Wishes,

-Cousin Carrie

In this issue we are again recommending several books for school libraries (see "The Bookshelf", page 124). At this time it is too early to know whether this feature will be worth continuing, but we have found that it involves a considerable amount of time and money. First, it means writing to the different companies for catalogs and price lists. Then it takes time to sit down and go over these catalogs and select the books that "sound" good. Next, the order is made out, and finally the books must be read through. It is then that they fall into the different catagories— the "good" and the "rejects."

Catalog shopping is one way of obtaining books, but it isn't the only way. Recently a group of five people from Pathway spent several hours at a library bookstore in Stratford, Ontario. Since it was Saturday, the store wasn't open to the public, and the only people there were those who, like ourselves, had appointments. We were free to browse through their 12,000 books and pick up any one we chose. Often the title alone was enough to tell us it wasn't a book we were looking for. Or it might have been the picture on the cover. Of those we did pick up and flip through, a large percent went back on the shelf. And of those we did bring home, a certain number will still be rejected for various reasons.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario LaGrange, Indiana 46761

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We thought the expedition was very revealing. It gave us a fair idea of the quality of the children's books on the market today, and convinced us even more that Amish children should not have unsupervised use of the public library. Another thing we were convinced of was that "The Bookshelf" could play an important part in building up school libraries by acting as a sifting place between objectable and non-objectable literature.

Whether "The Bookshelf" will continue will not be determined by the time and money it involves. We are convinced of the need and it will continue, providing enough schools take an interest and buy the books that are recommended. If, after several months, we find that only a dozen or so schools have bought books (which are offered to schools at cost), then "The Bookshelf" will be discontinued. We can not afford to feature it for only a few schools. But if perhaps a hundred schools (which would still be only a fourth of the schools listed in the Amish and Mennonite School Directories) should respond, then we would feel it is well worth the time and money spent.

David Luthy, who is doing most of the work connected with this project would be glad to hear from teachers and directors who are interested in "The Bookshelf." Please feel free to give us your opinion of

to page 132 ⇨

Blackboard Bulletin

January 1971

The Road Ahead

I placed another calendar
Today upon the wall;
And pondered on the coming year,
And just what may befall
In all the days and weeks and months
Before the year has fled,
I wondered why I can not see
The road that lies ahead.

The days, like jig-saw puzzles, pass—
Some happy, full of fun,
Some full of sorrow and of pain;
We take them as they come.
We strive to put each in its place
As through the year we tread.
Sometimes a hopeless puzzle seems
The year that lies ahead.

I look at the new calendar
And wish that I might see
What beyond tomorrow lies—
What's waiting there for me.
But God in His far wiser way
Makes time a book unread,
And we must walk in hope and faith
The road that lies ahead.

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Coming next month:

The Teacher's Return

-- by Martha Helmuth

Will the children be glad to have their teacher back after the past experiences, or will they regret losing the free reign that was theirs for a week?

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AN EDITORIAL

I remember that when I was twenty-two I took a course called "Philosophy of Man." At least, that is what I think it was called. I sat in the classroom three hours a week for a period of four months and listened to the professor teach his subject. But today I can't really say what the course was actually called. Furthermore, I can't remember a single thing which he said. No, I didn't fail the course; I got a "B."

That summer during the summer semester I took another such course (it was required) and also got a "B" for it but can hardly remember anything about it now. And that next fall I took another philosophy course. I can't remember the title of the course or anything else about it except that the professor was young and athletic and didn't look like the type who would be teaching philosophy. The one thing I do remember about all three courses is that I received a "B", which isn't the highest grade, but was a healthy average.

If these three professors were now to hand me a test sheet for their courses and ask me to answer the questions I once answered seven years ago, I would leave a 100% blank paper. For, in those three courses, I did what every pupil sometimes does; I learned for the moment. I really shouldn't say I "learned," for I obviously didn't learn anything. I memorized. When the professor gave a test, I was like a tape recorder and played back exactly what he had said in classtime.

Then there was Dan McDonald's English literature course which I took the same year. I copied down endless notes, read thousands of pages of material, and studied hard for his tests. I had a "B" there, too. But I really feel I learned something in his course, for today I could sit for hours and discuss the things we studied. But concerning the philosophy courses my mind is blank.

The conclusion must be drawn that in one course I learned and in the others I merely memorized for the moment. In the English literature course I enjoyed taking tests. I found each a challenge to me, But in the philosophy courses I dreaded the day tests were held. I think the difference lay in the fact that I felt capable in one area and incapable in the other, for in one I was learning and in the other memorizing. And I knew that once I had learned something it stuck, but with memorizing my mind would suddenly go blank and I wouldn't be able to take the test.

Memorizing has its place. It is a needed tool in education and a real aid to learning. But if a student doesn't take the step beyond the memorizing stage, his mind will be blank after a period of time. Some pupils will retain information just long enough to get a good grade and then drop it to memorize something else. Whether they have actually learned anything is shown by tests given every few years covering past lessons. This grade (not the daily grades) tells what the pupil knows.

Sometimes it is proper to memorize for the moment. Such as in third grade when the teacher asks what Jack bought at the store and where his father worked. The teacher doesn't expect the pupil to retain such information throughout his entire life. She is asking it to see if he read the story. What the pupil was to learn from the story was vocabulary—both meaning and pronounciation. I am sure all of us today are using words we learned in third grade stories, whose plots and characters we have long forgotten.

One subject in which memorizing plays a small part is arithmetic. Pupils need to memorize the different tables, but basically a pupil can not work out his arithmetic problems unless he understands them. But even in arithmetic there is too much tendency to take the easy road and to avoid thinking (and thus learning.) The books are often at fault for they tell the children whether to add, subtract, multiply, or divide. When they don't give instructions, the pupils ask the teacher.

When I was teaching I thought our books contained too many pages in which the children were told what to do. Occasionally there would be a page of story-problems. The pupils didn't like these for they had to think for themselves what to do. I felt there should have been more such pages, especially in the upper grades. After all, such problems really aren't hard once we have had enough of them that we understand them. We are all faced in our daily lives with just such arithmetic problems. When a housewife needs to buy a new tablecloth, there is no one there to tell her that if she wants the tablecloth to be long enough to cover the table when the leaves are in it that she must add the width of each leaf to the total length of the table.

So, if a teacher has pupils who don't like story-problems, what they need is more of them, not less. And the same goes for tests. Pupils who do not like tests are the memorizers who know they don't know the material. Thus, tests are important. Semester tests especially. The grade a pupil receives on a semester test will tell you what he has learned much more accurately than his daily average will. If a pupil has a daily average of "A" and gets a "B" or "C" on the semester test, you should realize that he is not retaining all that he should.

I don't think a pupil consciously memorizes. I think he automatically turns to that method when he doesn't understand a subject (or isn't interested in learning). A teacher should discover such pupils by testing (sometimes without a chance to review) and help them out of their rut by carefully explaining the material to them.

Routine work is good, six weeks review tests are better, but semester tests are best. They are the true indicators of whether the pupils are really learning.

—D. L.

LETTERS

Just a few lines your way about the "Bookshelf." I'm interested, but so far no books have been purchased for our school. But we haven't had a PTA meeting since it started, so I hope it will be discussed at the next meeting. I'm pretty sure most of the parents will be willing to help purchase at least some of the books, so please don't discontinue it right away.

And I would like to have others' opinions about a few series. Do you think these are suitable?

Dannie Orlis
Thornton Burgess
Grace Livingston Hill
Patricia St. John

These are a few of the books that have been put in our library by the parents, so I felt if they think this is reading material for their children, why should I reject them and then turn around and ask for more library books?

I am hoping and praying the "Bookshelf" can be a success.

Sincerely,
Y., Indiana

I read with interest the discussion article, "The Teacher's Dress," and wanted to send in an answer, but simply neglected it. However, I appreciated the answers that were sent in, especially the one who said, "Obedience begets obedience." I can still hear one of my former board members impress this to me before my first term began.

I feel there are too many young girls (and boys) teaching who are out of line, but very possibly many of them would dress differently if a school board would show their concern by talking to them in the right way. I know I appreciated this, and even then I could have done better than I did.

— Indiana

Concerning the teacher who was dressed out of line to teach, I would have been hesitant to say anything as long as she was doing well in other areas of teaching, but I think this is one time when we women should quiet our sympathetic feelings and remain silent while the men work on the problem. This teacher definitely needed to be talked to if her dress was too far out of line.

Our teachers are more of a direct influence on our children than public school teachers are, and the teacher should be aware of this fact and realize that she will be closely watched, even in small things.

We parents need to watch so that we don't take our teachers' freedom to the point that it discourages them. (Editor's note: we need to discriminate between Christian concern and petty picking). We need to love our teachers, for it is to them that we look to for help to plant true Christianity into the hearts of our children. It takes more than ordinary classroom talent to influence children to love each other in a humble Christ-like manner. So we would do well to ask God daily to fill the many needs a teacher can't possibly fill alone. —Missouri

---

I very much enjoyed the article, "The Dictionary or the Teacher." I hope John in the story will learn the importance of admitting mistakes before he looses the respect of his pupils. I fear he is making his biggest mistake when he says children are easy to deceive. He's probably more deceived than the children are.

A teacher should try to stay ahead of his pupils in the lessons he expects to teach. If he is ever in doubt of a word's pronunciation, or method in solving a problem in arithmetic or whatever it may be, it is well worth the time and effort to prepare himself before hand so that there need not be so many mistakes. But in spite of all the studying and preparing a teacher may have done the night or the week before, there are still times when he needs to admit that he is wrong. It may be humiliating at the time, but we need to be humble, so that really doesn't hurt us.

— Formerly a teacher

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Should Pupils Be Paid?

Mary Schrock picked up the broom and helped the girls sweep the classroom. Some of the cleaning girls were standing at the other end of the classroom talking.

"Girls," Mary said quietly, "please stay busy with your cleaning so that we can be done before it's time for the bell."

Reluctantly the girls got busy again, but Mary could see they weren't very willing to help with the cleaning. They were soon finished, but they hadn't been thorough with their cleaning at all. There were still rolls of dust, bits of paper, and sand in the corners of the classroom and under some of the desks. Mary wished she knew why the girls were so unwilling to help with the cleaning. She had noticed for some time that a number of the older children had lacked the proper attitude toward her, especially when she asked them to do something for her. She had always tried to help them with the cleaning, but the more she helped the girls, the less they wanted to do.

A short time later when Mary went to the basement to check the stove, she unexpectedly came upon a group of the older boys and girls standing in a group talking.

"Yeah," Fred was saying, "if she doesn't want to do it herself, she ought to— ," Fred suddenly dropped his voice when he saw Mary.

The boys and girls only stood there and looked at the floor saying nothing.

Mary drew a deep breath. "Can you please tell me what is wrong?" she asked them. "I have known for a long time that there is something wrong. Your attitude shows it. I think it's about time we discuss it."

Silence.

"There must be something wrong," Mary went on. "For instance, why are you girls so unwilling to help with the cleaning? Or why are you so careless when you do help? Surely you weren't taught to be that careless with the cleaning at home, were you?"

Freeda shook her head but offered no explanation.

Mary stood waiting for an answer.

Finally Orpha spoke up. "We feel that if we do the cleaning for you, we should be paid for it," she said.

Mary was stunned. "Paid? Who do you expect to pay you?"

"Shouldn't the teacher do the cleaning herself?" asked Freeda. "Or pay us if we do it?"

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it,"Mary told them. "In the other schools where I taught I've always had the children help with the cleaning, but I was never expected to pay them that I know of." Mary looked at the boys. "And what does this have to do with you?" she asked them. "Why are you in on this?" Mary held her breath. Had this been circulating among the children so much that the boys were upset because the girls weren't paid to do the cleaning or were they expecting something out of it, too?

"You asked us to sweep the basement and carry out the ashes and things like that," said Fred.

In other words, you think you should be paid for that, too," said Mary.

"Last year we were," answered one of the boys.

"Wouldn't it be in the teacher's place to pay the children to do jobs like that if she doesn't want to do them herself?" Betty wanted to know.

"Well, I can't give you an answer right away," Mary told her. "I'll have to have time to think about it and perhaps ask someone for advice."

Slowly Mary walked back into the classroom, feeling troubled. She sighed as she thought of all the time she spent preparing lessons and checking papers after school.

➪

Was it her duty to keep the schoolhouse clean? Should she pay the children when they did the cleaning for her? If she did, where would it end? Would she be free to ask any of them to help her at all? She wished she knew how parents and other teachers felt about it.

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Address your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Reader Response

(EVERY NOON A STORY?)

I was surprised to read that there are teachers who read to their children out of mystery story books. I think it is a good idea to read to the children if time allows and you have a good true book with a religious background. The pupils enjoy it and when they come in after a noon of hard playing they are glad for a few minutes of resting before they have to settle down to work again.

I have read one book through and now I'm reading The Lord Is My Shepherd. I would rather read nothing than read out of a mystery book. It is important that the teacher makes sure that the pupils are listening while she reads to them. —F.M., Ohio

◇ ◇ ◇

I think if children have exercised and need some time to relax before getting back to work, they could do so without having the teacher read to them every day. But on the other hand, a teacher can teach expressive reading by reading to them occasionally when she finds an interesting book to read.

I think reading aloud can have a duel purpose. — Montgomery, Indiana

◇ ◇ ◇

It is quite a job to always have good books to read. And it is a strong temptation for a teacher to read any book a child brings from home, thinking if the parents accepted it, it must be suitable.

If your school is having trouble finding suitable books, you'll find suggestions in the Bulletin's "Bookshelf." Or ask your librarian for help. But you will want to glance through the books she recommends to check whether they meet with your standards. And teachers might profit by trading books to read aloud. —Mrs. Levi S. Martin, Ontario

◇ ◇ ◇

In regards to a story every noon it would depend on different circumstances. Perhaps the teacher is alone and her time is limited. But where time and circumstances allow, I feel story time can be educational.

If given a choice of a longer recess or story time, the children at our school choose the latter. If the children are cooperative in behavior and in doing their work a teacher can show her appreciation by reading to them for ten or fifteen minutes. I think continued stories lose their interest if read with long intervals between the chapters.

Recently while I was outside playing soccor ball, I had a feeling that it was getting close to time for the bell, so I sent one of the little girls in to see what time it is. Upon returning she said it is quarter till one.

I was pretty surprised, but knew that she could tell time, so I took her word for it. Some time later I went in and was surprised to see that it was still quarter till one. A group of little girls seemed subdued and too quiet, and immediately I wondered if they had perhaps been turning the hands of the clock back. But before I openly accused them of it, one of the girls said, "Look, the clock stopped!"

Sure enough, the pendulum stood still. I took a lesson from this and resolved not to jump to conclusions. And that was one day when we, without choice, had a longer recess and no story. --Irene Gingerich, Indiana

◆ ◆ ◆

I feel a good story in the middle of the day is good, especially in the lower grades. But I agree, "Nancy Drew" is not a good book.

I was glad to read that Mrs. Hershberger kind of excused herself by saying, "Please don't think I'm blaming you," as it seemed to me she was rather blunt. Maybe she could have found a better book on her own bookshelf and offered it to the teacher to read instead of the book she was reading.

--Paul Weaver, Pennsylvania

◆ ◆ ◆

I am not really in favor of mystery books but wonder if there is not even more danger in love stories. After children leave school their interest is more or less centered around romance, and I often wonder if this isn't the results of feeding on to many romance stories. Authors like Grace Livingston Hill and even Christmas Carol Kauffman (in some of her books) write in greater detail on this subject than I feel is good for children.

— A mother, Pennsylvania

◆ ◆ ◆

When I read "Every Noon A Story" my mind went back to some of my own experiences.

During my first term of teaching another teacher and I went to the county library and got some books to take to school. We both got mystery books, such as "Nancy Drew" and "Hardy Boys" and others.

I didn't read them much myself, as I didn't have time and would have rather read true books anyway. But my pupils enjoyed them very much. I never would have dreamed that such books could lead to so many troubles.

The first thing I noticed was some of my boys played "Hardy Boys." I didn't say too much about it, then they started playing "Police" with all the robbing and shooting that goes with it. But that wasn't the end yet.

One morning three boys came to school with fire-cracker guns and another with fire-crackers. Now I thought this was going too far. I asked them to bring their guns inside for the day and then take them home and leave them there. They obeyed but did not show the respect toward school they should have. I realize this was not the only cause of the trouble, but it did help to make things worse.

The next term I had more books of my own, martyr stories and of Christmas Carol Kaufman's books. These seemed to bring better results.

Different people see it in different ways, but as the old saying goes, "What you read is what you think, and what you think is what you do," This saying is one that holds out every time. I have never seen any good come out of mystery stories, and there are better stories that the children like just as well.

I would not skip the noon story period. It is a good practice for the children to learn to listen to someone reading to them.

I began letting the older pupils read the story. Children need to learn how to make stories sound interesting. Why not give it a try? —Pennsylvania

◆ ◆ ◆

Here at our school we think story time is a good thing if it is used right. This year we are reading a Bible story book. Other teachers have read books of the Thornten Burgess series, Light from Heaven, Coals of Fire, The Midnight Test, and others. Looking back to my own school days, I know I always looked forward to story time. However, I agree with Mrs. Hershberger. "Better not read anything than read a book like "Nancy Drew."

— John Miller, Burton, Ohio

◆ ◆ ◆

Yes, I read a story nearly every noon and it is quite a punishment to my children if I don't. But that also gives me the opportunity to use it thus, perhaps for not singing as they should or for being too slow in coming in when the bell rings. This is one punishment that takes effect.

Also, there are other good points in reading to the children. This is a good time to show the children how to read in order to make a story sound interesting. And occasionally I stop reading and ask the children the meaning of certain words and phrases, or to discuss the happening in the story.

I try to read stories with good morals and something that is not too hard for the lower graders to understand, yet too boring for the upper graders.

Another reason for reading to the children is that I remember how much I used to enjoy it when I went to school. —Pennsylvania

◆ ◆ ◆

After reading "Every Noon A Story?" I felt prompted to write. During my nine golden years of teaching I always took time to read to the pupils after lunch. I read several good books, but never any that I felt wouldn't contribute to building good morals and character into the children.

One favorite was Egermeier's Bible Story Book. How eager the children were to hear the interesting stories! It seemed they never tired of hearing them, but would often plead for just one more story. How glad I am now that we decided to read that book. My admonition to the children was that some day God would want them to be good fathers, mothers, teachers, and also some preachers, and they should get as much as possible out of the stories I read to them. Now there are at least five ministers and well over a dozen teachers who are teaching or have taught that attended Parkman Parochial School while I was teaching there.

After I had read the book through I would let the children take turns to put the bookmark at the place they wanted me to read. They would often place the marker at the story about Joseph, which for me was a hard task to read without getting emotional, and often tears were wiped from the little eyes that were focused on the teacher.

I hope and believe the children benefited by having good stories read to them at school.

— Crist M. Hershberger

◆ ◆ ◆

In my experience as a teacher, I found that after an active recess pupils need ten minutes to settle down again. A good story during that time is beneficial in a number of ways.

1. It draws the teacher and pupils together in a way that few other school activities do.
2. Pupils have an excellent opportunity to hear the proper reading of a story.
3. It gives the teacher the opportunity to draw out pupils who otherwise wouldn't take part in a class discussion.
4. A single chapter may be read from a worthwhile book to stimulate pupil motivation in reading for themselves.
5. Worthwhile values may be taught from good books, which of course, are the only worth reading. — Virginia

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Hershberber asks whether they need ten minutes of story reading after each noon period. Certainly, this is not exactly neccessary, but to view it from a possitive angle, those ten minutes can be the most profitable, enjoyable, and educational time of the whole day. However, great care must be taken to select a story to read. "Nancy Drew" would be a poor selection; not only is it cheap sensational writing, but it isn't even good from a literary standpoint.

A story that is read aloud should carry a lesson to the pupils and should have a high interest level. Most important, the teacher should read it in a manner which will bring out the best in the story. Her voice and enunciation should be clear and expressive — a model for her pupils to attain to. And if this is carried out, those ten minutes will bring no regrets.

—Isaac R. Horst, Mt. Forest, Ontario

◆ ◆ ◆

While I was teaching I never made it a practice to have story time, but I have no objections to it if a teacher thinks it is worth the time. I could not imagine, however, that our teachers would read a "Nancy Drew" mystery story to them. From what I get from conversations with then and from what the children say about the stories they read, I feel assured that they try to find reading material that is not only harmless, but also upbuilding. — F. M. B., Indiana

THINKING BACK

PART II

by Uria Byler

It wasn't the fault of the pupils, nor their parents that Johnsons Corners School was noted for its rough stuff in the early Twenties. Let any group of school children run loose and unhindered and no matter how well-behaved they are at home, they can soon change when they get away from the watchful eyes of their parents. One little misdeed will lead to another one, a child will try to outdo his friend in seeing how far he can carry his mischief, and always those things have a way of getting worse.

Such probably was the case at Johnsons Corners a half a century ago. And very seldom was the schoolmarm seen outside on the playground.

Trying to remember back that far does not always leave the picture clear and accurate. Things do get a little foggy sometimes and you cannot distinguish one day from the next, so you have to blend those school days together, but there are certain incidents that come out of that dim past as plain as yesterday.

For example: The Hollowich boys and our family usually eating together away from the others. There was a good reason for that, so let's explain.

In our little round tin lunch pails were packed about two apple butter sandwiches and a few pieces of sausage. That was about it. The Hollowich boys also had a plain diet — a few sandwiches of black bread and lard. Yes, lard. No butter. So, to save us the embarrassment of having someone poke fun at us about our lunch, we stayed away from the rest, many of whom had pie, cake, and hard-boiled eggs.

But on Mondays our food was sometimes good enough for us to join the rest. Mother usually had pies, cake, or cookies over Sunday, and if any was left we would have some for our school lunch. Then we'd sidle up a little closer to the others, for having pie and cake would prove us equals to them, at least for one day.

Talking about eggs at school, one of the bigger boys, John King, used to crack them on his head to shell them. One particular day we were eating inside, and all of us admired his daily feat of using his head for a shell-breaker. To us that showed him to be sort of a hero.

John opened his lunch bucket and all of us watched as he got ready to prove his toughness once more. He grabbed the egg, looked around the room to make sure we were looking. Up went his hand, and crash! down on his curly head came the egg. Instead of a usual dull thud of a hard-boiled egg there was a sickening crackle of a completely broken fresh egg, and the yellow and white mess ran down his head and over his shirt. Everyone thought it very funny, except the teacher. She grabbed him and led him out to the pump where things were washed out completely before he finished his lunch.

The flats below the schoolhouse overflooded quite often and then froze, giving us a great place to skate. Also, across from the flats rose a steep hill in old Willie Donaldson's pasture. Just below the hill was the creek, and one day a whole string of sleds started down the hill. We expected the ice on the creek to hold up as the sleds hit it and scooted across the smooth ice. The first few made it, but then came one loaded with three boys. There was a loud crash, and boys and sled disappeared. With some fast work by their playmates three thoroughly soaked boys were pulled out of the water and spent the rest of the noon behind the furnace drying out.

We mentioned the poor discipline some of our teachers had. However, they did have one never-failing way of scaring the bigger boys into behaving — sometimes.

⇨

Our county superintendent's name was Mr. Ryder, a big strapping, fierce-looking (at least to us younger ones) individual who made his rounds every month or so. How we quailed in fear when he strode into the room, an evil-looking rubber hose protruding from the overcoat pocket. Up to the teacher's desk he would walk, ask a few questions, and sometimes she would hand him the tell-tale slip of paper. You could hear a pin drop then, as he would turn and face the school. In a voice which would send shivers down our backs he would say something akin to this: "I see some of you boys have not behaved. Simon Yoder, Dan Miller, Lester Yoder, Johnny Hollowich, step out into the cloakroom with me a minute." One by one they got up, and timidly shuffled out, their bravery and bluster gone. The door was closed, low voices were heard a moment, and then the sickening thud, thud, as that hose began swinging. We always felt sorry for the Hollowich boys for they were, after all, our friends and defenders.

The punishment over, the boys would file back in, some sniffing, others trying to hide the tears. Mr. Ryder then would stand in front of the room, looking about ten feet tall to us younger ones, and make a speech, admonishing and threatening what would happen the next time he came. Thinking back now, we must wonder how those bigger boys would ever dare to pull off some of their mischievous stunts. That they did, for quite often that awful march to the cloakroom was repeated, many times by the same boys.

True, at that time we had a childish fear of some of the older ones, but that fear did not carry over. They were, as we said, normal boys and girls who sometimes got into mischief of all kinds simply because they knew they might get away with it. As long as Teacher was at her desk she wouldn't see, and would care less what was going on. In that, those pupils were no different from you nor I.

Where are all those schoolmates of long ago? About four families of our old playmates moved to Delaware about the time I was in the third grade. There were the neighbor Gid Bylers, who now live mostly in Virginia, Eli S. Miller, now a bishop in the Dover, Del. vicinity, whose family roots are deep in that community, Ammon Miller family, and stepfather of John King, who died a few years ago, the Will Byler family, also of Delaware, Virginia and Kentucky.

Quite a few have passed on, but others still live in this community, and no doubt remember those days of the early Twenties and the teachers who taught us the three R's.

How many remember Miss Wendle? Later she married Elmo Patchin, who got killed in an automobile accident some years later. About a year ago I met her in the library with her class of third graders. Yes, she is still teaching as far as I know. She said she has tried to quit, but simply didn't get around to it.

Then there was Mrs. Johnson, she of the long finger nails. As a deterrent to mischief among her pupils those nails were very effective. One boy got shook up once by her, and vowed he thought he felt those nails on the inside region of his Adam's apple.

Hazel Chubb was another teacher and a good one, too. She later married Willie Donaldson, and they are living near Kinsman, Ohio.

Good days they were, even if at first some had a lot of fun at our expense. It was a valuable lesson in many ways, for being in such a situation as we were really doesn't harm anyone. Dad and Mother never showed much sympathy to our face when we came home crying out our troubles, nor if we moaned about our teachers. That was lesson Number One, and many times while teaching school I had to wonder if Fathers and Mothers still are like that.

Also, I developed a feeling for the timid one in school, the child who may not be as gifted as some are to make friends, the child who for reasons beyond his control does not attract friends as others do, and who stands around alone, probably wondering why he doesn't fit in somewhere.

Really, there wasn't much that parents could do in those days about problems in school. They could talk things over with the teacher, but it didn't always help matters. Today, with our own schools, our regular meetings, our own teachers, we have a chance to be a part of the school. Things may not always work out to our complete satisfaction, but with a little patience, understanding, and a willingness to forgive and forget, we usually can get our problems straightened out. Today there is no reason why we have to carry our questions and problems along within ourselves. We now have an opportunity my parents never had. That is to deal with people of our own kind, people who should understand what we are saying. (Try it. You migh be surprised.)

In a McGuffey Reader there is a poem of a man who revisited his old school of years before. Here are the first and last verses of it.

FORTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered to the village, Tom.
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground
That sheltered you and me,
But none were left to greet me, Tom
And few were left to know
Who played with me upon the Green
Just forty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid;
Some sleep beneath the sea.
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope to meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

(Part 3 next month)

Cheating Never Pays

Name withheld

It was 2:30 P. M. — time to ring the bell to end the afternoon recess. The last period was to be taken up by the spelling tests. "Second graders, quickly take a last glance at your spelling words," I reminded them.

A little girl raised her hand. "Yes, Anna *, what is your question?" I asked.

"Pronounce the words for me," she said.

"All right," I answered. "Sled, dog, first . . ." Another hand went up. Upon inquiring, Susan wanted the words pronounced, too, so I asked the second graders to all open their books and follow while I pronounced the words.

After a few minutes they felt more sure of themselves and we turned to page 98 to write the words. After the words and the sentence that went with the lesson were written, I asked them to go over the words again.

"Third and fourth graders, get ready for your spelling," I called, checking the second grade words. We are using the spelling apple trees at our school and today the second graders all got a red apple on their tree except Edna.

"Edna, you must remember to start your sentence with a capital letter. You may put up a yellow apple today," I said. Then I went on with the next two grades. Finally I said, "Fourth grade, your last word is 'ton'."

A little girl looked up sharply. Yes, I knew that look. She hadn't been giving full attention to her test. When she raised her hand I asked her what was wrong.

"I missed a word," she said rather meekly.

"Did you check to see if you numbered correctly?" I asked.

Doing this, she informed me that the numbers were correct.

"Elizabeth, pronounce the words for Ella, please," I said. "And Ella, the word you skipped you will have to write twenty times. You must remember to pay attention."

As I continued with the spelling classes my thoughts went back to the time when we had made that penalty. When giving the words to several classes at one time, everyone must pay full attention to the words in order to write the correct ones. It had been confusing to have the children ask so many questions because of lack of attention, so we decided to put on the penalty. So far, very few had to take the penalty.

While the next grades took their spelling test, the third and fourth graders took turns adding a colored apple to their trees. When we were done with the fifth grade spelling Ada, one of the fifth grade girls came to my desk and whispered something to me.

"I can't hear you," I said. "You have to talk louder."

"I don't like to tattle," she said. "but Daniel cheated on his spelling test today. He wrote

* All names have been changed

two words on his paper before he took the test, then he erased them again."

"All right," I said, trying to keep my voice calm. "Thank you for telling me."

I didn't know if she was able to determine from my voice how I felt, but my heart was suddenly heavy. I wished time would stand still. This was my second year as a part-time teacher and I enjoyed my work with this group of children. But now the very thing that I always hoped would never happen had happened. From the very beginning I had a penalty in mind for anyone who cheated, but to get to the bottom of the situation was something else. My thoughts weren't very pleasant. I gathered up the papers with mixed feelings. I wondered how other teachers would handle such a problem.

I took a glance at Daniel's paper. Yes, the words had been there.

"Daniel, come with me," I said, leaving the room.

Outside the classroom I faced the young boy. "Daniel, did you cheat in your spelling today?" I asked.

"No," he answered, his head bending low.

"Now, Daniel," I said. "Someone saw you."

"But I didn't," he answered.

"What did these words mean on your paper then?" I asked, pointing to the place where the words had been written and erased.

"I — I wrote those after I had my book closed," he said, rather soberly.

I thought for a minute. "If you did write them after you closed the book, then you were still unfair. You wrote them down so you wouldn't forget how to spell them when I pronounced them."

There was no response. I explained to him that a spelling test was to see if they could remember the words after not seeing them for a while — not remembering them for a few minutes. When I failed to get an answer, I sent him to his seat and called Ada out.

"Ada, when did you see Daniel write these words on his paper?" I asked.

"Before class," she answered promptly. "He numbered his paper, wrote on his name, then those two words."

I wondered what I was going to do. It was getting close to dismissing time and since I was only a part-time teacher, I wouldn't be back until Friday. Finally I decided to call Daniel out again. With the two together I hoped to accomplish something.

Once more I explained to Daniel what Ada had seen him do, but he still denied it.

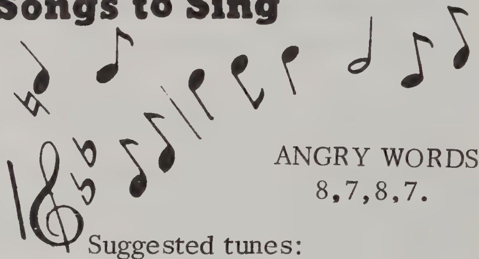
"Children," I said sternly, "someone isn't telling the truth."

"She isn't," said Daniel.

Ada denied this.

I heard the other teacher getting ready to dismiss the other children. I silently prayed for strength and guidance to go on. I knew I couldn't stop now. For a moment all was quiet once again, and then I said, "You think this over. I'm not through with it. We'll talk again about this on Friday. You are dismiss-

Songs to Sing



ANGRY WORDS
8,7,8,7.

Suggested tunes:
Farther Along, Precious Memorie

Angry words— oh, let them never
From our tongues unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they re-ach the lip.

Chorus:
Angry words, oh let them never
From our lips be ever heard;
Let us show we love each other
By a kind and loving word.

Love is much too pure and holy;
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

Blackboard Bulletin

ed for now."

You might imagine what my thoughts were that evening. My teaching partner and I talked it over and I felt glad for the encouragement she gave me.

Friday came. For some reason I kept pushing off the ordeal. Ada and Daniel were both friendly and extra helpful. While doing the cleaning at recess I picked up one of the three carpets we have in the classroom. At that moment Daniel saw me. "I'll get the other two and shake them off for you," he offered.

My heartbeat quickened. "What does this mean?" I asked myself. My thoughts were once more on the spelling test and the accusation that stood against Daniel. I knew I couldn't put it off any longer. After recess I once more called him outside the classroom

"Daniel, have you changed your mind after thinking it over?" I asked. "Are you ready to admit that you did write the words before the test? I remember having to tell you to close your book before we started, and Ada says you had written those two words before that."

"But I didn't," insisted Daniel.

"Daniel," I said, "I don't know whether you're telling me the truth or not, but there is Someone Who knows. Besides that, no matter when you did write these words, I do know that it was done at a wrong time." Once more I explained to him the purpose of a spelling test and the need to learn to spell the words so that they are remembered longer than just a few minutes.

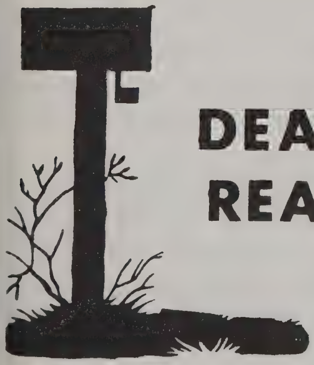
"I feel a punishment is due," I said. "A punishment is never anything pleasant for the teacher, but when she can help her pupil remember not to do the same wrong thing twice, then it is her duty to do so. And ..." I paused. "I think a brown apple on your spelling tree should do just that — remind you that cheating never pays."

I felt sorry for Daniel, for all the children had tried very hard to keep their spelling scores above an "F" so as not to get any "rotten" apples on their tree. After a moment I asked, "Do you think this is a fair punishment?"

Daniel's head hung low. "Yes," he answered quietly.

- Indiana

(Editors' note: This teacher, in a perplexing moment wondered, "How would other teachers handle this problem?" We would be glad to hear from others on how they have handed similar situations successfuly.)



DEAR READERS,

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

Greetings from Pleasant Valley School.

This is Friday afternoon, so the doors will be closed until Monday morning. It sure seems quiet since the 68 children have left for home. As long as they can play outdoors it is not bad but wait until there is a rainy day and everyone has to stay indoors. If you know children you know how it is.

I teach the four upper grades and have 36 pupils; my sister teaches the lower grades with 32 pupils. Three of our grades have 11 pupils, which is the highest number in any grade. There are ten beginners.

A week from today is Christmas. I have to wonder where the school term went. Next week will be a busy week at school. When I was a pupil I never realized how much extra work the Christmas activities made for the teacher.

This is the nineteenth term for Pleasant Valley and there are a lot of changes that have taken place during that time. The pupils I went to school with are now the parents of my pupils. Others have moved out of state. When I went to school I didn't think I would ever be a teacher, but I have changed my mind more than once since then.

Sincerely,
William N. Bender

RELATIONS

1. Work

MIRIAM'S SCHOOL WAS AN AVERAGE ONE WITH AVERAGE PUPILS— PUPILS WHO WERE LEARNING A LESSON ALL CHILDREN NEED TO LEARN, HOW TO GET ALONG.

MIRIAM WAGLER glanced at the clock. Five minutes until bell time. The noon hour had passed swiftly. Today she had chosen to stay in and grade some papers instead of joining the children on the playground as she usually did. Tonight after school she wanted to go away, and the more papers she graded now, the fewer she would have to leave for tomorrow morning. Hurriedly she gathered her things together and cleared off the top of her desk. Then she went downstairs to add coal to the fire before ringing the bell. As she passed the window she glanced out. The children all seemed happy and she could tell that the game was an exciting one. "I'll help again at recess," she told herself.

When Miriam reached the bottom of the steps she stopped in her tracks. "Oh, hi," she said to the two girls who were standing in the corner. "I thought everyone was outside."

Neither of the girls answered. Miriam could tell by the look on their faces that something was wrong. "Weren't you outside at all?" she asked.

"We were, but we came back in," answered Martha, lowering her eyes.

"Why?" Miriam asked.

"They don't want us out there. They're mad at us." answered Ruth with bitterness in her voice.

Miriam's heart sank. So far her pupils had seemed to get along fairly well with each other. But she made it a point to accompany them on the playground. Now when she stayed in one noon period— this. "Who is mad at you?" she asked the girls.

"The others," answered Martha simply.

"But who are the others?" asked the teacher. "Do you mean everyone?"

"No, just Ella and Susie and Betty and those," answered Ruth, looking sideways at Martha.

Miriam thought for a minute. Then she said, "You go upstairs. I want to put coal in the stove, then I'll be right up. I think we should talk about this before we call the others in."

If Miriam expected to get any information from Martha and Ruth, she was in for a disappointment. All the girls would tell her was that the other girls didn't like them and didn't include them in their game.

"Did they tell you you couldn't play?" asked Miriam.

"No-o-o," stammered Martha a little uncertainly. "But-but they wouldn't tag Ruth. And they talked about us, too."

"How do you know?" Miriam wanted to know. "Did you hear them?"

"I didn't hear what they said, but I saw them whispering and they wouldn't tell me what they were saying, so I'm sure it was about us," said Martha.

P–

and Playing Together

-by Elizabeth Miller

Miriam saw by now that Ruth was the one who was having trouble with the other girls and that she had turned to Martha for companionship. Martha did most of the talking and defended Ruth faithfully. Miriam didn't know how much of what the girls told her was true and how much was imagination, but she did know that she had a problem on her hands— one that needed to be worked on. She wondered how long this had been going on and how far it had spread among the other pupils.

She told the two girls to take their seats and went to ring the bell. Sitting at her desk, she watched the pupils closely as they came in. Her observations were quite revealing. Most of the children came in unconcerned and took their seats. The few that noticed the two girls already in their seats looked questioningly at each other and at the teacher. But with the upper-grade girls, it was a different story. They could not hide the feeling of guilt and uneasiness. They took their seats and sat tensely waiting. Yes, it was easy for Mirto see which girls were involved.

When the pupils were all seated, Miriam picked up her first-grade phonics book and called the little ones to class. She decided not to bring up the matter in front of the whole school, since only a few were really involved. She sensed a sigh of relief among the girls as they settled down to their lessons. Martha and Ruth exchanged glances and set to work, too.

The next two hours passed swiftly. By recess time Miriam had her plan laid out. "How did the 'Hound and Deer' game go at noon?" she asked when the children sat waiting to be dismissed.

"Good," said most of the children on one accord.

"Do you think you can play without me again at recess?" asked Miriam.

The children nodded. A first-grade boy raised his hand. "You said you would help at recess."

"I said I would try to help you," said Miriam. "But now I have something else to do. Maybe I can help you tomorrow. Okay?"

With this, the little boy had to be satisfied. Miriam cleared her throat. "I would like to have Susan, Ella, Betty, Esther, and Katie stay with me for a few minutes," she said. "The rest are dismissed."

In the ten minutes that followed Miriam heard the other side of the story. If Martha and Ruth were slow in giving her the information she asked for, these girls were not. They accused Ruth of being bossy, hard to get along with, and easily hurt.

"If we don't do exactly as she wants us to, she gets mad at us," said Betty. "She thinks she has to boss us all the time."

"I'd rather you wouldn't use the term 'mad'," said Miriam. "I know you mean she gets out of sorts. Did you include her in the game at noon?"

The girls looked at each other sheepishly. "She wanted to be "It" again, and she was just "It" at recess," said Ella. "So we-we decided not to tag her."

"And what about Martha? How did it happen that she was with Ruth?" asked the teacher.

"Every time Ruth gets mad— I mean out of sorts, she gets Martha to stick up for her," said Susan.

"And what did you do when the other girls went in?" Miriam asked next.

For a while neither of the girls answered. Then Edna spoke. "We-we called them 'maddy-cats' ."

"Is this the first time you were angry with each other?" asked Miriam.

"The first time this year," said one of the girls.

➪

Miriam felt she had taken the matter far enough. She knew that both sides were at fault, so she called the other two girls in and gave them a little lecture on getting along. Then she asked the girls to apologize to each other.

"Do you think you can all go out and play with each other now?" she asked.

In answer the girls nodded and smiled little smiles at each other. Miriam dismissed them with a smile of her own.

In the days that followed Miriam tried to keep an eye on her upper-grade girls without having them know they were being observed. During this time she learned a lot. The girls were right; Ruth liked to "be in the lead" and tell the other girls what to do. This spirit, along with the tendency of being easily hurt, often caused friction among the girls. Miriam worked tactfully on her problem, trying to get both sides to cooperate. There were times when her role as peacemaker was patience-taxing and even disgusting, but since she was able to avoid any serious trouble, Miriam kept on. She was thankful that the girls cooperated as well as they did.

Miriam found that her relationship problems were not limited to the upper-grade girls. Little things sprouted up in every age level, both among the boys and girls. Teaching her pupils to be nice to each other and to give in to the wishes of others seemed to be an endless task.

Was Miriam's school an exceptional one? Were her pupils basically hard to get along with? Not at all. Her school was an average school with average pupils—pupils who were learning a lesson all children need to learn, how to get along with each other.

The number of personalities a teacher must cope with is determined by the number of names on the enrollment sheet. Some children are basically leaders while others are followers. To put a follower into the lead is putting him into an uncomfortable spot. He is just as happy doing what others tell him to do as the leader is who seemingly is "running the show." Why, then, one might ask, is relationship a problem in school? Why not let the leaders

THE BOOKSHELF

ANIMALS AT MY DOORSTEP

The author of this book, Helen Hoover, lives with her husband in a two-room cabin in northern Minnesota. On every side of them are deep, dark forests, except for a clearing near the cabin. To this clearing come animals to eat what Mrs. Hoover places there for them.

Mrs. Hoover presents the lives of 13 of her wild neighbors forest in language grade school children will understand. This exceptional book with exceptional illustrations deserves a place on every school bookshelf. (60 pages. Price: $2.95) Special School Price: $2.10

AMOS FORTUNE FREE MAN

This is a true story of Amos Fortune who at fifteen was captured in Africa and sold a slave in Massachusetts. At sixty he purchased his freedom, and at seventy he began a settled life with his wife and adopted daughter in a village of New Hampshire. Through his moral life and generosity he became one of the village's most respected citizens.

(Hardbound. 181 pages. Price: $3.50) Special School Price: $2.80

HUMPHREY GOES HUNTING

For children just beginning to read, this is a nice book. Its 8 x 10 size opens wide for little hands and has nice large pictures. It is the story of Humphrey, a puppy, who wanders off from the farm to chase wild things.

In a subtle way the idea is presented that many animals are equipped by their color to hide from enemies.

(26 pages. Hardbound. Price: $2.75) Special School Price: $2.10

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

lead and the followers follow and everyone will be happy. It just doesn't work out that way, as any parent with two or more children can testify.

Every human has ideas of his own—ideas which he likes to use from time to time. A good leader will consider these ideas and use them, thus winning the respect of his followers. This helps the leader retain his place. Most children haven't learned to be good leaders and often disregard the ideas of their followers. They tend to think only of themselves and their own pleasure. It is then that a number of followers (like in Miriam's school) group together and rebel against the leader. It is easy to imagine that a sudden revolt like this, removing the leader from a high place, could leave a child with the impression that "no one likes me anymore," which would be crushing.

Ruth, in the above incident, did the natural thing—she turned to someone meeker (a follower, of course) and sought sympathy. When the rest of the children ignored Ruth and Martha's absence and went on with their game, they revealed another startling fact to Ruth—the game could continue happily without her. Is it any wonder she felt self-pity?

Any teacher will tell you that relationship problems are harder to handle in the upper-grades than in the lower-grades. In number, the lower-grade problems probably exceed the upper-grade ones. Children starting to school are stepping into a comparatively large society. At home they are used to being one of two or three children their age; in school they are one of perhaps four times as many children. The child who is taught to give in to others will usually make this ajustment without any serious difficulty. But even then, there will be times when disputes arise and the children need their teacher to help them resolve the differences. However, children at this age usually make up in a very short time. They can be disputing one minute and playing side by side the next, scarcely giving their tears time to dry.

This meek spirit that enables individuals to forgive one another was probably one of the main things Christ was referring to when He commanded his followers to become as little children. We might say then, that children and matured adults are able to "forgive and forget." Upper-grade children are neither children nor adults; they are in the period of their life that is often considered the "difficult" age. They have emerged from childhood to the point where they feel they have to excel in some area of their life in order to be a "somebody." This often causes rivalry and ill feelings among them. And since they are no longer able to forgive as freely as in earlier years, relationship problems often result.

A teacher should remember that during these years when the children spend a good percent of their wakeful hours in her presence is the time when they are laying the foundation for adulthood. It is during this period of their life that they need to learn to get along with those around them. She should remember, also, that she is in a position to help her pupils learn to get along with each other.

Probably the most important step is to keep the children on one level, regardless of their personal abilities and weaknesses. When the teacher is able to pay equal respect to all her pupils, then the children will find it easier to do the same. Should any incidents arise where the pupils tend to look down on certain children, it is up to the teacher to take definite steps toward correcting this. Sometimes in minor cases, it is possible to help the situation by tactfully planning activities for the whole group, taking special care to include the children who have been pushed back. This usually gives these children more self-confidence and they are more liable to take their places in everyday work and play.

In more complicated cases it is often necessary to talk to the children who are involved. They need to understand that the attitude they are taking toward the less fortunate ones is wrong, why it is wrong, and the seriousness of feeling superior to others. But usually it is necessary to talk to both sides of the rift, encouraging them both to do their part in establishing a better relationship all around. Too often teachers see that the children who are looked down on are at fault and they take the it's-their-own-fault attitude, and ignore the problem as if it weren't there. This is wrong; a teacher's duty is to try to correct anything that she sees in any of her pupils that is not right.

Another big step toward a happy group of children at school is to avoid exclusive friendships between pupils. By this is meant friendships that aren't really friendships; they are the friend-with-you-and-you-only affairs that usually last only a few days — a week at the longest. Then something will happen to burst the feeling between the two, and one will link arms with another girl, and the squabble is on. Nasty notes, long silent stares, and unkind words follow. Here again, the teacher must be careful not to take sides, but to dissolve the two sides into one and encourage group friendships that go farther than two individuals. Explaining why a person should be friendly with more than one person will help the children to understand the teacher's motive.

The secret of retaining a good group relationship in school is keeping the children occupied during their play periods. Boys usually enjoy playing outdoors in almost any weather. They brave the cold to play a tag game in the snow and return to the classroom with glowing faces that tell a story of health and happiness. Girls, on the other hand, are by nature not so robust and choose to stay indoors sooner. Also, they seemingly grow out of the playing stage sooner than boys. Thus, they tire easily of any game, often causing the teacher frustrations by showing little or no interest in games of any sort. It is at these times, when they stand around in groups with nothing to do, that trouble brews.

Planning activities that girls at this age enjoy will help both the teacher and her pupils. They should be encouraged to play outdoors in decent weather. Usually they enjoy such games better than they expected. On rainy days the teacher might suggest a game that the whole school can play as a group, or a game for the girls and another for the boys. A school should be supplied with several store-bought educational games, but too great a variety usually is more harmful than good.

Working on a bulletin board, art project, or a special activity of some sort can suddenly add a spark of interest to the recess period. Pupils should be free to talk and walk around at recess, but they can still be occupied. This gives them a chance to discuss their plans and work together. Such recess periods are valuable in more ways than one — they are educational; they give children training in working together as a group, and last but not least, they keep the children out of trouble.

In most schools relationship problems can be kept at a minimum by the teacher working on it — not occasionally — but by daily setting the example and doing all she can to encourage the children to follow this example. But occasionally a teacher, new at a certain school, will find a problem of long standing that she cannot handle alone. She might find it necessary to make an appeal to the parents for help, and even then must take stronger methods to establish and retain good relationship. Usually within a few months the children will see for themselves that school is a better place to be if they work and play together and are "nice to each other."

Whatever steps a teacher takes to establish good working-and-playing-together attitudes does not matter as much as the results she is getting. The importance of such a relationship cannot be overstressed, for it determines whether the children like school and whether the teacher likes to teach. It determines whether the children will go home from school happy and return the same way, or if they go home from school crying and have to be pushed out the door the next morning. It determines what kind of memory the children will have of their school days and how they remember their teacher. It determines so much, in fact, that it might be called the backbone of a school.

Next issue: MANY BROTHERS AND SISTERS
(Dealing with boy-girl relationship at school)

LEON'S FIRST LESSON

(Author wishes to remain anonymous)

THINKING OF TEACHING?
DON'T GET THE IDEA THAT
ALL DAYS ARE LIKE THE
ONE IN THIS TRUE STORY.
BUT SOME OF THEM ARE.

A FEW WEEKS BEFORE school started I met with the school board one evening to make final arrangements for the coming term and to check that all the supplies had been ordered. This did not take long, and after a while the meeting became less formal and was more like a visiting session.

"Oh, did you say something to her about Leon*?" asked one of the men, looking at the other two.

By the look on my face, the men could see I didn't have any idea of what they were talking about. Leon Troyer was John Troyer's little boy, and he was starting to school this year. He was the oldest boy in the family, but that didn't mean anything. What were the men referring to, I wondered.

Each one of the three seemed a little hesitant to begin. Finally Levi Miller spoke. "Well, I don't know if you know it or not, but Leon is quite a problem in church sometimes. He teases the other children and is so rough with them. We thought it might be good if you had a little warning of this before school starts."

"Don't hesitate to make him obey," said another man. "I've just put my foot down when he comes to our place, and he knows he doesn't get away with things there like he does other places."

"Doesn't he get proper training at home?" I asked.

"Well, I don't really know. His parents do discipline him, but he has always been a difficult child," stated Levi slowly. "He has a very bad temper, but I hope you won't have too much trouble with him."

"At least he's small for his age," said Andy Keim. "That should make him easier to handle."

The evening meeting was soon over and I prepared for school as usual. But as I prepared work for the five first graders I couldn't help but think of Leon Troyer, the little boy whom the school board was concerned about. I tried to push the misgivings away. After all, first graders were usually timid, innocent little dears that tried hard to please their teacher. Surely Leon wouldn't be any different from all the rest. And what if I did have problems with him? I'd had problems in school before. Why did I spend time imagining things which would probably never happen? In spite of the warning I had had from the school board, I refused to be convinced that Leon would be a problem at school.

On the morning of the first day I had reason to doubt even more that Leon was any different from the other little boys who started to school. He seemed a little shy and uncertain at first, but by the time school took up he had more confidence in himself. My hopes for him soared. When I took the first graders into class that morning I found out that Leon was not only alert, he was also talkative. A few times his remarks brought giggles from the other children, but Leon did not mind. In fact, he enjoyed it.

At recess I dismissed the children and told the little ones to go outside. "As soon as I'm done in here I'll come out, and then we'll play a game," I said.

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* - All names have been changed.

It did not take me more than three minutes to reach the playground, but those three minutes were long enough for Leon to get into mischief. He had bitten one of the little girls, and frightened little Susan was crying. I took Leon by the arm and led him over to Susan. "Why did you bite Susan?" I asked gently.

No answer.

"Tell Susan you're sorry," I said.

Leon hung his head, but didn't say anything.

Leon's lower lip began to tremble. By now Susan had stopped crying, so I decided to drop the matter for now. I figured there would be time enough to clamp down on Leon when he was better adjusted to school. Besides, playing a game would get them better acquainted with each other than an unpleasant scene would. We played "Drop the Handkerchief," and I kept a good eye on Leon.

After recess when I rang the bell, the children trooped into the classroom. When everyone was settled down I noticed an empty seat. "Where's Leon?" I asked.

No one knew. I started to leave the room, then decided to take advantage of the opportunity Leon's absence gave me. I faced the children solemnly. "I wish you would not laugh at Leon's smart remarks," I said. "That's not going to help matters any."

A seventh grade boy raised his hand. When I gave him permission to speak he said, "What if he comes and pesters us and wants attention?"

"Well, just ignore him as best as you can," I said. "Be nice to him, and make sure you don't tease him. I'm going to need the cooperation from all of you."

I found Leon outside playing with the ball and bat the older boys had dropped when the bell rang. "Leon, come," I said. "When the bell rings that means you have to come in and sit down in your seat."

Leon looked at me as if he were hesitant as to what to do. I went over and took him by the hand. "Come, the others are all in their seats and we're waiting on you," I said. Leon did not resist, but when he came in he walked clumsily to his seat. When the others failed to laugh he ruffled his hair with both hands and tried to get attention that way. I looked at him sternly and shook my head. Imagine my surprise when he made a face at me!

The rest of the forenoon passed without any serious problems. But just before dismissing the children (we had only a half day the first day,) I was passing out the papers the first graders had colored. When Leon came to my desk to claim his, I asked, "Well, Leon, are you coming back tomorrow?"

"Yep," he said, grabbing the paper I offered him. He rumpled it into a heap and stuck it into his pocket. The other children giggled.

I dismissed the children with a heavy heart. I knew that sometime or other I had to take definite measures to discipline my problem first grader. Three times that day I had let him off with things he shouldn't have done. "But surely, not yet," I pleaded with myself. "I have to give him a chance to feel at home first." I wanted all my children to like school and especially felt it was of vital importance that the first graders came to school eagerly. But what if I had to punish a first grader during the first week of school. "Surely it won't come to that," I told myself.

But it did come to that very thing, and it came during the noon period the next day — the first full day of the term. The older children were playing ball and I was helping the little ones play "Drop the Handkerchief." I knew I had to stay with the little ones, for it wasn't safe to leave Leon alone with the others. Suddenly Leon left our group and ran out into the ball field. "I want to help play ball," he said.

"Oh, no, Leon, you can't," I gasped. "You'll get hurt."

"I can catch the ball," he said boldly, holding out both hands, ready to catch the first ball that was batted. The others found it rather amusing. The game stopped while I walked toward Leon. "Leon, the ball's going to hit you," I cautioned.

"Oh, no, I'll catch it," he boasted.

I reached for Leon's hand to lead him out of danger. He made a dive to run away, but I caught him by the arm. This angered him, and he tried to twist free of my grip. When he found himself held fast, he screamed in rage and kicked at me with all his might. Not being able to accomplish anything in this way he tried another method. He bit me in the arm.

By now I knew I had started something I couldn't leave half done. I was aware of the twenty pairs of eyes staring at me and the neighbor in the field next to the playground who had stopped his horses to see what the commotion on the playground was about. But I had no second choice. I slapped Leon on the mouth. I saw a look of surprise on his face, then it was replaced by renewed anger. I tried to take him to the schoolhouse, but Leon threw himself on the ground. I picked him up, spanked him, and set him on his feet. He walked a few steps, then threw himself again. The process was repeated four times before we reached the schoolhouse. Even then, he had not given up. He screamed at the top of his voice and it was very evident that he was crying more from anger than from pain.

I was at a loss as to what I should do. This was a first grader in his second day at school. Would he ever want to come to school again? What would his parents say? I barely knew them, and here I was disciplining their child. But he was my pupil and somehow I had to teach him to obey. After all, I couldn't let him scream all afternoon. I took the little boy by the shoulder and shook him. "Leon, stop it, " I said.

Leon looked at me with questioning eyes. For a minute I thought he was going to yield, but then the look of defiance returned to his face and he screamed with renewed vitality. I spanked him again, then I saw a change take place. His tone of crying changed from the high-pitched scream to great sobs that shook his whole body. I tried to comfort him, but it took awhile before I could quiet him. Finally he agreed to go back out to play.

Both of us returned to the game as if nothing had happened. But I didn't feel like playing and soon went over to sit under the shade tree where I could watch the ball game and the "Drop the Handkerchief" game at one time. The children all seemed subdued and there was a strained silence on the playground. I let my mind wander. What would the parents say when my pupils went home and told them what had happened? Wasn't this some way to begin a school term! Why didn't I coax Leon a little longer? Maybe he would have yielded without making such a scene if only I had been a little more patient. As my thoughts went on, I was no longer aware of either game on the playground. A slight stir behind me brought me back to reality. I turned around. There was Leon. His big blue eyes searched mine. He looked bewildered, uncertain, afraid. The trace of tears was still on his face. I smiled. He returned the smile, and as if assured, moved closer. I held out my arm and he came and sat down beside me. "I'm tired, " he said, resting his head on my lap.

Suddenly I was tired, too, more tired than I had been for a long time. I playfully ran my fingers through Leon's hair. My thoughts raced ahead. What would the year hold for us? I did not know, but one thing I did know. Here was a little boy, just a few days short of six years. Eight years of school lay ahead of him. After that, his whole life, and after that eternity. The responsibility of teaching seemed overwhelming. Not only was this one little boy in my charge, but twenty other pupils as well. The unpleasant scene passed through my mind once more. As much as I wished it hadn't happened, I knew the experience had been a lesson for both of us.

Leon's breathing became slower and more steady. I knew he would fall asleep if I did not do something about it. I leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Leon, it's almost time for the bell. Shall we go wash your face before the others come in?"

Instantly Leon was on his feet. He offered me his hand and we walked toward the schoolhouse together.

Note----

Due to the slowness of the holiday mails, Joe Stoll's CORREO AEREO did not reach us in time to be included in this issue. It is entitled "The Budget As A Social Studies Aid." Look for it next month.

The Power of Influence

Name Withheld

The teacher sat at her desk trying to keep her mind on the arithmetic papers she was correcting, but her mind went continuously to the playground where most of her pupils were playing. The few remaining ones were playing quietly indoors. How thankful she was that the children had found a game they were enjoying. They were always so much more eager to settle back to work after playing outdoors during the recess time.

Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie by one of her first graders. "Teacher, a car stopped out by the road," she said with excitement.

"Are you sure?" asked the teacher, glancing up from her work. For a minute her eyes rested on Malinda. She was such a willing worker, so cheerful, and always full of news.

"Yes, really," said Malinda. "Come to the window and look."

The teacher went to join her little ones at the window and her eyes followed the pointed finger. Yes, there was a white station wagon out by the road. Between the schoolhouse and the car were her pupils, playing an exciting game. As she watched, the occupant of the car got out and lifted a camera into view. The teacher caught her breath. Yes, her pupils were a pretty sight, but why spoil it with a camera?

At that minute some of the older children caught sight of the camera and following their impulse, they hurried to the other side of the schoolhouse in order to be hidden from the camera's view.

"Why do they do that?" asked little Malinda. She was the oldest in the family and school to her was new.

"The children don't want their picture taken," said the teacher.

"Did she want to take the children?" Malinda's big eyes opened wider as they stared at the teacher.

"Oh, no, not them, just their picture," the teacher hastened to explain, but she was interrupted by the voice of Amos, a second grader.

"I know why they ran," said Amos. "Last summer Naomi and Father and I were in town shopping when a man asked if he could take a picture of me and Naomi. Father said 'No', and he said we people didn't believe in having our pictures taken. I would have run, too, because I know Father doesn't want me to let my picture be taken."

The teacher's eyes shifted to Amos. He would have made a beautiful picture with his light curly hair and bright blue eyes. And his younger sister was equally fair featured — a picture of health and youthful beauty.

Suddenly Anna Mae, another little girl chimed in. "I wouldn't mind if someone wanted to take my picture. I would let them."

Without a word the teacher went back to her work. Her thoughts rushed to the years ahead. Why were Amos and Anna Mae so different? Weren't their parents members of the same church? Yes, they were. Then why the difference? The teacher knew all too well. Amos was being influenced by his father's example. He was a man who showed concern for the children. But Anna Mae....

"Dear Anna Mae," thought the teacher, "Already in your young years you are being influenced by your older sisters who are not satisfied with the church standards. If only they knew...."

"Teacher, the car left now," said Malinda.

"So it did," said the teacher, laying down her pencil. "Come, let's go out for a short time until it is time for the bell."

(Author's note: This is a true incident, but the names have been changed.)

to READ ALOUD

Have you ever stopped to wonder where our standards of measure come from? This essay will tell you about some of them.

OLD-FASHIONED MEASURING

—By DAVID LUTHY

If your teacher were to say one day that you will have a class that afternoon about "hands and feet," what kind of class would you expect? Probably a health class. But if you happen to remember that "feet" is an arithmetic term, you would expect an arithmetic class. But what about "hands"... who ever heard of measuring something in "hands?"

Ask your fathers. They know what is measured in "hands"—horses. Yes, horses are measured not in feet or inches but in hands. Years ago before anyone invented the ruler, people used their hands to measure the height of their horses. The owner laid his hands one above the other, beginning at the front hoof and went hand-over-hand till he came to the horse's shoulder bone. His hands were turned sideways palm down. Each time he placed his hand over the other he counted one hand. The total "hands" told him the horse's height. If the horse was a work horse such as a Belgin, it stood 17 hands high. A buggy horse was 15 hands high. And his pony? Well, I don't need to tell you that it was the shortest, for anyone knows that. It stood just 10 hands tall.

If you are an enthusiastic student you will likely try measuring your horse or pony this evening during chore time. And you will probably be in for a surprise. You may find that the buggy horse is 22 hands high; so you ask your older brother to measure it with his hands. His total will be 19 hands high. You'll shake your head, "Something must have gone wrong." What you failed to take into account is that your hand is smaller than your brother's and his is smaller than your father's. The measurement of hands is an adult measurement and was standardized some years ago at 4 inches.

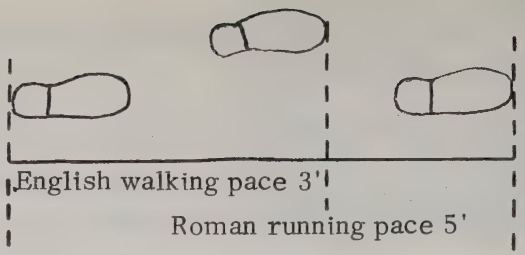
Lay your hand on a piece of paper with your fingers closed. Draw an outline of your hand and then measure the widest part of the outline. You will find your hand isn't 4 inches wide. It is smaller and is still growing. A four inch hand is more the size of your father's. Have him measure the horse and see if his total isn't nearer the standard height of 15 hands.

Now let's talk about feet. Did you ever measure a room by placing your feet one after another (toe, heel, toe, heel) and counting the steps? Hundreds of years ago before there were rulers, yardsticks, or tape measures, this was one of the common ways people had for measuring. Can you imagine, though, the confusion which must have resulted when four men were doing carpenter work together? When one man called to his helper to saw off a board six feet long, the board did not fit the carpenter's space. The trouble was that each man had measured with his own feet and since their feet were slightly different in size, the board was the wrong length. Is it any wonder that people wanted a standard "foot" one — which was the same length every time?

No one knows for sure who determined that the standard foot would be the length it is today— 12 inches. (By the way the 12 inch foot is standard only in English speaking countries. Other countries use a foot which measures anywhere from 11 to 14 inches.) Some people believe it was the king of England, Henry 1, who measured his own shoe and declared that henceforth 12 inches would be the standard measurement for a foot. Another story is told of King Henry that he also determined the standard length of 36 inches for the yard. It is claimed that he stretched a string from his nose to his outstretched right thumb and said this would be the standard measurement for the yard. Whether this is true or not makes little difference. What matters is that sometime in man's history, measurements became standardized. A foot was 12 inches, a yard 36, a hand 4. No longer would carpenters or tailors be confused in their measuring.

Now you have heard how two parts of the body were used in early measuring, and how each was broken down into inches. But don't you wonder who thought of inches? History tells us that men used their thumbs to measure inches, for a man's thumb is generally one inch wide. Another early measurement was the width of the longest finger; this was usually 3/4 of an inch wide and called the diget. Yet another way was the cubit. It was the distance from the elbow to the tip of the longest finger. The ancient Egyptians often measured things in cubits, and it is mentioned a number of times in the Bible. In ancient Egypt the cubit was 21 inches long, but today it has been standardized in English speaking countries at 18 inches. Yet another measurement involving the hand is the span. It is the distance between the tip of the thumb and the tip of the little finger when your hand is stretched as wide as it can stretch. The standard span is 9 inches.

One of the most interesting measurements is the pace. You have probably heard men talking about pacing something off. They walk in a normal stride and count their strides or paces. Today a pace is equal to a single stride. The distance is about 3 feet. But years ago when the Romans had a huge empire and ruled much of the world, their pace was equal to 5 feet. They didn't walk when they measured theirs — they trotted. Their pace was measured as the distance between the spots where the right foot touched the ground twice.



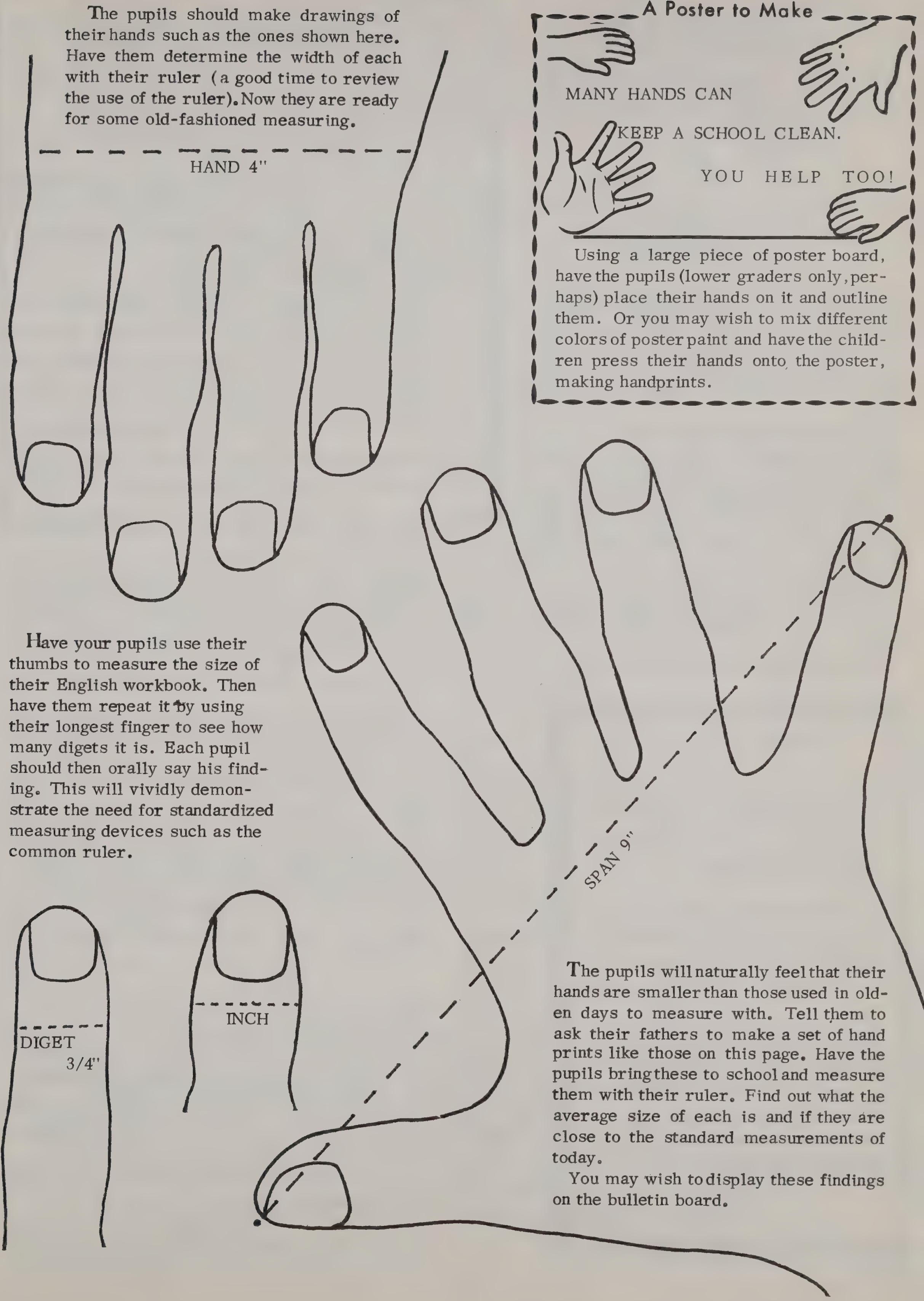
They would chant as they trotted: "Right foot, left foot, right first pace. Left foot, right second pace. Left foot, right third pace," They, of course, did not count in English. They counted in their native language of Latin. When they had trotted 1,000 paces they would say, "Mille passum" — a thousand paces. And they would mark the spot, this way determining the distance between cities. From the words "mille passum" comes our term "mile." A Roman pace was 5 feet long and there were 1,000 paces to a mile. That means the mile in those days was 5,000 feet long or 280 feet shorter than it is today. As the Roman soldiers traveled from province to province and nation to nation in the huge Roman Empire, they were to pace off the distance. At each 1,000 paces or mile they placed a stone marker. Some of these old Roman mile stones are still scattered around the continent of Europe today.

There is one more measurement which should be mentioned. It is commonly used on farms. If you ask your father how he measures the pasture field, he will not say, inches, yards, or paces. He will tell you a farm field is measured in rods. The term "rod" comes from the piece of wood which the King of England used to measure the length of 16 men standing one behind another in the sixteenth century. Today it is standardized at 16 1/2 feet, and there are 320 rods in a mile.

Inches, digets, hands, feet, cubits, yards, paces, spans, miles, and rods — all different ways to measure things. And all were once performed by the old-fashioned way of using the human body but today by the handy measuring tape, which always gives the same measurement no matter what size hand is holding it.

. . Projects . . . .

The pupils should make drawings of their hands such as the ones shown here. Have them determine the width of each with their ruler (a good time to review the use of the ruler). Now they are ready for some old-fashioned measuring.



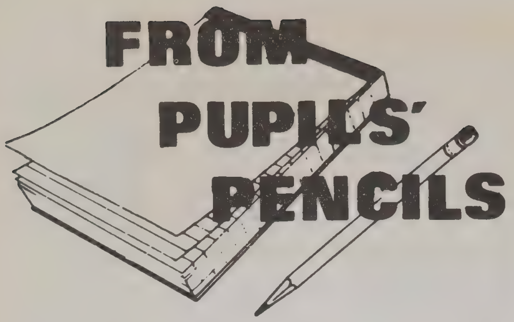
Have your pupils use their thumbs to measure the size of their English workbook. Then have them repeat it by using their longest finger to see how many digets it is. Each pupil should then orally say his finding. This will vividly demonstrate the need for standardized measuring devices such as the common ruler.

The pupils will naturally feel that their hands are smaller than those used in olden days to measure with. Tell them to ask their fathers to make a set of hand prints like those on this page. Have the pupils bring these to school and measure them with their ruler. Find out what the average size of each is and if they are close to the standard measurements of today.

You may wish to display these findings on the bulletin board.

A Poster to Make

Using a large piece of poster board, have the pupils (lower graders only, perhaps) place their hands on it and outline them. Or you may wish to mix different colors of poster paint and have the children press their hands onto the poster, making handprints.



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

AN UNWANTED VISITOR

-by Lester Stauffer

One nice summer evening just before dark we children were out playing. Mother was canning beans in the summer house. Just when she turned around to come back into the kitchen a snake about a foot long and as thick as a finger wiggled in ahead of her. What a surprise for Mother!

Mother didn't know what to do so she just stood and watched so the little thing wouldn't sneak upstairs or in one of the other rooms and hide under something so we couldn't find it anymore. My two-year-old brother was sitting on the sofa and when he saw Mother just standing and looking he started to run over, not seeing the snake.

Mother said, "Look on the floor. A snake is coming." He quickly ran back on the couch and started to cry.

The snake might have been a copperhead, but no one knows for sure. By luck, it decided to go back out into the summer kitchen again, then on the porch. Mother thought it was time to do something before it goes away and hides, so she looked around for something to kill it. The only thing she could see was a new broom Grandmother had given us. We had to use it first to kill a snake.

We heard something go bang, bang on the porch and came running to see what was wrong. That was the first we knew about the snake. We hunted for a hole that looked like a hole a snake would come out of and we found one on the porch.

Our house felt sneaky for about a week after that and we didn't want to go to bed or any other place in the dark like we used to do before. And every time we touched something that felt like it might be a snake, we jumped.

-grade 3, age 9
Narvon, Pennsylvania

◆ ◆ ◆

Dear friends,

Greetings in the Saviour's holy name.

I'm a third grader. I go to Amish Parochial # 4. There are fourteen children in our school. Last year there were only seven. I have one sister and three brothers.

John, my oldest brother, is going to school in Brantford. He can't see or hear well. We miss him at home. He can go home for the weekends if we go get him.

I like to read the Blackboard Bulletin and I like to go to school. I like my teacher.

Best wishes,
Marilyn Zehr, age 8

ROADS

-by Lucinda Schmidt

A road may lead to anywhere—
To harbors, towns, or quays;
A road may lead to here and there,
In many different ways.

A road may lead to a deep cave
That's dark and filled with gold;
A road may be a secret
That was never, never told.

There are many roads today;
Ribbons of them unfold.
There is a road that leads to glory,
And the secret of it was told.

With the Bible as our road map
We can reach that holy place,
Where the angels sing with peace
And all is splendid grace.

-age 12
Montgomery, Indiana

NOTICE

Some people have unusual pets. I once knew a lady who had a pet parakeet that talked. How we used to laugh when he cocked his head to one side, blinked his eyes, and said, "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?" But telling didn't help a bit, because he kept right on asking.

Do you have an unusual pet or know someone who does? We are going to have a little contest for our young writers again. This time we won't ask for poems, because not everyone can write a poem. But everyone should be able to write a short story about "The Most Unusual Pet I Ever Saw." Once again we will have a small gift for the writers whose stories we choose for publication.

Here are a few things to remember:

1. Be sure your name, age, grade, and full address are on your paper or stapled to your paper.
2. Your story must be true.
3. From 300 to 500 words is the suggested length.
4. Punctuation, paragraphing, and neatness of penmanship are important. (Please do not type.)
5. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1971.
6. Mail your entry to Cousin Carrie, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

Dear Boys & Girls,

Hello, everyone!

Well, vacation is over and it is time to settle down to work and to try even harder to make school a good place for yourself and your classmates to be. I know it isn't possible for everyone to always do what is right; we all make mistakes. But that shouldn't keep us from trying. And there is something that is almost as good as doing what is right, admitting that we did wrong.

Admitting that we made a mistake isn't easy, but it is still the easiest way out of trouble, as two boys once found out.

Norman and David were two ordinary school boys who tried to be good, but sometimes they got into mischief. Well, one day while they were playing in the basement they were pretending that they were having a sale. Norman stood on a block and was the auctioneer, using the teacher's new broom for a cane. Then David decided it was his turn to be auctioneer, and tried to take the broom from Norman. You can guess what happened then. In another minute each of the boys had a piece of the broom. They had broken the handle into two pieces.

Both boys were as sorry as they could be. Norman wished he had given the broom to David. David wished he would have let Norman have it. But all the wishing they could do didn't mend the broom. It was still broken.

The teacher didn't know anything about the broom, but she thought her boys were unusually quiet for the rest of the afternoon. That evening after most of the children had gone home Norman walked slowly up to the teacher's desk.

"Teacher, er, ah, er, you know that new broom...."

"Yes," answered the teacher, looking surprised. "What about it?"

"It—it's br-broken," said Norman meekly. Then he explained to the teacher how it had happened. "I'm sorry," he finished. "I think I can find an old broom at home. I could bring it and see if that handle would fit your new broom."

The teacher thanked Norman for telling her about the broken broom. She understood that the boys didn't really mean to break it, so she told Norman not to worry about it and sent him home.

That evening the teacher was thinking. Why had Norman come and told her about the broken broom and David had hurried home right after school? Norman didn't blame David at all. He just told about his part in the mischief.

The next morning the teacher called David to her desk. "David," she said, "What happened to the new broom I brought?"

"What broom?" asked David, trying to appear innocent.

"The new broom downstairs is broken, and I think you know something about it," she said rather sternly.

David started to deny that he knew anything about it, but the teacher stopped him by telling him that she knew all about what had happened. She told him he deserved a punishment, not for breaking the broom, but for denying it. She gave him a good talking-to about telling the truth and told him that he had to stay in during the noon period that day. She wanted him to have plenty of time to think about being honest.

I don't know if David always told the truth after that, but at least his teacher tried to teach him the honorable way of getting out of trouble.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, stay out of trouble. But if you don't, be sure you take the honorable way out— by telling the truth.

-Cousin Carrie

From the Editor's Desk

For the past year and a half we have had a monthly feature in the Bulletin called "Songs to Sing." Our aim has been to select songs from old songbooks, or poems which we felt were valuable and suitable for children, and then find a familiar song with a matching meter to give "suggested tunes." When we started out we had quite a few songs and poems on hand, and during that time a number of people supplied us with songs and poems they either wrote, selected, or translated. But now we are running short of material for this feature. The one that appears this month was hunted up at the last minute; there are no more in our files.

Our one impulse was to discontinue the feature without saying anything. After all, we don't know if anyone ever sings them anyway. It has been quite a while since anyone submitted anything for "Songs to Sing," and maybe it wasn't of enough interest to be worth continuing. But then we thought it would only be fair if we told the readers of the shortage, and say unless we receive material it will be discontinued in the very near future.

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If you have a song that is written in simple language (children's level) that is inspiring and has a familiar meter, we would be glad if you sent it in with a suggested tune. Or if you have a favorite German song that has been translated into English (or vise versa) we would be glad for that, too. We would also appreciate hearing from teachers whose pupils are singing songs that have previously appeared in "Songs to Sing."

In this issue we are printing the second installment of "Thinking Back" by Uria Byler. We understood that it was to be in two parts, and therefore made a statement to that effect in the last Bulletin. Now we are happy to receive a third article which, like the other two, is very interesting and worthwhile. So, after you have read Part 2, which appears in this issue, you can still look forward to another one next month.

Whose duty is it to clean the schoolhouse? Some people think it is solely the teacher's. Others agree that the upper-grade girls should be given part of the responsibility, since they are future housekeepers. I know of a few teachers who ask their boys to help with routine cleaning. This month's "Opinions Please" article was written by a perplexed teacher whose pupils were used to being paid for helping with cleaning duties. How is it done at your school? Do you think paying pupils would solve the problem of unwilling cleaners?

Be sure to read "Should Pupils Be Paid" and send us your opinion.

We are happy to be back up to 28 pages again and hope our writers will supply us with enough material to keep the future issues at this size. —E.M.

Blackboard Bulletin
February 1971

THINKING BACK

by Uria Byler

PART III

CULBERTON CORNER SCHOOL was built during the summer of 1923, I believe, and classes started that fall. This took away from Johnson Corner School all the pupils from Huntsburg Township, plus a few from Middlefield. Guessing at it, the enrollment probably was about thirty pupils, all Amish except four or five.

As a building it wasn't much, but to us pupils it was still something to be proud of, mainly because it was new. In size, quality of teaching material and sanitation, it certainly didn't come up to the standards of most of our Amish schools today. There were no workbooks, no duplicators, and had an outside pump with one cup which served as our drinking water facilities. There was no basement and the furnace was in the back of the classroom. Fire safety regulations have changed since those days. And the teachers? Yes, they were college-trained and certified by the state before they could teach.

One thing where Culbertson Corner school had it over most of the Amish schools of today was in the size of the playground. Nowadays it's one or two acres, but at our school the boundary knew no limits — east, west, north, or south. Just how big it was depended somewhat on our teachers and their ideas of rules and discipline. And it usually didn't take us long to find out how large our playground really was.

If I remember right our first teacher was Lloyd Judd, the son of a farmer who lived a few miles away. Lloyd had gone to college and couldn't quite decide whether he wanted to be a doctor or a schoolteacher. But because Culbertson Corner needed a teacher, Lloyd decided at the last minute to try teaching.

To all his pupils Judd was a great teacher while he lasted. Kindhearted and of playful nature, he was always out on the schoolyard playing games with us, tossing the first graders around, and enjoying himself much more than he did in the schoolroom. Discipline? Well, Judd simply did not have it in his big heart to punish anyone. Our schoolyard was a huge one that fall, reaching far to the north of D. A. Byler's sugar bush, which we discovered was a wonderful place to play hide-and-seek during the noon

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Coming next month:

Talents and Intelligence — by Joe Stoll

Is the pupil who is slow in learning at school really a dull person? Or are there other areas that determine intelligence besides "book learning?"

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AN EDITORIAL

A child's life is controlled almost entirely by influences—people and places that affect his thoughts and actions. For the first six years of his life, a child's influences are mostly limited to the home. This is where he spends a good ninety-five percent of his time, and when he does go away, his "home" goes with him. He is seldom outside of the presence of his parents or other members of his family.

Since the child spends the greater part of his first two years in the house with his mother, she naturally becomes his first great influence. Then when his little feet grow more steady, "home" expands to the buildings and the fields on the farm and he is influenced by the daddy he follows around. By this time he pretty well knows what is expected of him and how much he can get away with, and ajusts his thoughts and actions accordingly.

Time goes on and he meets other influences— cousins, neighbors, and other little playmates whom he sees in church on Sunday. Even though these children influence him somewhat, his main influence is still his family.

Then suddenly all this changes. The child, now six years old, leaves his home and parents and walks down the road or across the field, whichever the case might be, and there he meets what will be his second greatest place of influence —the school. From now on he will no longer spent most of his time in his parents' presence.

If school takes up at eight-thirty and dismisses at three-thirty, that means each pupil will be at school seven hours. Allowing another hour for the time that is spent on the way to and from school, it makes eight hours away from home and sixteen hours at home. Then if he sleeps nine hours (from nine to six) that would leave only seven hours. Thus, the summary of the child's hours are: sleeping, nine hours; parents' presence, seven hours; teacher's presence, seven hours; going to and from school neither parents' nor teacher's presence), one hour.

Considering this, it is no wonder the parents are concerned about what kind of teacher the school board hires to teach their children. For not only is she teaching them, she is also influencing them. Or in stronger terms, affecting their thoughts and actions. From what has already been said we can see that the two major places which influence the child are the home and the school. The three major people are mother, father, and teacher — in this order. But another thing we must take into consideration at this point is the fact that not only are children influenced by their teacher seven hours of the day, but by other children as well.

In this respect there is a difference between home influence and school influence. At home the child might have been influenced by older brothers and sisters, but who had infleunced these older children in the family? The parents, yes. In school, however, we find children who have been influenced by a number of homes and a number of parents, and there is often quite a difference between what is allowed in the various families.

A teacher must, to a certain extent, disregard the influence of the home in order to establish her rules at school. I recently heard a teacher tell of an incident which had taken place in his school. One of his pupils was heard using what the teacher considered a bad word. When he reproved the child, he got this answer, "But we may say that word at home."

This teacher did the wise thing; he told his pupil that home and school were two different places, and that when he is in school he has to obey the school's rules. By doing this, the teacher was able to impress the fact that he was opposed to using bywords and at the same time avoid the child's being a bad influence on the other children.

This is only one of the many examples of conflictive influences a teacher will find in her school. But this should not discourage her. Rather, it should encourage her to try and be a better example for her children and then help her pupils be a better infleunce to each other.

When a teacher punishes a child for a wrong she is helping more than just that one child. Yes, she does help that particular child build a better Christian character but her help goes much farther than that. She is helping the whole school by trying to avoid a bad influence.

On the other hand, suppose a teacher were slack in disciplining her pupils. When school opened in the fall her school was a fairly well-disciplined one. However, there were a few pupils who insisted on going just as far as they were allowed to and even farther. Gradually they got away with more and more. Within a few months the whole school was in a turmoil of discipline problems. Where were those pupils who had been well-behaved, well-mannered, respectful pupils? Weren't they taught how to act at home? Probably they were, but the seven hours they spent under a bad influence were just as long as the seven hours they spent at home under a better influence.

Every teacher should keep in mind that she is going to be a big influence on every one of her pupil's life. And on top of that, it is her duty to see to it that her pupils are a good influence on each other. For if the influence is not good, it can only be one other kind—bad.

—E.M.

LETTERS

. . . I just got done copying the song "Angry Words" on the blackboard and thought of your announcement that you will discontinue this feature unless more material is supplied. Well, I do like songs in "child language", but must admit I never paid too much attention to "Songs To Sing" until this last one, which was a real eye catcher. Now I've looked through the old Bulletins and have found a lot of nice songs. I also have found a nice song that can be sung on a familiar tune, and am sending it in. (Editor's note: See "Songs to Sing" in this issue.)

—Hannah Martin

Please don't discontinue "Songs to Sing." If other people are like me they go for poems and songs before anything else.

—Susan Graber, Pennsylvania

Our children have recently been singing the song, "Twelve Disciples" which they learned from the "Songs to Sing" corner. Otherwise, I don't know how many of the songs they are singing. We liked the translation of "Teure Kinder"

—Mrs. Willis E. Yoder, Iowa

We want to send a note of appreciation for your interesting magazine. We kept hoping that someone would write an article like the one on working and playing together. I imagine the change and fresh air recess affords is just as much a benefit to the teacher as to the pupils when she goes out to supervise at playtime. The school I attended was a large one with an older over-worked teacher. My otherwise pleasant school memories are somewhat marred by the bickering and whispering of clanny little groups and once an outright name calling fued.

—Iowa

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OPINIONS PLEASE!

"You're Not Singing It Right"

B-O-N-G . . . BONG, BONG," the bell on top of Sandy Ridge School swung back and forth, calling the pupils in from the playground.

"Double up to sing," said Amzie Yoder, the teacher. "John, pass the songbooks around."

"The little black ones?" John questioned.

"No," answered Amzie, "the big ones."

A hand was swinging back and forth trying to get Amzie's attention.

"Yes, Martha?"

"May we sing Number 187?"

"I think so, but can you?"

"Oh, yes," nodded the children. "We know that one. We've often sung it."

"Okay, let's turn to Number 187. Jerry, you may lead it."

Jerry sat a little straighter in his desk then began singing. The pupils immediately joined him. If a visitor had happened to enter the porch at that moment he would have thought, "What nice even singing. So loud and clear. The children are really doing a nice job."

At the end of the first stanza, Amzie's voice broke in before Jerry could start the next one. "Wait a minute."

Startled heads looked up from the songbooks.

"Before we sing it any further we should make sure we all are singing the right notes."

Martha and the girls across the aisle from her exchanged questioning glances and slight shrugs of the shoulders.

"That first note of the second line is a single note, but you are singing it with a half note hooked onto it. And in the third line you are dropping two steps when you should only go down one note. Now let's start the song again and sing it right."

Jerry causiously gave out the first note. The others followed. When they got to the end of the second line, the singing became uneven. "Wait," said the teacher. "You're putting that half-step in again. Sing it like this." Then he sang it the proper way.

After fifteen minutes of practicing the pupils were able to sing the song the way the teacher wanted them to.

A week passed. Then it was Friday evening and the monthly parent-teacher meeting. Nothing of too much importance was said until the chairman of the school board asked each father if he had anything to say. When he pointed toward Simon Mast, Simon cleared his throat. "Why yes I have. I don't know quite how to say it though."

"Say it plain, we're all friends," smiled the chairman of the school board.

"Well, it's about the singing this year. The children brought it home that Amzie is teaching them to sing the songs different."

Amzie's eyebrows raised slightly. "Not different," he answered. "Right."

"Right?" questioned one of the school board members.

"Let me explain," said Amzie. "The pupils have learned to sing with wrong notes in certain places. I used to sing that way too until I learned notes and saw that many of our songs are off here and there."

"But do you think God cares if we haven't the tune 100%? asked Simon. "Seems to me we should concentrate more on the words than on the tune."

"Well in arithmetic, we work for having the problems 100% right," countered Amzie.

"But what is 'right' in singing?" asked Simon. "If a whole group of people has been using a tune for years, who can say they aren't singing the song 'right' — right for them?"

"I agree," spoke up another parent. "We've been singing that song that way for as long as I can remember. Why change it now?"

Amzie didn't answer. He let the others add their thoughts to Simon's. When they were finished, Amzie said, "I don't know what to think now. I thought I was doing right to have the pupils sing according to the notes, but now I really don't know what to say. But I want to think it over and hear, too, what others have to add."

Reader Response

(SHOULD PUPILS BE PAID?)

Yes, I think a teacher should give the children a little for cleaning. When I went to school we older girls took turns to wash the blackboards and sweep and do other things that needed to be done and we got a pencil or something for it. Even a dime would be nice —with the understanding that the children are to take the money home and save it. I think the boys could take turns to do their work for a whole week, and then get a little something for it, too. I know we always looked forward to our turn. —Ohio

The article, "Should Pupils Be Paid?" impressed me. The nature of man is, if I work I should have some kind of reward for it. Jesus said, "When a servant comes in from plowing or taking care of sheep, he doesn't just sit down and eat, but first prepares his master's meal and serves him his supper before he eats his own. And he is not even thanked, for he is merely doing what he is supposed to do." Luke 17.

–Willis Yoder, Kalona, Iowa

I was almost shocked when I read "Should Pupils Be Paid?" I am a mother with four girls, who attend a new parochial school. In their school they take turns to help clean the school. I asked them if they felt they should be paid for their work. They looked surprised that I even mentioned it to them.

I think we should help our teachers, as they have plenty of other things to do after school.

—A mother, Goshen, Indiana

My pupils have always done all the cleaning except for a bit of supervision and a helping hand once in a while. They have most always worked cheerfully and willingly and I don't think they expected to be paid for it.

I feel an occasional unexpected small gift or treat would mean just as much as regular wages would. If I am wrong in this, I am almost five years in debt. —Indiana

I think every pupil should be taught to do his part of cleaning the schoolhouse and to do it without being paid. There is a valuable lesson in this for later life, when they are expected to do their part in a community. Sooner or later they should learn to do little things without being paid.

If the teacher wishes to reward the children once in a while for helping, it is well, but it should never be required.

--Bremen, Indiana

At our school cleaning or doing errands for the teacher is not considered a routine job. Maybe one week the teacher does the job and the next week the pupils willingly do it. Example: One recess a mischief maker is sent to bring in wood. Others see him and are invited to help. Soon a good bit of the wood pile comes into the classroom. Each one wants to see who can carry the biggest load. Work is pleasure when taken that way. We have done this for years without paying the pupils a penny for the work they do. In a large school it is hard to treat all the pupils alike, and paying them for work would only add to the problem. —Ohio

Doing the cleaning would tend to teach the children to enter the schoolroom with clean shoes. It would help to instill in their minds that school is "their" place and that they share in its burdens as well as in its joys. It would teach scholars to work and share responsibilities whereas the money system tends to destroy the spirit of working for a common cause and leaves the children with the feeling that they cannot or will not take part in maintaining their school without the promise of pay. Do not our schools and our churches need more members that have been taught that a man's good is worth more than his money? —A father, Virginia

* * *

I am the father of ten small children and do not think a teacher should be expected to keep the schoolhouse and yard clean by herself. Paying school-aged children for small tasks could lead to more harm than good. An unexpected treat once in a while helps at home and it might at school, too.

Since the pupils in that school were paid the year before, they expected to be paid again. The parents should be told about the problem so they can help solve it.

Ephrata, Pennsylvania

* * *

Why should a teacher pay her pupils to do little tasks for her? If a teacher would be paid for every little thing she does, her wages in money would be sky-high.

When is a better time for children to learn to work together? With sweeping, wood carrying, eraser dusting, and things like that, there is a job to be found for everyone. The children should learn to take turns and help according to their size and ability.

—Y., Missouri

* * *

I am a mother of a large family and the bills come in thickly at times, but I'm sure God will bless our efforts in such a way that we will never need to ask our poorly paid parochial schoolteachers for money for the time our children help them clean and other things they do for her.

I was much pleased and had such a wonderful feeling a while ago when our children came home one evening and said some of the older pupils had stayed to help their teacher after school. How my countenance fell when later in the evening it was mentioned that they were being paid! Where has the love and willingness to help one another gone?

These dear girls (and boys, too)are sacrificing the chance for higher wages to help us raise our children. Asking them to then pay our children for every little thing they do is just too much. It hurts me beyond words to think that parents are not teaching their children to want to help out wherever they can to make their teacher's load lighter.

—Pennsylvania

* * *

No, I don't think pupils should be paid for helping their teacher with the work. At the beginning of the term, I just had the girls to help me, but then later I told the boys that the girls aren't the only ones who are helping make the dirt. Since then both the boys and the girls take turns cleaning and they are almost always willing to do their share of the work. Many times they offer their help for anything I am doing.

Thank God for the willing workers I have.

—A teacher, Pennsylvania

* * *

Most children, I believe, do not expect to be paid for little errands they do at home. Why then, should they be paid at school?

At our school the children help with the cleaning and also the parents. At our first monthly meeting we drew names and each family has a month to help with more thorough cleaning such as mopping floors. Two families work together each month.

It seems most problems have a certain degree of origin in the home. The parent's attitude and expressions in front of the children concerning such things often reflect in school. —E.E., Indiana

* * *

I pity the teacher who is expected to do the cleaning by herself. How light the task and easily done with many hands helping, compared to the job when the teacher is at it alone, possibly at the same time thinking of the many lessons she should be preparing and the papers she should be grading.

Each pupil does a share in creating the need for cleaning, so why wouldn't it be proper to expect their help? This responsibility usually encourages the pupils to practice habits of cleanliness that will help keep the schoolhouse clean and neat.

—Formerly a teacher, Indiana

* * *

I was surprised that girls in the upper grades expected to be paid for helping keep the schoolhouse clean. Who brings in more dirt, the teacher or the pupils?

Back in 1934 my teacher asked me in a confidental way to run an errand one day. I followed his instructions to the letter, for I thought it quite an honor to be the pupil he chose to run his errand. After I came back the teacher looked at me, smiled, and thanked me. That was the best pay he could have given me. —Jacob Raber

* * *

I was simply amazed that anybody would have to pay scholars for helping the teacher in such ways. It seems to me it's starting them out on the wrong track, where they will want to work for higher wages rather than helping those in need. —T., Tennessee

* * *

At our school we have never paid children to clean. We have a schedule, and each child has a certain job to do at a certain time.

Matthew 5:41 teaches, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." Will children learn the true meaning of this verse if they are paid for every little duty they do? Lovina Miller, Illinois

* * *

It is amazing what can come up regarding the teachers' problems in our schools. Paying the children in school to help the teacher should never even be considered. If the teacher wants to give them a little surprise gift, that's up to her. We as parents should teach our children to respect the teacher, help clean the schoolhouse or whatever is to be done and do it cheerfully.

—David M. Troyer, Millersburg, Ohio

* * *

I was surprised that some pupils think they should be paid to help their teacher clean the schoolhouse. If anyone should pay them, it is in the parent's place to do so, but I think they should be taught to work without being paid. So far, this has been one of my smallest problems. —Monroe, Indiana

* * *

Should pupils be paid? I should think not! If pupils must be paid for doing such little things, what will they expect to be paid when they are older? Helping keep the schoolhouse clean is just one of the little kind deeds they should do each day. Surely they can do that much for their teacher. —Pennsylvania

* * *

Many hands make work light." So by taking turns to help with sweeping and other duties is merely doing what children should be taught to do at home. It may be all right to reward a child once in a while if he goes way beyond his duty, but pay him all the time —no. —Indiana

* * *

In our school the children help clean the schoolhouse and I don't expect my children to be paid for what they do. Rather, I think they should be paddled if they don't help and do it willingly. —Berne, Indiana

* * *

I don't think children should be paid for helping the teacher keep the schoolhouse clean. It should be that children are taught to do these things out of love and respect for their teacher. —Indiana

THINKING BACK (con't from front cover)

hours. And when the bell rang to summon us back to our studies, that didn't mean we had to go in right away, either. It all depended on how much fun we were having at the moment. School that fall was one grand experience — easy studies, long recesses, and a teacher whose heart wasn't in the schoolroom.

Around New Years we were in for a rude shock. One evening as we were putting our books away our beloved teacher stood in front of the room and announced that he was not coming back; he had decided to go back to college to study to be a doctor. That evening more than one pupil had tears on the way home from school.

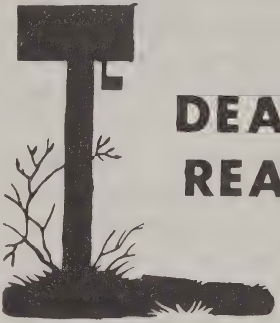
We had suspected for quite a while that Teacher would be a doctor. His favorite subject was hygiene, and he would do a lot of explaining about this subject. One Monday morning he came to school and told us that on Saturday he had performed an appendicitis operation on a cat. The operation, he said, had been successful, but the cat died.

About twenty years later I was taken to the hospital to have my appendix removed, and Lloyd Judd was my doctor. Just before going under the anesthetic I reminded him of the cat. Yes, he remembered it, and said it was a good thing for me that he was a better doctor than school teacher. Otherwise, he thought things might not go better with me than with the cat.

I can't remember for sure who took Judd's place, but it might have been Betty Burge, who was a good teacher and the size of our school ground was drastically reduced in a matter of a few days. There was no more being caught a half mile away when the bell rang. She ran a well-behaved little school and we thought it was awful that such changes had to take place in our lives. But we did adjust to it in a hurry, as all children will when necessary.

Our family's school days for that stretch lasted only three years. The last year, 1925-26, our teacher was Margeret Rose, now the wife of Garland Shetler. She recently told me her starting wage for her first year was eighty dollars per month, which is quite a difference to some of today's salaries of beginning teachers.

In the spring of 1929 our family moved to Buchanan County, Iowa, but because things didn't work out as we had hoped we moved back to Geauga County that fall and rented a large farm near Burton, where I spent the



DEAR READERS,

BALTIC, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

Christmas is past and the year of 1970 will be history by the time this appears in print. The 31 pupils here at Green Ridge Parochial School, located in the hills of Coshocton County had their present exchange on December 24th. Most of the parents were present to hear the children sing songs — both German and English, and recite poems.

The happiest part for the children was when their teacher, Elizabeth E. Miller, called their names to come and get their gifts. That is, all but one boy, who was home with the whooping cough. This boy had started with the mumps about six weeks before in school one day and twenty-six out of the thirty-one pupils got the mumps from that one exposure. The school was closed for two weeks during the peak of the mumps sickness.

Before the above mentioned boy was over the mumps he got exposed to the whooping cough, and now he has that.

Nineteen-seventy-one is here;
Let's hope for peace throughout the year,
Let's hope for grace and good will,
And that the pupils won't be ill.

Sincerely,
Melvin Hershberger

last two years of my schooling. It was a sad time for our family, too, for just before Mother's favorite time of the year, when the lilacs were blooming, she left us to carry on alone. How well I remember coming home from school to our lonely house during the spring of 1927. Life had suddenly become empty and meaningless to us, for there was no mother to go to with our troubles.

Part of my seventh and all of the eighth grade were spent at Burton school, where the library now is. It was also a rather rough school, with very few Amish, but we were not mistreated. There, however, were times when we did have to hear about our long hair and things like that.

My favorite teacher there was Miss Thrasher. She taught history and geography and made her pupils like it, which is one of the finest traits any teacher can possibly have. Somehow she had the knack of inspiring us to want to learn more, instead of feeling disinterested and bored.

How did she do it? Really, I don't know. She would do a lot of explaining and we could see that her heart was in her efforts to help us learn something. It's difficult to explain, but it is a priceless gift some teachers have — those nameless little things in her personality which causes her pupils to become interested in their school work. She wasn't satisfied with anything less than 100% effort, and that's what most of her pupils came across with, thanks to their talented teacher.

For some reason I never could really explain, this teacher sort of took me under her wing and went out of her way to help me with my school work, and in other ways as well. Being a kind-hearted soul, in spite of her stern schoolroom exterior, it may have been because of sympathy in the loss of Mother, or because I was her only Amish pupil in the class. At any rate, she became more than just a teacher to me, but a friend whom, next to Dad, I trusted more than anyone else.

As my last year was drawing to a close she took me aside several times and wanted to know if I were coming back in the fall and go through high school. Of course, I tried to explain why I couldn't. Dad would never allow it. My two older brothers were sickly and he needed me on the farm. "Well, that's too bad, " was all she would say.

Such was my faith in Miss Thrasher and so convincing was her argument on higher education that secretly I began to wonder. What would be wrong with going through college? I had visions, of all things, to be a doctor. This might have been a rub-off of some of Teacher Judd's enthusiasm on health and hygiene. Besides my dream of being a doctor and the desire for more learning, there was something else which made me want to continue school. I was on the baseball team and we had daily boxing matches and basket ball games in the gymnasium. I was interested in competitive sports.

Finally the day came when Miss Thrasher handed me my diploma and I noticed it stated that I was now entitled "to enter any high school in the state of Ohio. " How I wanted to do just that! And if I remember right, my favorite teacher had another talk with me that day and explained to me that being Amish shouldn't keep me from going on through another eight years of schooling. And because she said so, it sounded very logical. Perhaps I could be a doctor after all.

Some time later Miss Thrasher had a talk with Dad on education and tried to tell him what a shame it was that his son wanted to go through college and wasn't allowed to. Of course, Dad gave her his theory on schools, which was somewhat different from hers. He was a strong believer in getting a good eighth-grade education and usually did everything possible to help us along in school. But he was just as sure that eight grades was enough of "book learning" for his family.

There is no record of how that little conference between a determined Miss Thrasher and an equally determined Dad ended, but chances are my beloved teacher decided that she was fighting a losing battle, for I heard no more of her plans to make a "big shot" out of me.

If Dad had any worries about his son's wild ideas he kept them secret. No doubt, he figured he had a good cure in mind for his book-minded son's nonsense, and it didn't take him long to try it out.

There are certain days in a person's life that stand out sharp and clear for years afterwards. The expression "I can remember that day as well as if it had been yesterday," is often heard, and is true enough. If I ever had a day which remains clear in my memory it's one spring day in 1928, soon after my last day in Miss Thrasher's school.

That morning Dad and I hitched up a rambunctious pair of horses to a wagon, put a walking plow on, plus horse feed and water and my lunch, and set out for a lonely eighteen-acre field about three-quarter mile to the northwest. This field had not been farmed for years, but Dad decided to break it up and put in oats or corn. Although we didn't know it at the time, there were two good reasons for not farming it. First, the soil was very poor, and second there were a lot of those hidden boulders (which we used to call bullheads) right under the surface. This last reason, plus the fact that I had a wild, fast-walking team of horses, and because this was my first experience in plowing all added up to make this a memorable day.

Dad helped me start a few lands, and after giving me some definite instructions on how to do a good job of plowing, he left for home and I was on my own. I was a long ways from my favorite teacher, the gym with the basketball court, and the boxing matches.

My first mistake was having my lines too short, which held me too far between the plow handles. Down the field we went, with me trying to keep the plow in the ground and stay on my feet at the same time. After a few rounds, things were going better and just as I thought it wasn't too bad after all, my plow hit the first bullhead. I found myself sprawled out quite a distance from where the wooden Oliver had left the ground. With aching ribs I gathered myself up, pulled the plow back, and started again. Another few rounds later there was another loud crunch, and there I was, once more trying to untangle myself and get on my feet.

To make the long story short, about all I will say about that day is that I survived without any serious injuries. I soon learned to lengthen my lines, how to keep the plow in the ground, and many other things about plowing — all the hard way. At least once during the day, because everything went wrong and out of pure disgust, I sat down and bawled. What else could I do to vent my feelings? The plow kept jumping out and the horses didn't want to pay much attention to my "whoaing" and "back-uping" as I wrestled that plow back into the farrow again. Dad, like Miss Thrasher, demanded a good grade in effort. "I don't want to see a poor job in plowing," he had said that morning.

I didn't realize it at the time, but I was getting my first lesson in Chapter One — not from Miss Thrasher's textbooks, but in Dad's plan on how to educate a farm boy. Incidentally, the title of his book might have been, HOW NOT TO BECOME A COLLEGE STUDENT.

That evening I went home with blistered hands and aching body, and for the next week or so I was so tired I had to drag myself through chores and supper. I remember thinking how nice I had had it a short time ago in school. It was a rough experience for a softie who was used to sitting in his seat day after day, with no work at home except morning and evening chores.

After the crops were in, we had a lot of fence to fix, then haying time came around, and then fall work. Some time during that summer my grand plans of becoming an important fellow vanished completely. Dad's secret remedy for steering me away from those silly ideas worked to a perfection, as did his plans for that education he felt I needed.

That fall he rewarded me for my hard summer's work by allowing me to go to the Cleveland zoo with some friends, with a five dollar bill to spend. Then when all the fall work was done we boys hunted and trapped and I had to wonder why I ever had such ideas of going to college.

I'm still wondering, forty years later. What would cause a boy of fourteen, raised in a type of home we were, to get ideas like this? Was it because of a teacher in whom I had such faith and confidence, or was it because I was exposed to library books of all kinds, sports, and the like? This, plus the fact that there was no Mother at home to help Dad in telling us the things we needed to know, might have been part of the reason. A mother with tender words of warning against wicked thoughts and lessons each child needs to learn would always touch our hearts.

All this is only a memory of those old days, and if it proved anything it was that a teacher can have a lot of influence on her pupils, but that a father's wisdom can be even more powerful. It also proves that, after all, Dad knows best.

RELATIONSHIP-

2. Many Brothers and Sisters

-by Elizabeth Miller

"SEVENTH GRADERS MAY LINE UP for oral spelling," announced Miss Raber, teacher at Pleasant Valley School. "Let's see, I think we'll use the south wall. That's the longest one we have." She smiled at the seventh graders. They were her biggest class — five boys and three girls.

Miss Raber's attention was elsewhere, as she had a few questions to answer and some papers to straighten up. When she was finished she picked up her spelling book and turned to the seventh graders. What she saw half annoyed and half amused her. The five boys stood crowded in one corner and the three girls in the other corner.

"Come on, now," she chided. "You can stand closer together than that. You're not afraid of each other, are you?"

A few of the pupils giggled, but no one moved. Miss Raber wondered what she should do. She was a new teacher and this was the first time they had had oral spelling. Should she go ahead and pronounce the words or should she insist that her pupils move closer together? "They don't have to be quite this extreme," she thought to herself. Out loud she said, "I'm waiting, Henry. Please stand up this way so we can hear you boys better."

Cautiously Henry moved toward the center of the wall, the other boys following. He was still six feet away from the nearest girl when he stopped. With nothing more than a sharp glance Miss Raber started pronouncing the spelling words.

For some time Miss Raber had been aware of the fact that her pupils were extremely shy of the opposite sex. But she had passed it off as being "natural" for children that age. It never occurred to her that it might create a problem in her school. Now she wondered and the next day she had reason to wonder even more.

It was recess. Miss Raber went out and helped the little children play tag. The front step of the schoolhouse was the "free" base. Susie, a first grader, was sitting on the step when Robert, also in the first grade, came running up, panting for breath. Innocently he flopped down on the step beside Susie. Just at that minute an older boy passed by and happened to see the two children sitting there.

"Ah, Robert likes the girls. Robert likes the girls," chanted the older boy. Quickly he ran to the other boys and told them that Robert had sat on the steps beside Susie. By the time the bell rang, the word had spread over the entire school that "Robert likes the girls."

Miss Raber gave a little talk to the school after recess, telling them in plain words that she expected to hear nothing more of what had taken place. She tried to explain to the children that there was nothing wrong with a boy and a girl sitting side by side, least of all first graders. But she could tell by the looks on the children's faces that they didn't agree with her. This was just the beginning of Miss Raber's relationship problems in school. Somewhere the boys had formed the idea that girls were sissies and so was any boy who went within six feet of a girl. Talking to a girl was, in their way of thinking, the most unboyish thing a boy could do. The meanest trick a boy could play on one of his classmates was to toss his cap or some other possession into the girls' coatroom. At Pleasant Valley the boys and girls were like poison to each other.

While Miss Raber was struggling with her pupils, trying to establish a better relationship between the boys and girls, Miss Troyer, in a neighboring school, also had a problem. Her school wasn't in session a week until she became suspicious about some of her upper-grade pupils. There was a constant teasing about who liked who. Phrases like "Fannie loves Andrew", "Edna likes Paul; very, very true", and "Sarah belongs to Freeman" were scribbled on the backs of the notebooks, on the walls in the basement, and even in the textbooks. The teacher was shocked, even though she was aware that most of these scribblings were carryovers from the previous term. But she soon suspected that the teasing had also been carried over into the new term. The final blow came on Friday of the first week of school.

Miss Troyer was reciting spelling classes. Starting with the eighth graders she pronounced the words, then asked the children to turn their notebooks upside-down on their desks until she came around to grade them. Starting to pronounce the seventh-grade words, she walked over to where the eighth graders were seated and began to gather up the notebooks.

When she got to Amanda Miller's desk she stopped and let out a little gasp. On the back of Amanda's notebook were the words in bold letters, "Amanda loves Enos, true love."

"Who wrote that on here?" asked the teacher.

"I did," answered Amanda, simply.

Miss Troyer was speechless for a moment. After she recovered she gathered up the rest of the papers and pretended to ignore what she had just discovered. After all, she reasoned, there was no sense in embarras-

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THE OLD WATER WHEEL

— by Samuel B. King

My thoughts go back to my childhood days where my parents used to live. This farm was along the Peaqua Creek, so they had a water wheel to pump the water. The wheel was quite a distance away from the pump so they put long poles into the ground to keep the wire up and out of the way for farming.

The wheel was about four feet long and about three feet in height with wooden paddles. It had a concrete wall built around it with a water passage to control the flow of the water.

In order to run, everything needed to be in shape and oiled. The wires had to be at an average tension — not too tight or too loose; the paddles needed to be in place; the weight box had to be adjusted right; and last, but not least, the Almighty Hand of God was needed to give strength and power. A person could marvel at the smoothness of the operation.

But on the other hand, if it wasn't balanced right or had a paddle missing, or if the wires didn't have the proper tension, or if the control gate was opened or closed too far, the wheel would still run, but with a jerky unsteady movement. And if whatever was wrong wasn't corrected, soon it would stop altogether.

Isn't the operation of our schools much the same way? Let us be like Moses, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward," Heb. 11:25, 26.

"The reward for a thing well done is having done it."

- Ronks, Pennsylvania

sing Enos, especially not in front of the whole school.

The following days Miss Troyer was busy doing some researching. What she found out was even more shocking than she imagined it would be. She learned that Enos and Amanda were considered a "couple" by the other pupils, as were quite a few of the other students. Even a few fourth graders were involved in such a relationship.

Miss Troyer was convinced of one thing — this problem hadn't developed in a day, nor in the past week. She talked to several of the parents whose children were involved, and was astounded at the attitudes they took. Most of them considered it "the common thing" and a "stage children go through and will get over in time." They thought such a relationship was "childish" and should be ignored. Then there were a few who were very much opposed to "boys liking girls" in school, but said they felt helpless in doing anything about it, since the teacher of previous years had not discouraged it, but had actually coaxed the girls into telling her who they thought was the nicest boy in school.

The above two schools show the extremes. Most of our schools probably lie between these two. Under proper supervision, very few schools will reach either of the two extremes shown, but equally few are completely free of boy-girl relationship problems. The most common problem is probably the one where a boy is innocently teased about a certain girl (or vice versa). The boys and girls who appreciate such teasing are rare, for even if they do think a lot of a certain member of the opposite sex, they usually don't like to admit it at this age.

Sometimes there are circumstances that tend to make "natural couples" of certain pupils. Perhaps a particular grade has only one boy and one girl. Class activities and competition are enough to spark off "teasing" among the other children. Such teasing is often harmful to the attitude children have toward each other.

Almost twenty years ago a certain little girl was the only girl in a class of ten. Among the nine boys was a little boy named Monroe, who had a certain amount of artistic ability, as did the little girl, Katie. For this reason their teacher often chose these two to work on a health poster, decorate the bulletin board, or make pictures to put on the windows. She referred to the two as her "little team of artists." This, as can be expected, aroused a feeling of jealousy among the other boys and soon they teased Monroe and Katie without mercy. Monroe and Katie developed a personal dislike for each other and tried to show in every way possible that they didn't like each other.

Years passed. New pupils joined the class and a different teacher took over, but the teasing of the other children and the hostile feeling between Monroe and Katie remained. Even after they were through school and with the young people, they still found themselves uncomfortable in each other's presence. The unhappy memories stamped so deeply were hard to get rid of.

Boys and girls in school are children and should be taught to think and behave as children. In the one-room schools such as we have, a family atmosphere is stressed — boys and girls working and playing together as brothers and sisters. A teacher who is able to impress the idea that her pupils should be like brothers and sisters has solved her relationship problems.

Even brothers choose to play with their brothers, rather than their sisters. Yet when they go to the table they sit next to each other without thinking a thing of it. Why not strive for the same relationship in school? Boys playing with boys and girls with girls, except on occasions when they are supervised by the teacher, they will enjoy a game where they all play together. Sitting side by side on the class bench or lining up next to each other for oral spelling shouldn't create a problem. (The best way to eliminate seating problems is to have each pupil sit at an assigned place.)

Any teacher who has a problem like the one first illustrated in this article will need to work tactfully in order to improve the situation. Miss Raber probably did the right thing by telling her pupils in no uncertain terms that she would not hear any more teasing about little Robert's incident or any others like it. But in a case like this, that's about as far as lecturing will go. Miss Raber could have talked to her children until she was hoarse, yet she couldn't have convinced her boys that it was all right for them to sit next to a girl. The impression they had was one of long standing, and it would have been impossible for the boys to change their way of thinking in a matter of minutes. Yes, the teacher could have forced her boys to sit next to the girls, but underneath, they would have resented it very much.

On the other hand, once Miss Raber had made the "no teasing" rule, the best thing for her to do was to see to it that it was enforced. Then after a few weeks or so, she might have planned some special class project in which her pupils needed to work together. By hiding her real motive, she might have been able to remove a portion of the gap between her boys and girls.

There are other activities that help establish a brother-sister relationship in school. Contests are one of them. Instead of the usual boys-against-girls contest, it might be better to encourage the children to choose sides. Perhaps the contest could be to see which side will have the highest average in arithmetic at the end of the week. Interest can be added by offering a small reward for the winners or a penalty (like cleaning the schoolhouse on Friday afternoon) for the losers. Before the pupils are aware of it they will be working together and encouraging each other.

No teacher should expect a drastic change overnight, but by working tactfully, little by little and week by week, an improvement should soon be evident.

Once a teacher has her pupils so that they will sit and stand side by side and visit with each other, there is something else she must be on the lookout for — the opposite extremes. As was stated before, boys and girls who go to school are children. But the fact must be faced that fourteen and fifteen-year-old children are on the borderline of growing up. They find themselves awakening to new interests, one of which is an interest in the opposite sex. Some children, especially girls, have a hard time keeping this interest hidden. One such boy or girl alone will be enough to start something that can rapidly spread through a whole school.

Even though a teacher feels her pupils are free of "too close" relationships, she should take every precaution to avoid anything that might lead to such relationships. Boys and girls playing together in a group should be carefully supervised. Any games that bring pupils into too close contact with each other should be strictly avoided. Ordinary tag games are harmless as long as they stay that, but the "catch and hold" games such as some versions of "Rabbit", "Blackman", and the like, games where the players are forced to hold hands with each other, or games in which a blindfolded person is to identify the other players by feeling the face, should not be played by mixed groups. What seems to be a children's game can develop into a problem that is too big for the teacher to handle alone.

Boys and girls grouping off and going to out-of-the-way places should be prohibited. Nor should a teacher give her pupils the opportunity to spend time together alone, whether it is going to the basement to study during school hours or going for a walk in the woods at recess. Even though a teacher feels her pupils are to be trusted, it is unwise to put them into needless temptations.

How children are dressed for school plays a very important part in how well they behave toward each other. Modesty cannot be overstressed. It is unfair for parents to expect a teacher to keep a school free of immorality when they send their children to school indecently clad.

The pupils' way of dressing goes mostly back to the parents, but a teacher must be a model example for her pupils. And then if she has pupils who she feels are not properly clothed for school, she is in a position to talk to the parents or the school board about the problem. After all, she needs the full support of the parents to teach her pupils that they are brothers and sisters in school — nothing less and nothing more.

Next month:
Part 3— THE TEACHER AND THE PUPILS

WILL THE PUPILS BE GLAD TO SEE THE TEACHER RETURN AFTER HER ILLNESS, OR WILL THEY REGRET LOSING THE FREE REIGN THEY HAD FOR A WEEK?

THE TEACHER'S RETURN

-by Martha Helmuth

Sarah Fisher sat at her desk in Hickory Lane School in deep thought. The children had all left school fifteen minutes ago, but she had not yet started with her school work. The clock on the wall ticked loudly, but Sarah was unaware of it.

Today she had punished Andy Beiler because he had whispered again. This was not the first time he had been whispering nor was it the first time he had been rebuked for it. Today she had decided it takes more than just an occasional rebuke to teach the pupils they must not whisper, so she had punished him. Now tonight there had been no friendly wave in answer to hers as she watched him leave the playground. She knew he had seen her for he had looked right at her. A wave seemed like such a little thing, yet what a difference it made in her zeal! Now she wondered, "Am I asking too much of them when I insist on no whispering? The children seem to think so. Am I being a little too strict?" Finally she was able to push her problems to the back of her mind and do her school work.

The following day Andy was himself again and Sarah was able to push her misgivings out of her mind for the time being. As time went on, Sarah punished other children for disobeying. Conditions kept improving as she continued to be firm with the children and they became adjusted to her methods of teaching.

However, she was having a problem with Hannah King. For some reason she was seldom done with her work. As Sarah watched Hannah, she soon saw that she spent a lot of time dawdling instead of getting her work done.

"Hannah, I'd like to speak to you a few minutes this noon, "she told her one day just before she dismissed the children for lunch.

Hannah slowly ate her food as she wondered what her teacher wanted with her. Finally she put her lunch bucket away and came up to Sarah's desk.

"Hannah, don't you think you'd like school better if you'd get your work done so that you wouldn't always be behind the others?" she asked her.

Hannah nodded. "But you give us too big assignments and I can't get them done, " she answered. "Last year our teacher didn't give us so much work to do, then I could get it done. "

"I don't know about last year, " returned Sarah, "but I think you spend too much time just looking around and dreaming about other things instead of getting your work done. "

Hannah only looked at the floor.

"Why don't you try very hard to stay busy with your work and see if you can't get done with the rest?"Sarah went on. "Always start with your new assignment as soon as you come back to your desk from the class. I'm sure you'll like school better if you'd learn to keep up with your work. "

"But last year my teacher didn't make me do everything if I couldn't keep up with the rest, " insisted Hannah.

Sarah's heart sank. There it was again. Would that really be the thing to do? "No, " she told herself, "I just can't let her drag on like that. " Out loud she said, "Let's get out your English book and see how you are coming with it. "

Slowly Hannah got out her book. She knew she had barely started on her lesson and didn't want her teacher to see it.

At a glance, Sarah took in the situation. She looked at the clock. "You had better go back to your seat and work on these sentences for a while. Perhaps I can help you with some of them if you have any trouble. "

Hannah sat down and slowly began to work. She could hear the other children playing happily outside. Sarah felt sorry for her.

"Let's see how much you can do by fifteen minutes till one, then perhaps you can go out to play for a while yet, " Sarah encouraged. "I think I'll have to ask you to stay after school a while to help you get caught up if you can't get it done during school time. "

Hannah busily set to work. She didn't like to sit at her desk while the rest were outside playing. As Sarah sat at her teacher's desk watching Hannah, she thought back over the last month of school. It was definitely going better than it did at first, but, she wondered, "Are the children obeying because they have to or because they want to?" She felt sure that someday they would appreciate the well disciplined schools they had attended more than the schools where discipline was lax. Still, it was often difficult to make decisions when problems arose.

Hannah kept busy for a while. As she looked up, Sarah smiled at her.

"Okay, your time is up now, " Sarah told her. "Please bring me your work so I can see how far you've come. "

Hannah brought her paper to the teacher. Sarah looked it over and then smiled at Hannah.

"I'm very well pleased with what you've done this noon, " she told her, as Hannah smiled happily. "If you make good use of your time during school time also, I think you should be able to keep up. "

Hannah only nodded her head.

"Remember, Hannah, I'd like to help you form good working habits so that you won't be falling behind the others and will enjoy school more. I can't do this for you, but I can help you. You will have to try and help yourself and do what you can. "

"I will try, " Hannah promised.

"Good. You may go now, " Sarah told her and Hannah quietly went outside.

As time went on, the children became more adjusted to their teacher and tried to obey her. It was true, she still had difficulties with some not being done with their lessons at times, and there were times when the classroom wasn't as quiet as she would have liked it to be, but she was feeling the rewards of her efforts as a teacher.

Then one Wednesday morning in March Sarah woke up with a sore throat. She got up and started to dress, hoping she would still be able to go to school. As she tried to swallow, a sharp pain flew into her ear. She felt dizzy and chilled. Instead of getting dressed, she called Mrs. Plank, the lady with whom she stayed, and then went back to bed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to find a substitute for me today," she told Mrs. Plank. "My throat hurts quite a bit and I have a fever."

"Do you know who we might get to take your place?" Mrs. Plank asked her.

"I've been trying to think," returned Sarah hoarsely. "Elam Lapp has always seemed quite interested in teaching. Perhaps this would be a chance for him to try it."

"Well, I'll have John go over to see him right away," Mrs. Plank replied.

"I'd like to write a note and explain a few things before he goes," Sarah decided. She got up again and wrote the note, telling him about the schedule that was lying on her desk and about the folder which contained the list of rules and other information that would help him, plus some duplicated busy work for the little children.

Elam agreed to substitute for her until she was able to come back.

That morning when the children came to school, they were surprised to see someone else there instead of Sarah.

Jacob Smucker laughed when he saw who was there. "Ho, I don't think Elam knows how to teach," he said to the other boys.

Most of the boys agreed with him. Elam didn't seem like a teacher to them, just someone who had been living in their neighborhood as long as they could remember.

Elam was busy at Sarah's desk, going over the schedule and other material she had told him about. While he was busy reading and looking over what he had found, the children began playing and talking until it became quite noisy in the school room. When the bell rang, the boys noisily trooped in and sat down. They looked at each other and grinned.

After devotions Elam began with the classes. He had had little time to prepare for the day and felt as if he were groping around in the dark. The children soon saw his difficulty, but instead of helping him out, they started taking advantage of the situation. At first only a few of the boys were whispering. When Elam didn't notice, the others soon joined in. As the day wore on, the children became bolder, and by the end of the day, the classroom seemed like a different place from the day before. After the children had left for home, Elam spent more time going over the lessons for the next day and checked a few papers. He wondered how Sarah had been able to do all the work and have her desk so neat and clear the night before. He didn't think it had been too bad that day but he wished Sarah would be able to come back the next day. On his way home he stopped in at John Planks to see if she would be able to come back.

"I'm afraid she won't be able to go back to school this week any more," Mrs. Plank told Elam in answer to his question. "How did teaching go today?"

"Oh, it wasn't too bad, but it probably goes better when Sarah is there," he answered. "I think teaching should be easier for me tomorrow. I hope I'll know a little more about the lessons, at least."

The following day was no better. Soon Joni Esh was tickling Annie, who sat in front of him. Many of the children were whispering. Susie Beiler stuck the tip of her pencil into a little hole in her desk, broke off the lead, and then got up to sharpen it again. Jacob was making endless trips to the library, and the boys began to clear their throats loudly in order to get the attention of their friends.

Elam looked up from the sixth grade class he was reciting. He knew there was something going on, but he didn't know what it was. "Let's have it more quiet in here," he told the children. "Stay busy with your work."

For a few minutes it was more quiet, but soon they were back to their whispering and capering around. Christie looked up from the paper he was checking in time to see Joni tickling Annie's ear and started laughing.

"What are you laughing about?" Elam wanted to know.

"Oh, nothing," Christie replied as he kept looking at the paper in his hand.

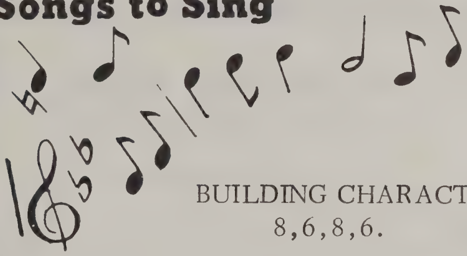
Elam gave him a long look and then went back to reading answers in arithmetic.

When Elam called the seventh grade to arithmetic class, they came clattering up to the class table. The boys pushed each other as they sat down and laid the books noisily on the table. Elam finally got them quiet enough to start checking only to discover about half of the class wasn't finished with their work.

"What's wrong? Why aren't you done with your lessons?" he asked them.

"You gave us too much work to do," they chorused, "and the problems were too hard."

Songs to Sing



BUILDING CHARACTER
8,6,8,6.

Suggested tunes:
"This Is the Day the Lord Hath Made"
"I Love to Steal Awhile Away"

Oh, did you know the little thoughts
That flutter through your mind,
Are always either good and pure
Or selfish and unkind.

And did you know that what you think
And what you say today,
Will make you what you are to be,
Because you grow that way.

Your life is built just like a house;
The things you think and do,
Are like the bricks the builders use,
And they are building you.

The bricks that crumble none would want,
To build into a wall,
Because when winds begin to blow
The house would surely fall.

And so to build your character
And build it strong and sure,
Use pleasant words; do kindly deeds,
And let your thoughts be pure.

Elam attempted to help them, but most of them were only half listening. He decided to give them less work so they could be finished by classtime tomorrow, but this gave them still more time to act up.

As the day drew to a close, conditions had gone from bad to worse. Even a few of the children were disgusted with the way things were going. Elam realized it wasn't as it should be, but he found it difficult to hold classes and keep an eye on the children, too. By this time he was wishing he had never attempted teaching and kept hoping that tomorrow would be his last day.

The following day was no better. Henry Stoltzfus constantly kept asking him questions about his lessons which Elam felt sure he could answer himself if he wanted to. He had to punish a few of the children, but since they had no respect for him, it did little good. Sarah would have been shocked if she could have been there to see all that went on. Some of her best pupils were now acting up like the rest.

By Saturday afternoon Sarah was feeling much better and was able to attend church the next day.

"Hello, Sarah," Mrs. Beiler greeted her after church. "Are you all right again?"

"I'm not quite up to par yet," Sarah answered, "but I think I'll be able to go back to school tomorrow."

"Are you looking forward to going back?" asked Mrs. Beiler.

"I'm glad to be going back, but I'm afraid it won't go too smoothly after being absent several days," replied Sarah. "I have very little prepared for tomorrow, but I'm sure the children will help me out if I need them."

"Well, I think the children will be glad to have you back," smiled Mrs. Beiler.

Sarah looked at her questioningly.

"Thursday evening Andy was already saying, 'I'm sure glad when Sarah gets back!'" Mrs. Beiler told her. "I asked him what's wrong and he said it's so noisy he can't do his lessons."

Sarah stared at Mrs. Beiler in open-mouthed amazement, as warm circles went about her heart. Andy Beiler, of all her pupils, was wishing her back!

⇨

"The children may pretend they don't like an orderly school," Mrs. Beiler went on, "but I think they like it better than they want to admit. I'm sure they'll appreciate you more than they ever did before."

"Well, what all was going on?" Sarah wanted to know, yet was almost afraid to ask.

"I don't want to just blame Elam. I think he tried, but he was unable to keep order. Of course, the children had no right to act like they did, but I guess they tried almost anything just to see if they could get away with it, but I'm convinced most of them didn't really enjoy it."

Sarah and Mrs. Beiler visited about other things, but it was hard for Sarah to keep her mind on what was being said. She hardly knew what to expect the next day. She almost wished she didn't know about the things that had taken place during her illness. Was Mrs. Beiler right? Would the children really be glad to have her back after the past experience or would they regret losing the free reign they had last week?

The following morning Sarah went to school early to prepare for the day as much as she could before the children came. All was quiet as she sat at her desk. After a while she heard some children come into the entrance. Suddenly the door to the classroom burst open as six of the older girls came in. "Welcome back to Hickory Lane!" they all chorused, as they came up to her desk.

"Thank you, girls," Sarah returned with amazement. "I'm very happy to be back, especially when I get a welcome like this!" A flood of happiness and warmth filled Sarah, as a great love for her pupils filled her heart.

Though no one else welcomed Sarah quite like the girls did, the smiles of the other pupils and their willingness to help showed her they too were glad to have her back. Everyone tried to please her and the day went well in spite of the fact that she had missed three days of school and had prepared little for this day.

After the children had left, Sarah again sat at her desk in deep thought. She had learned a valuable lesson. The children preferred a disciplined classroom. They didn't need to wait until they were thirty years old to realize that. But in spite of this, they had done all they could get away with when they had the chance. Why were children like that? And even Andy Beiler, whom she had disciplined a number of times, was glad to have her back. The grand welcome the girls gave her and the helpfulness and obedience of the children today left her with a feeling of joy and gratitude she had never felt before. As she sat there a new awareness of her responsibilities as a teacher filled her. She bowed her head in thanksgiving to her Maker and prayed for guidance, lest she betray the trust He had given her.

PLAYING FAIR

Name Withheld

What do the words "play fair" mean to us? Perhaps our first thoughts would be of a game. Children understand quite young that to play fair means for everyone to follow the rules of the game. Everyone knows that children soon lose respect for a child who has a habit of not playing fair, or in other words "cheating".

Now let's apply this thought to real life and consider some rules of the "game" for teachers and parents. For example, what rule should the teacher follow when there is whispering, giggling, or other commotion going on during school time? Is the teacher playing fair if she just ignores these things rather than being seen or heard disciplining a child? Hasn't many a teacher placed a child in another seat or even right up to the teacher's desk as a punishment for misbehaving? Although children do forget easily, one such punishment is humiliating enough that it tends to sharpen their memory considerably and makes most of them hesitate before repeating the offense. If a teacher doesn't try to keep order in the school she can not keep the respect of the parents, nor does she deserve their respect.

Let us look at the other side of the coin now and consider the keeping of order during church services. This, of course, is the parents' responsibility. Although if a child sits where he cannot be seen by either parent it should be all right for any church member to admonish the child without the parents becoming upset about it. It seems so many school age and older children tend to consider church a place to get together to talk, laugh, and have fun. It makes my heart ache to see children who behave in school act like a bunch of clowns in church.

Parents, if you are too proud or ashamed to get up and discipline your child during church services, stop and consider a moment. When are you respected most, when you do nothing or when you stop the naughtiness and disrespectfulness of your child? Are you playing fair when you expect the teacher to keep order in school, but you do not keep order in church? ■■

Correo Aereo

The *Budget* as a Social Studies Aid

—Joseph Stoll

Ready for another project this month? This may turn out to be the biggest one yet.

Most Amish families subscribe to the weekly newspaper, *The Budget*, of Sugarcreek, Ohio. I wonder how many teachers have thought of using *The Budget* in the classroom.

Too complicated? Too many newsletters from too many places? Quite possible. Yet with a system and a little sorting, there is no reason why a week of geography study from *The Budget* shouldn't be a worthwhile week.

Textbooks are nice, but you know, sometimes it's a good idea to get away from them and chart a course of your own. Sometimes the material in the geography books doesn't catch the interest of the pupils. Perhaps this is why so many children find the subject dull, and claim to hate geography.

Your anti-geography pupils may not like *The Budget* either, or the study of Amish settlements that the *Budget* letters will lead you to. Some children are hard to feed. Still, my guess is they'll be more interested in learning about the Amish world than they will about Tasmania and Tokyo and Timbuktu.

So why don't we give it a try? Let's have the pupils all bring along their copies of *The Budget* from home, all the same issue, and we'll be ready to begin. Or, if you want nice fresh copies and extras, why not write to the Budget office and ask for a stack. If you order ahead, I am sure they will gladly supply copies to schools at cost.

What Method?

Half the success of any project lies in careful planning. That's where half the fun is, too. So plan ahead and get everything ready. You may want to even mention the project to the pupils, and suggest they do a little *Budget* homework ahead of time.

(By the way, how many of your pupils are *Budget* readers already? Probably not too many, but who knows without asking?)

It shouldn't take too long to get your material lined up and your schedule plotted. Small outline maps for desk use would be fine. A large wall map is essential. On the large map the settlements (or post office addresses) can be marked with ball-headed pins. (Don't forget the pins. Colored ones show up best.)

But how shall we go about studying this unusual newspaper, The Budget? I can think of about three different approaches, and there must be more. You may want to choose one of these, combine a couple of them, or come up with a method of your own.

Method No. 1: Column by column. With this method, a class discussion can be conducted by running through the newsletters, column by column, page by page. This is the simplest method and requires the least preparation. The teacher will count on keeping the discussion going by having pupils tell of relatives living here or there, or of having visited other settlements themselves. It is quite likely that some of the children will have lived in other communities. If so, give them a chance to talk.

As the newsletters are scanned, one by one, the teacher will poke pins into the map to show where each place is located. It won't be necessary to read each letter — only to note the address and any interesting paragraphs that relate to your project. I am taking it for granted that the teacher will have a fair knowledge of Amish settlements and will thus be able to guide the class and add items of interest to the discussion.

What about the newsletters from non-Amish communities? If your school is an Old Order Amish school, I would suggest you stick to a study of Old Order settlements. This will certainly make the project less complicated, and will allow you to spend more time on the communities in which your pupils are most interested.

And the foreign letters? Perhaps you will want to make a list on the blackboard as you proceed, and then come back to them later.

By the time you reach the bottom of the last page, your pupils will have begun to form a picture in their minds where the Amish live. The wall map with its pins stuck into it will help them. So will a grouping of post office addresses, such as: Geauga County, Ohio — Middlefield, Burton, Parkman, West Farmington, Orwell; Nappanee, Indiana area — Nappanee, Milford, Bremen, Etna Green; Arthur, Illinois district — Arthur, Sullivan, Arcola. And so on.

Do your pupils know how to find a town on the map? This may be one of the bonuses of this project — learning how to locate a town or city. For instance, if an eighth grader wants to find the new settlement of Milton, Iowa on the map, hunting for it will be like looking for the long-lost needle in the haystack.

In my atlas, Milton, Iowa is listed in the index as being situated at J7 on the map. Show your pupils what this means — that the map is marked off in small squares and labeled with letters and numbers along the margins.

Method No. 2: State by State. By this method you will study a single state at a time. This plan has its advantages. For one, you can study your own state first and thus at the beginning of the project cover the settlements that are likely to be best known to your pupils. Also, by taking one state at a time, there is likely to be more order and less confusion.

With this method you will find ordinary road maps of each state to be excellent for use on the wall or bulletin board.

By going through the Budget and picking out only the letters from the state you are studying, you should be able to get a fair sampling of the settlements in that state. Of course, if you use only one issue it is quite possible that a local scribe failed to write that week and thus a whole community will be missed in your study. The remedy for this is simple — the teacher can point out any unidentified settlements before the class moves on to the next state.

Method No. 3: Sample Settlements. If you think a state is still too big a unit to handle at one time, break the cheese into even smaller pieces. Choose a community you are certain the pupils are interested in and then do a detailed study of it, using the Budget as an aid. (Or perhaps, by giving assignments, you can have the pupils studying up on more than one community at a time.)

For example, if you know that three of your eighth graders formerly lived in Buchanan County, Iowa and that sixteen other pupils in your classroom have cousins and uncles and aunts there, why, start in with Buchanan County. Look through the Budget for all the letters from there, using more than one issue if possible. Have the pupils collect information, getting it from Raber's Almanac and Ministers' List, and other sources. Discuss how you would travel to Buchanan County by bus or train from where you live.

So there you are. Lots of methods. And if you're looking for more individual assignments, there are all kinds of possibilities. Have one pupil, or several, make a list of all the Amish settlements, with the number of church districts in each. Then let them figure how many districts there are in each state, and the grand total, too.

It is common knowlege that Holmes County, Ohio (and neighboring counties) is the largest Amish settlement, with Lancaster in second place and northern Indiana third. But let the pupils find this out the hard way.

Now where did we leave the Budget? It's more than likely that by the end of your project there won't be any copies around. That's fine. The Budget was just intended for a springboard anyway. If you progress beyond it, it's a healthy sign the project was a success.

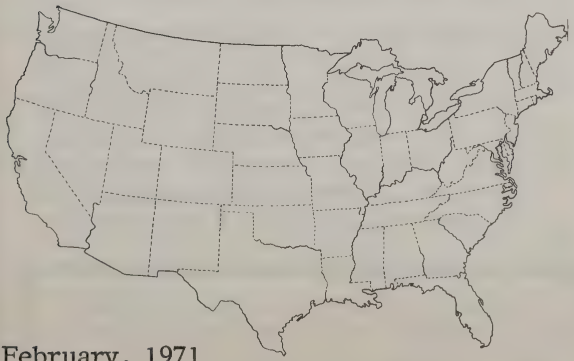
- Guaimaca, Honduras

Note----

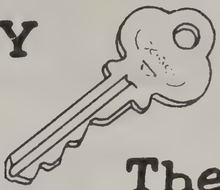
Teachers who are interested in doing the above mentioned project may write the Bulletin for FREE maps of the United States. Two sizes are available: 16" x 22" suitable for a bulletin board project; and 7" x 10" suitable for a notebook project. These maps are printed on pure white, heavy paper. Each map shows the states clearly outlined as illustrated below. (Sorry, no Hawaii or Alaska.)

Address your envelope to: MAPS, c/o The Blackboard Bulletin, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

P.S. Make sure to say how many you want.



THE KEY and The Lock



Fumbling deep into my coat pocket I produced the little brass object needed to open our schoolhouse door. "How important to have the right key," I mused. "Without it, entering the locked schoolhouse would be impossible."

It had never occurred to me what role of importance locks play until one morning when everything seemed to be going wrong. Pupils were standing around waiting to enter; I was late; it was cold; and the lock and the key just wouldn't agree.

At first the key seemed stubborn to enter its usual place in the keyhole. Roughly I jabbed it in only to find that the lock wouldn't move. Insistantly I turned the key again and again until the poor instrument became quite twisted out of shape. At long last the lock yielded.

That evening a neighbor learned about our difficulty between lock and key. Without our knowledge he was at school the next morning to investigate the source of trouble. So quietly did he work that we were unaware of his presence until recess.

"Perhaps there is ice in the lock. I'll take both lock and key over to the shop and see what can be done," he said.

Well, the lock was oiled and the key came back as good as new. And since then they have worked together very well.

This incident made me think of other locks and keys in our lives. We need the right keys to open the locks and if there is "ice" in the locks there is bound to be trouble. If we do not understand the source of the trouble, we appreciate when someone comes and helps us.

Incidently, the kind neighbor who helped us fix our lock and key was a minister.

—Ontario, Canada

Pathway's SPRING 1971 School Sale

NOTE:

Below are listed 7 of the 29 books listed in the 1971 School Sale catalog.

The SPECIALS are good only during the Sale which runs the weeks between Feb. 25th and April 1st.

Do not order any of these books from Pathway. Order them from a parochial school which is taking part in the School Sale.

Remember that your school keeps 10% of each book price.

Special Offer

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PRICE ~~$3.00~~ **$2.50**

2. LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED by D. J. Stutzman

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PRICE ~~$3.00~~ **$2.50**

3. DEVOTED CHRISTIAN'S PRAYERBOOK

The prayers in this book have been largely selected and translated from ERNSTHAFTE CHRISTENPFLICHT of 1739. Also included are the Dortrecht "Confession of Faith" of 1632 and "The Rules of a Gody Life."

PRICE ~~$1.50~~ **$1.10**

4. *Challenge of the Child*

PRICE ~~$3.50~~ **$2.75**

NEW!

1. Das Neue Kinder-Lieder **$.50**

This is a revised version of the former KINDERLIEDER, containing the same selections but also 50 more. There are a total of 102 songs selected from five songbooks commonly used among the Amish.

2. *Tips For Teachers* **$1.50**

This is a book specially for Amish school teachers. Eighty-six Amish teachers (or ex-teachers) had a hand in compiling it. It contains a variety of tips on games, discipline, bulletin boards, free periods, compositions, primary grades, and general classroom methods. (Paperbound. 7" x 10")

3. ONE BOY'S BATTLE *$3.00*

This is the moving story of Millard Gingerich who enlisted in the army. Faced with a battle all around him, Millard also faced a battle within him— could he kill another human being? Could God bless such an act? (Hardbound. 180 pages. A true story.)

TEACHERS- THE SCHOOL BOOK SALE FOR 1971 IS SCHEDULED FOR FEBRUARY 25th – APRIL 1st. WATCH YOUR MAILBOX IN THE WEEK PRIOR FOR CATALOGS.

to READ ALOUD

James couldn't laugh. Paul was unhappy and James knew why. It was his fault— his and Dennis's.

THE SECRET CODE

-by Elizabeth Miller

JAMES MILLER WAS SUPPOSED to be busy, but he wasn't. At least, he wasn't busy doing what he was supposed to be doing. For some reason he found it very hard to concentrate on his arithmetic this morning. The problems had to do with a business man's profits and losses, and they weren't really hard, but there seemed to be so many of them.

"Fifth grade sure is harder than fourth grade was," thought James. Then another thought struck him. Fifth grade, hmmm. He was in the upper grades now. That was hard to believe. He wasn't considered one of the big boys yet, but then, he wasn't one of the little boys, either.

"Well, at least I'm not the only boy in the fifth grade," thought James, glancing across the aisle at Paul and Dennis. The three of them were great friends. Ever since they went to school they had been in one grade and . . .

"James, are you through with your work?" Teacher Amos's voice made James sit up and get busy in a hurry. After that he tried to keep at it, for he knew he had to hurry in order to finish in time for arithmetic class. Just as he was finishing the last problem, the teacher announced it was time for recess.

The minute they were dismissed Paul came over to James's desk. "Did you read this?" he asked, pointing to the fine print on the bottom of the page James had been working.

"No, what does it say?" asked James.

"Read it and see," said Paul. "It tells how store keepers keep track of the items they have to sell."

"I read it," said Dennis, who had come up to join them.

Silently James read the fine print. "Merchants usually mark their items with both the selling price and the cost. The cost, however, is written in a code that is understood by the merchant but not the purchaser. This enables storekeepers to see at a glance what they paid for each item and how much discount they may allow their customers."

"What's a code?" asked James.

"That's a system of writing where they use letters for numbers," said Paul. "The reason I know is that once we bought an ax at the hardware store and it was marked $5.25, and then it had some letters on the handle yet, too. I asked Dad what they meant, and he explained it to me."

"Oh, you mean there was a letter for each number and since the man in the store knew what the letters stood for, he could look at them and know how much the ax had cost him and the customer wouldn't."

"Yes," exclaimed Paul, happy that someone understood his explanation. "Do you know what? I think it would be fun to fix up a code that only the three of us could read. We could send secret messages to each other; no one would know what they said but us."

"But how would we know?" James wanted to know.

"Well, see, we would have a chart to tell us what each letter or figure we use stood for," explained Paul. "Or we might write a jumble of letters and have only every fifth or sixth letter mean anything. Then we would ignore the other letters and read only every fifth one. But we three would be the only ones who know about the secret and no one could read our messages, even if they did get ahold of the notes."

"That sounds like fun," said James. "But let's go downstairs. I think it's about my turn to play Ping-Pong."

After recess the fifth graders had arithmetic class and after that they were supposed to be working on their new assignment. While they were getting ready to dismiss for lunch Paul leaned across the aisle and whispered to James, "I haven't had time to set up a secret code for us, but I'm done with my work now and I think I can have one ready by recess." Then he turned around and told Dennis the same thing.

The minute they were done eating and had put their dinner buckets back on the shelf, Dennis gave out a low whistle to get James's attention. "Let's go outside a while," he whispered when the two boys were side by side. "I've got an idea."

James looked around for Paul. Dennis saw his glance and whispered, "Don't tell Paul. It's got something to do with his secret code."

Now James was curious. He didn't waste any time wiggling into his coat and pulling on his boots. Then he ran to catch up with Dennis, who was already on his way up the steps. "Tell me, quick," he said the minute they were outside the door.

"Let's have a secret code of our own — just the two of us," said Dennis. "It would be kinda fun to get a joke on Paul. By recess he's going to have a code ready for us. Won't he be surprised to know we already have one!"

If Dennis had suggested they skip school and go fishing for the rest of the afternoon, James wouldn't have been more surprised. "Oh, that sounds great," he said. Then he looked puzzled. "But how are we ... I mean we don't have much time to make up a code or whatever you call it. Besides, I'm not sure I understand how to do it. Not all of it, at least."

"Oh, it's not hard, but it does take some time," agreed Dennis. "I'm sure you'd catch on." For a moment he was silent, trying to think of a plan. "I know," he said, snapping his fingers. "We can just pretend we have a code. Our messages don't have to really say anything. We can just write numbers and letters and marks and give them to Paul to figure out. Won't that be the best thing!" He threw back his head and laughed.

"It sure will," agreed James. "This way we won't have to worry about Paul figuring out our code and joining us. This is going to be fun!"

The boys didn't waste any time getting started. As soon as Teacher Amos was through reading the story and was busy with lower-grade classes, Dennis slipped a little piece of paper over to James. James waited until he was sure Paul was watching, and the teacher wasn't, then he opened it, studied it carefully, and added a few more lines to the bottom. Sometime later he passed it back to Dennis who read it and then looked at James and nodded his head knowingly.

"I see you already have a code," said Paul at recess. "Where is it?"

"Where is what?" asked Dennis, looking Paul in the face.

"The chart that tells what your code is," answered Paul, trying not to look hurt.

Dennis and James exchanged knowing glances. James waited for Dennis to answer.

"Why should we tell?" asked Dennis. "Codes are secret, you know."

"I know it's a secret, but — but," Paul stopped. "It — it was my idea, so I think I should know about it, too."

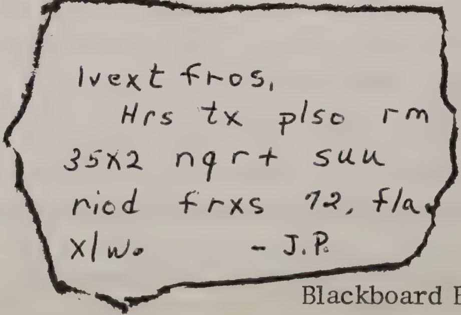
"Well, maybe you'd like to figure it out for yourself," said Dennis.

Paul's face brightened. "May I have . . ."

"Sh-h-h!" interrupted James, glancing toward the teacher's desk. "Not so loud. It's a secret, you know."

Paul lowered his voice. "No one heard. May I have the notes you already wrote? I — I think I'll have them figured out by the time school dismisses this afternoon."

"Sure, you can have them," said Dennis, handing the notes to Paul, who eagerly put



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them into his pocket. When he turned away, Dennis winked at James.

For nearly a week the game continued. Dennis and James passed secret "messages" to each other and occasionally handed one to Paul. But try as he would, Paul couldn't make any sense out of them. There were times when he thought he had a few words, but then nothing else fitted to match them. On several occasions he begged the other two boys to let him in on the secret, but Dennis and James were enjoying themselves too much to spoil their game.

"How much longer are we going to keep on?" asked James one noon period when the two of them were on the same base while they played "Captain's Base." "Paul's going to be upset when he finds out it was all a joke if we keep it on much longer."

"Ah, let's not be in a hurry," answered Dennis. "I think this is fun. Won't Paul feel silly when he finds out these jumbles of words he's been reading forwards and backwards and every which way, trying to figure out what they mean, didn't mean a thing." He laughed. "I know I'd feel plenty silly if it were me."

"Me, too," said James lamely. But he didn't laugh. He knew that they were taking the joke too far and he wished Dennis would agree to tell Paul all about it. The last while Paul was no longer the same jolly Paul. He looked unhappy, and James knew why. It was his fault — his and Dennis's. What had started out being a little joke was growing into something that was cruel. "If Dennis doesn't agree to tell Paul pretty soon I'm going to tell him myself," thought James. "I'll wait till tomorrow and if by then . . . "

Just then the bell rang and interrupted James's thoughts. As much as James wanted to let Paul in on the secret code deal, he didn't expect him to find out as soon as he did. That very afternoon things began to happen. James was busy studying his spelling when suddenly he was aware of Teacher Amos standing beside Paul's desk.

"Let me have that," the teacher was saying.

James felt sick inside as he caught a glimpse of what Paul had that Amos wanted. It was one of the secret code notes that he and Dennis had passed to each other — one of those silly notes that didn't mean a thing.

"Do you have any more?" asked the teacher.

Paul was slow in answering. James felt hot and then cold all over. Amos repeated the question in a tone that meant business and a minute later he walked to the front of the room with a whole handful of notes. "I'd like to see you at recess," he said, looking sternly at Paul. "I think you know well enough that passing notes is against the rules."

Recess time came all too soon for James that day. Before the teacher dismissed his pupils he paused a minute and looked across the room. "I have already told Paul to stay in at recess. But I know there are more pupils than one involved in writing notes. Will all those of you who know anything about these notes I collected please stay in their seats. The rest are dismissed."

It seemed to James that the clock never ticked as loudly as it did a few minutes later when he and Dennis and Paul sat in the quiet classroom, waiting for the teacher to begin. He straightened up his desk and then looked at the spelling sentences the second graders had handed in. Finally he picked up the notes he had taken from Paul. "All right, boys," he said. "I have the notes, now I'm going to need the key, too."

The boys looked at each other and then at the teacher. It was plain that they were as puzzled as they could be.

"Where is your chart that tells what these numbers and letters stand for?" asked Amos. "It's easy to see that they're written in code, but what I'm asking for is the key to the code."

"There is none," said Dennis lamely.

Now it was the teacher's turn to look puzzled. Then his face turned stern. "Now listen, boys. I'm expecting you to at least be honest about this," he said. "You know it is against the rules to pass notes, and especially notes like this. There is a meaning to these notes, and I'm going to find out what they do mean."

James sat numbly in his seat. He had never once thought of the "no passing notes" rule when they had started with the secret code joke. He wished Dennis would explain to the teacher what it was all about. It was Dennis's idea and it was in Dennis's place to explain it to the teacher. If James told, he would be telling on Dennis. The longer James thought about it the more determined he was not to tattle on Dennis.

By the time the recess period was over, the teacher was more baffled than ever. "I'm giving you time until recess tomorrow to think this over," he said finally. "And if you don't come across with the key to this code until tomorrow night, I'm going to have to come talk with your fathers. We can't have anything like this going on in school. And until this thing is straightened up, you boys will just forget about having recess."

That evening James did his chores as usual, but there was something very unusual about the way he did them. Instead of talking to the animals like he usually did he was quiet — very quiet. If he had been dragging a fifty pound weight, he wouldn't have felt any worse. He was in trouble and he needed help in getting out of trouble. Several times he thought he would tell Dad, but each time Dad got close enough so that he could talk with him, his heart started beating madly against his ribs and the words stuck in his throat. Each time he tried to say something, it was as impossible as the time before. Finally it was time to go in.

"Did you check if the shed gate is hooked?" asked Dad, reaching for the lantern that hung from the ceiling.

"Yes," answered James, starting to follow Dad. I have to tell him, he thought. I have to tell him before we go in or I won't get another chance. He coughed and then managed a feeble "Dad?"

Dad stopped in his tracks and turned around. "Yes?" he asked.

"We, ah, I ... sorta got into trouble at school," he stammered. "That is Dennis and I ..." Once he was started, the words came easier and it wasn't long until he had told Dad the whole story. "I — I didn't mean to get into trouble," he finished. "I completely forgot about the rule about not passing notes, and since the notes didn't really say anything I didn't think they were notes."

By this time Dad was sitting on one of the milk stools. He looked thoughtfully at James. "I'm sorry you got into trouble, James," he said, "but I am glad you told me about it. That is a step in the right direction — admitting that you did wrong."

"But Teacher Amos didn't believe us when we told him the notes didn't mean anything," said James. He looked hopefully at Dad. "Couldn't you — you go over and explain to him how it went and everything?"

Dad was silent for a minute. Then he said, "No, James, I'm sorry, but this is one time when I think you're going to have to do your own talking. I know it looks hard to you, but tell Amos exactly what you told me and answer his questions honestly. It might not be as hard to get him to understand as you think it is." Dad paused for a minute before he went on. "But you will want to remember that you did break several rules and you're going to have to accept any punishment the teacher decides on."

"Yes," said James meekly.

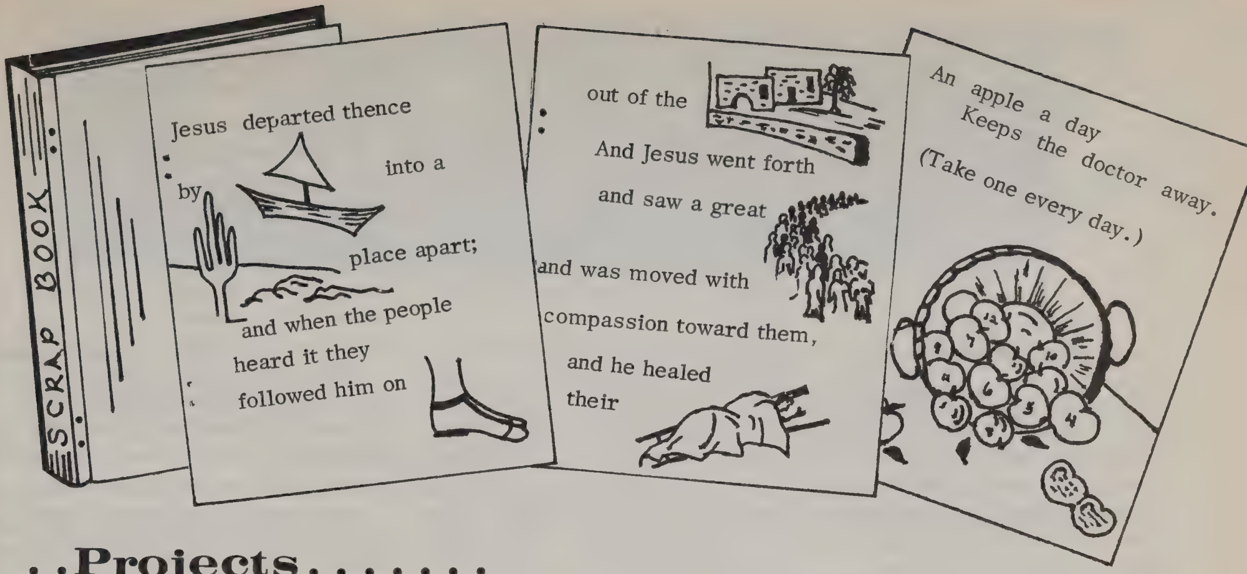
"And you broke more than just the school's rules," Dad went on. "You broke the Golden Rule, for I'm sure you wouldn't have appreciated being treated like you treated Paul, would you?"

James shook his head.

"You know Who gave us that rule, James. Realizing that you broke a rule is the first step, admitting that you broke a rule is the second step, but the third step is just as important. That is asking forgiveness, both of the people we hurt and those whose rule we broke."

A few minutes later James was following his dad toward the house. He knew telling Amos wouldn't be any easier than telling Dad had been, but somehow it seemed easier now. After that he would tell Paul he was sorry for what he had done. That's what he would do tomorrow, but tonight he would ask Jesus to forgive him for breaking His rule, and ask Him for help in making things right.

James looked up at the stars and smiled to himself. He had a feeling that his prayer was answered already, and that everything would turn out all right.



. .Projects . . . .

Is it getting to be that time of year when you and your class need cheering up a bit? It might help to remember you are not the only people in danger of mid-winter boredom. This season is a trying time for invalids and elderly people, too—a time when an unexpected gesture of friendliness is especially appreciated. Many people have been cheered by a scrapbook put together by friends or school children. Your pupils may not be able to make each page a prefect arrangement of art work, but if they know the person who is to receive the scrapbook, their whole hearted efforts are bound to bring cheer to the heart of its receiver.

This month we have collected a few ideas which could be used in making such a scrapbook. Sometimes the simpliest things bring the greatest joy. In one school the little children drew pictures of "My Happy Time." They added such winsome messages as, "My happy time is skating. Did you like to skate when you were my age?"

For a page that will occupy the reader for some time, try this. Under the heading, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," place a large basket. Fill it with small apple-shaped folders. Outside mark which day the apple is to be opened, and on the inside have appropriate verses or other messages of cheer.

Try illustrating Bible stories, psalms, or hymns. Go through the story, circling all words which could be replaced by a picture. A story with quite a variety of pictures could be spread out over several pages and different pupils could take part in the story. Insist that the pictures be hand-drawn and original.

Consider the receiver's interests and former occupations and plan a few pages with fitting pictures and poems or other articles.

Include compositions and poems written by the children. Themes like "A Visit to Grandpa's" or "When I Grow Old" would be interesting to elderly people.

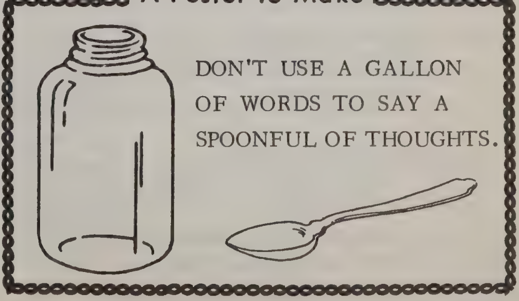
If your scrapbook is to go to an elderly person be sure and include the names of the children's parents and grandparents. This could be with a calico portrait of the class. Dress small paper figures in scraps the mothers had left over when they sewed the children's school clothing. Arrange them in family groups and print the parent's names underneath. Whenever you feel it is necessary, add the grandparent's names, too.

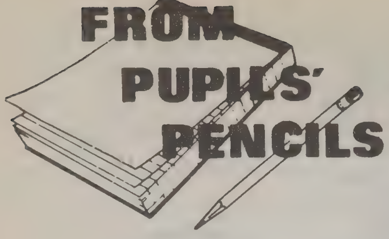
Make a map of the school community, showing all the children's homes and listing as many of the former owners the children can supply.

Plan an autograph page. Have the pupils ask parents, neighbors, and anyone who might be interested to write a greeting to the shut-in and sign his name. Arrange and decorate any way you choose. Perhaps a mailbox with tiny envelopes or raindrops that indicate showers of cheer.

Another way would be to paste a large vase on a page, leaving the top loose. Have the pupils make paper flowers with long stems. On the stems have the people write an appropriate verse or other message of cheer. On the other side, add the name (and age and grade for the pupils.) This makes an interesting bouquet of cheer for a shut-in.

A Poster to Make





FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

MY PET SNAIL

-by Naomi Blank

I first became acquainted with my unusual pet one rainy morning on my way to school. There it was on the road, a small lifeless looking creature in a light brown shell. It was a fascinating curlicue and very pretty in a strange way.

I placed my new-found snail in my desk and as the day proceeded we became better acquainted. It emerged from its shell and explored the interior of my desk, gliding with tiny wavelike motions — straight up and over an edge, upside down, this way and that— no obstacle was too great. It finally rested in the dark recesses of my desk.

School was over for the day and I started for home, not forgetting my little friend. When I reached home I put the little snail in a glass bowl into which I first put some fresh earth. By adding blades of grass and water, I attempted to make the surroundings as natural as possible.

There it dwelt, coming out whenever I chose to admire it and watch it glide on my hand. Sometimes I placed it on a pencil and watched it slither around on it.

I had many interesting times with my snail. It seemed to enjoy the excursions, too. But after a time it would decide that it had enough and withdraw into the shell. Then I would return the tiny creature to the glass bowl and wonder, was I looking in or was it looking out? - grade 8, age 13

Narvon, Pennsylvania

OUR UNUSUAL PET

-by Nancy L. Esh

In our lawn we have a martin house. Every summer we get a couple pairs of purple martins. They pay their rent by catching flies and mosquitos, also by their cheery chirping voices.

Then one day we saw a martin down in our lawn and of course we went down to see what was wrong. We saw that it had a broken wing and couldn't fly. So we brought it in and put it in a box. Soon it became a real pet and we called him "Marty."

Now we knew that Marty had to have something to eat so we caught some flies. At first he just didn't eat. Then after a day or so Marty started to eat. He also started to jump out of his box and became very lively. He just stayed around the kitchen and was not satisfied in his box anymore.

Every day we caught flies for Marty in every minute we had to spare. One day we decided to count how many flies he eats and there were around 500. When we tapped on the floor he came running and he knew it was feeding time. Sometimes we would scatter them all around and he'd come and peck at one, cock his head, and run over to the next one.

Then one day we were very surprised. He jumped up on the sink! He usually liked to sit on a shelf in front of the sink and watch me wash dishes. Sometimes he'd peck my toes when I was washing dishes.

One morning Marty didn't seem quite as lively as usual and by noon he was suffering a lot. Then soon he died. We think we caught and fed him flies that had eaten fly bait. And that was the end of our dear pet Marty. He had never learned to fly after his accident.

— age 13, grade 8
Gordonville, Pennsylvania

MY PET

-by Henry Lehman

On Mother's Day in the year 1970 we had quite an excitement. The day before my three older brothers were down by the buggy shed making gates. In the middle of the afternoon they came in and told us there was a beautiful blue parakeet out on the road.

We tried and tried to catch it, but it just flew from one tree to the other. We set a cage out and also opened all the windows and doors in the house, but it didn't fly in.

It was beginning to get dark when I saw the parakeet sitting in a tree. I ran to the barn to get some oats and went up the tree to catch it. It was within my reach when I slipped and caught myself on a limb. That scared it away, so I gave up.

The next morning when I went out I couldn't see the bird. Soon I heard my mother calling me. When I came to her I saw the parakeet sitting on the garden fence. I went over to the fence to catch it. I reached in my pocket and got some oats I still had from the night before.

I went slowly toward the bird with my hand out. The parakeet came and flew on my left shoulder. It came down my arm to my hand and got an oat seed and flew over on the fence. When it had eaten the seed it came back to my hand. Every time I reached out to catch the bird, quick as a wink it flew away.

Next I lay on the ground and it came hopping and ate from my hand until I tried to catch it. Then it flew to the grape vines. So once more I went after it with my hand out, talking to the bird. It was chirping and didn't seem afraid at all.

I laid my hand on the vines so it would eat from my hand. When it came over I pinched its foot against the vine. With my other hand I grabbed it and started talking to it so it wouldn't be so afraid. I took it into the house and we put it in a cage.

If we let it out now, it comes and sits on our hands and seems very contented. My five-year-old brother likes to lie on the floor and sing. Then our bird comes and rubs its head against his nose.

It is a big pastime. She knows her name is Molly.

— age 12, grade 6
Middlebury, Indiana

Note----

Watch next month for more "Unusual Pet" stories.

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

Dear Boys & Girls,

I was thinking just now how nice it would be if all the children who sent in stories about their unusual pets could get together and have a pet show. There sure would be a variety of animals. This is what we would have: 5 squirrels, 4 goats, 2 lambs, 2 pigeons, 2 parakeets, 2 racoons, 2 dogs, a cat, a banty rooster, a chipmonk, a donkey, a hamster, a barn swallow, a snail, a duck, a tufted titmouse, a pheasant, some white mice, a robin, a parrot, a martin, a myrah bird, a white-faced calf, a turtle, and a white rabbit.

My, that's quite a collection, isn't it. I know you're thinking that some of the above animals aren't unusual at all, such as the cat and the dog and the banty rooster. But they are unusual in a way because of some unusual thing they do. And the cat, which is a very common animal is the strangest one of them all, but I won't tell you why. I don't want to spoil the story and you may read about her in a month or so, whenever we have room to print the story about the unusual cat.

Another thing that makes pets unusual is the way the owners get them. There is nothing unusual about going to the store and buying a pet parakeet, but to catch one in the front yard, that is unusual.

I learned a lot by reading what the pupils wrote about their pets. One thing which amazes me is the fact that wild animals can be tamed. They can be taught that man isn't someone to be feared, but someone whom they can trust as a friend.

Most of the children who wrote about wild animals they tamed had a good readon for having them. Maybe a bird had a broken wing or the mother of a nestful of young was killed and the children took the little orphans home and cared for them. Of all the unusual pet stories we received there were a few I liked better than any others for a special reason. It was the ending I liked. The last sentence of one boy's story was like this. "After the squirrels were big enough to take care of themselves we took them back to the woods and turned them loose. We missed them for a while, but we knew they would be happier this way."

This boy didn't win a prize, but as I said, I liked that one part of his story. It showed the unselfishness of the children in that family. When they found them, they realized the poor babies would die if no one cared for them, so they took them home and fed them and enjoyed them for a period of time. But in the end they did a very unslefish thing—gave them their freedom. By doing this, they let them go back and live the way God had intended squirrels to live—wild.

Another boy wrote about his squirrel. He said, "One day he got out of his cage and got into Mother's flower pot and dug almost all the dirt out of it. We don't know what was in there that he wanted, but there must have been something." No, I don't think this squirrel was looking for something. He was only acting like a squirrel. Squirrels have the natural instinct to dig, and the flower pot was the best place this pet could find to dig so that's just what he did. He didn't mean to be naughty.

It is an interesting project for anyone to hace an unusual pet or wild animal to care for. And it is very kind of children to nurse a wounded bird or animal back to health. But the kindest thing of all is to let it return to the wild after it is able to take care of itself. For after all, any animal will be happiest in its natural surroundings, or in other words, at home.

Well, I hope to see you again next month. Until then, let's all try to use, but not abuse God's creatures of nature.

Best Wishes,
-*Cousin Carrie*

We are very happy with the response we got to the request for material for "Songs to Sing." With the songs we now have on hand we will be able to continue the feature for almost two more years. One grandmother in the community saw our request and gave us three composition books into which she had copied the songs they sang in school around fifty years ago. Of course, not all the songs were suitable but a good many of them were. Besides these, we have around ten or twelve songs other people have sent in. We appreciate every one of them and would be glad for more, since the more we have on hand, the more choice we have in selecting the ones we print.

Another thing we appreciated this month was the record number of answers we received for the "Opinions Please" article. We are printing more responses than we ever did before and because of this, we abbreviated most of them. This way, instead of printing ten long answers we can print twice as many shorter ones.

For the first time we received answers from pupils concerning the questions asked. As much as we would have liked to use the children's letters, we didn't because of the number of other responses we received. However, we would like to say that every one of the twenty-three children we heard from said they don't think children should be paid for helping their teacher, and they gave excellant reasons for it, too.

One fourteen-year-old boy wrote that he likes to help clean because they get to do it in time of school. "But," he writes, "if we don't get our lessons done on time we lose our job."

Two teachers apparently read "Should Pupils Be Paid?" to their children and had them write how they feel about it. They, too, agreed that they were opposed to being paid for cleaning.

We have yet to figure out why some of our question articles get a very good response while others, which we feel are also good questions get almost none. We had come to the conclusion that questions that can be answered with "yes" or "no" get the greater number of responses, but after a bit of research, we found that it didn't hold true either.

"You're Not Singing It Right," (See P. 173) presents a problem that is quite common in our Amish society. Since the greater number of people are unable to read music notes, the tunes are handed from person to person, and in the course of being handed on, they sometimes get "off the track" and are sung incorrectly for a period of years. Also, tunes vary in the different communities. What is the solution. We would be glad to hear how you feel about it. —E. M.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
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Blackboard Bulletin

March 1971

IS THE
PUPIL WHO
IS SLOW IN
LEARNING
AT SCHOOL
REALLY A
DULL
PERSON?

TALENTS AND INTELLIGENCE

By JOSEPH STOLL

ONCE I WAS A TEACHER and taught a classroom of boys and girls. As I remember it, there was a big, big difference in learning ability among those boys and girls, just as there is a big difference in any classroom of children.

It so happened that most of my boys and girls were just good ordinary, everyday, average students. They plugged along day after day, learning their lessons with only the usual explaining. Their grades were the standard B's and A-'s and a sprinkling of C's. These average students were the mainstay of the schoolroom, and it wasn't hard to use them right.

But not all of my pupils fell so neatly into the average classification. There were a few real smart ones, and of course, a few hard-learners.

The easy-learners were a teacher's delight. How it thrilled me to have a paper turned in that showed original thinking and an understanding of an assignment. Perhaps it was a well-written essay, or a page of new arithmetic problems all figured out perfectly to the last decimal point. Or maybe it was an examination paper that proved someone had been learning a great deal. And learning it very naturally, without trying very hard.

I confess it was easy to feel a little proud of the fast-learner who was doing so well. It was a temptation to hold such a child up as an example to the struggling majority whom God hadn't blessed with so many brains.

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Coming next month:

TO READ ALOUD — THE TELL-TALE PEAS

— by Martha Helmuth

Dropping pea seeds into the row took so long. It seemed to Eva she would never get done. Then she thought of another way of doing it.

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AN EDITORIAL

At the time when we were collecting material for the book, TIPS FOR TEACHERS, we received many ideas and suggestions. Much of it was included in the book, but a certain percent was not. I really don't remember all the material which was rejected, the various reasons why, or the senders; but one "tip" has stuck in my mind. It went something like this: "If you find days are duller than they used to be, have the pupils walk backwards when dismissed from their seats at noon and recesses."

Undoubtedly the suggestion was well intended, but we could not see how it was going to help a school which was having "dull days." In fact, we thought such an idea was missing the point of what it is to "break the routine."

Every teacher will have times when she faces "dull days," and she should devise a way to lift her pupils out of such boredom. But having them walk backwards when dismissed would merely cause a momentary giggle session and dump them back into their same rut. The act, because it is meaningless and unconstructive in itself, will be meaningless to the pupils and leave them even more frustrated than before. True, the routine would have been broken but only for a few fleeting moments. Something more valuable, educational, inspiring, more lasting could have been given the pupils to do. For instance, an area of basic routine in any school is the morning roll call. It would be a meaningless diversion for the pupils to say "present" in an odd manner. But each pupil could select the name of a book of the Bible. These could then be said in rotation. Thus the pupils would be learning something while breaking the general routine.

Perhaps as a side result of our rejecting that one "tip" for TIPS FOR TEACHERS was the birth of a page in the Bulletin called "Projects." We felt a page should be included each month in which constructive ideas were given for projects which would break the classroom routine and be rewarding to self and others and educational to all. Working together as a group would be valuable for both teacher and pupils. Years later each would look back at such project moments with fond memories of time well spent together. It wasn't a moment of a few giggles— perhaps no one laughed at all. But it was a happy time of group action — some doing art work, some looking up things in books, some helping color, glue, cut, and others adding their ideas and willing hands.

Not all schools will need a break in routine at the same time; that is why there is a "Projects" page each month. (We never imagined that any school would do all the projects — that would be breaking the routine so much that suddenly projects would be routine.) But "dull days" do come sometime during the school term; and if they are not attended to, they may linger quite long, and a "don't care" attitude may develop.

Basically classroom routine is good. Children should be trained at school to accept routine as part of life. They should also be taught the value of perseverance in school work. But solid uninterrupted routine isn't healthy for anyone— either mentally or emotionally. Sometimes a farmer needs to get away from routine chores for an afternoon at a sale. Sometimes his wife needs an afternoon at a quilting rather than the routine of her household tasks. And sometimes their children need a break from routine schoolwork.

A teacher who is faced with "dull days" should seek constructive ways to combat them, not silly or peculiar ones. Perhaps she could visit some neighboring schools or teachers for fresh classroom ideas. Once she has a definite plan in mind to lift the "dull days" from her school, she could hint to the pupils that "something is in the air." This hint alone will create an interest since the pupils' curiosity will have been awakened. They will naturally want to know what their teacher is planning. She could then tell them that on such-and-such a day she will tell them all about it. This will give them something to look forward to. And providing the idea lives up to the pupils' expectations, it should pull the school out of its "dull days."

A school with only routine work is an unhealthy atmosphere for growing minds, but just as dangerous is a school with constant change. Both extremes should be avoided. No one respects a farmer who is always at sales, a mother who is often absent from her household duties, nor a teacher who is always "breaking the routine." The breaking of routine should be a classroom spice, not a major ingredient in the pupils' educational diet. It is similar to salt— necessary and adds much, but no one can live on it alone.

-D. L.

P. S. For a few tips on breaking classroom routine, see page 214.

LETTERS

With "Playing Fair" in the February issue I am fully agreed. I think children should be taught to go to church and help sing and listen to what is being preached and behave themselves. Romans 8:14 says, "For as many are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." How can anyone go to church and laugh and talk and play, attracting the attention of others and be led by the spirit of God? Or how can a father sit and sleep and have children in church playing, sometimes right beside him, be led by the spirit of God? I think a child old enough to know better should be taught that it is a shame to have to be admonished in church, rather than the parents feel ashamed to admonish their child in church. Parents should be ashamed not to correct their child when they need it. —A concerned father

Please tell the parents of the children who attend parochial school to read the article "Playing Fair" in the February issue of the Bulletin again.

I used to think it was only normal for children to whisper and laugh in church, but since I have taught school I feel differently. Wouldn't it help pave the way to discipline in school if the children knew they have to behave during church services? And the children would be happier.

If we are displeased with a teacher who does not insist on having a well-behaved school, how much more will the Lord be displeased with us for not insisting on a quiet church service? —M., Ontario

I was glad for the discussion on paying pupils for being workers for a week and am glad to see how the majority of the readers feel about it.

I was caught in the act, even if it was only a pencil for a week. Because I started this many years ago, I felt it would be unfair to change without a good reason. After reading the answers to the article, I decided this is my opportunity, so we had a discussion about it. My little ones were very understanding. (I have only the first four grades.) We have now agreed we'll all take turns and help with the cleaning so we can enjoy a clean school. That is reward enough.

—I have much to learn, Ohio

I want to send a note of appreciation for the editorial in the February issue of the Bulletin. For some time I have wished for an explanation of this kind.

We have been reminded by those opposed to parochial schools that Christian training must be done in the home. No parochial school can do that and it is not the teacher's or the school's responsibility to do it either. I am fully agreed with this; training must start in the home while the child is still in his babyhood, but as the editorial says, this teaching is sometimes altered in much less time than it took to teach if our children are sent to public schools where they are under the influence of teachers of the world.

May we as Christian fathers, mothers, and teachers, with God's help, teach and train our children (first at home and then at school) to be God-fearing, obedient people as they grow up. —Indiana

As soon as I read "Many Brothers and Sisters" I knew I had to comment on it. Although a wide area of school problems have been discussed in the Bulletin, I never saw this one in print. I feel it is a much needed one. I think the attitude the teacher takes depends a lot on the pupil's behavior.

When I went to school we had the same extreme as Miss Troyer's school did. It got worse as we did not have very much order during school hours and at recess. I was among those who were considered a "couple." It was not until later that I realized what a bad influence I had been to the younger ones. I often regret what I did in my last year of school, so I would like to warn pupils. Sin brings sorrow. —Learned the hard way

* * *

"Many Brothers and Sisters" was a good article. The brother-sister attitude between boys and girls can remedy many awkward situations, both in and out of school. We find more of this attitude in smaller settlements among school children and older ones, too.

"The Teacher's Return" showed that most children prefer an orderly school even if they don't admit it. I have had a similar experience with the same results.

"The Budget as a Social Studies Aid" may sound far-fetched to some, but this type of studying is much more effective than text book work. Possibly the results will be more lasting, too. —H., Ontario

* * *

Concerning "Should Pupils Be Paid?" (January Bulletin), it seems to me for every person capable of teaching school satisfactorily there are ten capable of cleaning the schoolroom. To do justice to her school, pupils, and parents, a teacher has to devote as many of her wakeful hours to preparing lessons, bettering her education, and grading pupils' work as she can. If the parents expect her to spend a lot of time cleaning they are only cheating themselves.

Also, I would like to answer Y., Indiana concerning her questions about certain books. In my opinion, Dannie Orlis books are "Hardy Boys" with religion thrown in. They are cheap sensational thrillers, although the motive may be good. Thornton Burgess's books are a fair introduction to wildlife for junior readers. Grace Livingston Hill wrote a few good books, but after having read a few they become disgusting. The plot is usually unrealistic, the religion is shallow and the follow-the-easy-steps type. The Schoffield Bible (eternal security) is recommended in her books. Beware.

—Isaac R. Horst

THE BOOKSHELF

ALL KINDS OF COWS

This is one of Follett's "Beginning-to-Read" books. It is on the third grade reading level. The title is very accurate for the book tells of the different breeds of cows, both milk cows and beef. The color pictures add much to it.

Farm children will enjoy this book and will learn from it. Books of a similar size and quality sell for more.

(Hardbound. 28 pages.)

PRICE: $1.47 / SCHOOL PRICE: $1.15

GIFTS FROM THE FOREST

In this book are pictured all the steps involved in the lumber and mill industry. It will give the student a detailed yet clear picture of how giant trees are cut, transported, and processed. Plenty of text and illustrations make this a very interesting book. Upper-grade level.

(Hardbound. 96 pages. 8" x 10")

PRICE: $3.31 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.70

THE HOLY LAND

For Grade 8 students who are interested in learning more about the setting of many Bible accounts, this is a worthwhile book. Opposite each page of text is a full-page picture in color. Both text and picture describe a certain Biblical incident; for example, the baptism of Jesus by John the Baptist. Students will be amazed to see what the river looks like, compared to how they imagined it to look. And this is true of other places mentioned in the book. The author even says: "...the world of the Bible was a small and intimate place and its grandeur lies in its simplicity."

(Hardbound. 86 pages. 9" x 11")

PRICE: $4.50 / SCHOOL PRICE: $3.40

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

OPINIONS PLEASE!

How Much English?

JOHN YODER LEANED BACK in his swivel chair. The clock struck four times as he pushed a pile of papers to a side and reached for his eighth grade English book to prepare next day's assignment. A half hour later he was still studying when a buggy drove in the lane. He was both surprised and pleased to see Sam Lehman, the teacher from the neighboring school, step inside. After greetings had been exchanged and a few minutes of small talk, Sam explained his reason for coming. A Farmwald family had moved into their school district who had twins in the third grade. Sam found himself short one reading book and wondered if he could borrow one, to which John replied that he could gladly have one.

"By the way, Sam," said John, "could you give me some advice in this English? Here we're studying about different tenses of verbs. Now present, past, and past participle aren't hard at all. But here we have present perfect, past perfect and future perfect. And then there are also active and passive voices, subject and object forms of pronouns, dependent and independent clauses, adjective and adverbial phrases, and so on and on. Now just how much benefit will a housewife, or farmer, or even masons and carpenters receive from things like this?" John paused a minute. Then he continued, "Now I realize I was never too enthused about English when I went to school and I suppose that's one reason it's so hard for me. But what do you do with work like this?"

"Lots of times I just skip those parts," replied Sam.

"Yes, but where do you draw the line?" asked John, looking puzzled. "Now there's a lot of English which is very important, such as using proper English, knowing how to write letters, plurals, possessives, contractions, and many more."

"But I just skip the parts I feel they will never use in real life," Sam hastened to explain.

"There is however one drawback; our future teachers. If we don't teach these things, the children will certainly not learn them. Perhaps there is a danger in skipping as it may be we'll gradually lose out in English."

"Well, that may be but no one has complained so far if I skip some of the difficult parts," replied Sam.

After Sam had left John sat thinking. He was still undecided what to do. The sun was just slipping beyond the horizon as he started on his homeward trek. Still he pondered over what Sam had said. Would it be alright to skip some parts or should he teach everything in the seventh and eighth grade English books?

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Mail your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Do it today; recently we have received some very good replies we couldn't use because they came after the deadline. The answers to this question must reach us before April 5.

Reader Response

"YOU'RE NOT SINGING IT RIGHT"

You're Not Singing It Right" took my interest since I practice much singing seven days a week--some right and some wrong. A man once said he could sing "right" until notes were invented. I feel if a person gets into singing "right" too deep, he may not get the true meaning of the words being sung. Even the slow tunes in our German singing are not always agreed upon.

I would suggest if a group sings as the children did in Amzie's school, then keep up the good work. Trying to make changes will only bring confusion and disagreement.

— Another singer, Pennsylvania

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A few lines about "You're Not Singing It Right." I think the teacher is very right. Children are sent to school to learn; why not learn to sing right. That's what the notes are for. --Mrs. Mark Horning, Penna.

◊ ◊ ◊

I feel it is well to follow the leader or a discord will result. Even if the song is not sung to the notes exactly, I feel the unity of voices means more. If we think how the early songs were sung and handed down from generation to generation, perhaps the main reason for putting notes to a song was to stabalize a tune, rather than for complete perfection. --Marvin Rhodes

◊ ◊ ◊

I think we should try and sing according to the notes. In church we plain people sing only the soprano so it is not as noticable if we sing a note wrong according to the book, but actually right according to what we had learned by ear. But then, if we want to sing in harmony, such as in four parts, if the soprano is out one or two notes it can make a very serious discord. --Aden Bearinger

◊ ◊ ◊

As for trying to change songs sung one way for many years, I feel the sincerity of the words could be lost by trying so hard to follow every note, especially in a community where notes were never used. However, in teaching a new song to the pupils, it is important that it is taught correctly, otherwise one child will sing it one way and another a little different. I would be happy if we had all learned to follow notes, but since we did not I believe we get more value out of a song when we sing with our hearts on the words rather than on the tune so much.

—I love to sing, Ohio

◊ ◊ ◊

While working for a family in another community I was very much impressed by the mother's desire to keep her home a place where all the children felt free to sing without being afraid of criticism from brothers and sisters. She had suffered such injustice when she was still at home till she was discouraged to even try to sing. Naturally, singing less and being told she couldn't sing didn't help her develope the talent she had.

It seems even a 2 or 3 year-old child will express his happiness by going along on a tune of his own. As children grow older they will try singing what they hear others sing. Hymns often give children ways of expressing feelings of gratitude, joy, sorrow, peace, or trust in God. Our Maker certainly should be praised for the many blessings He bestows upon us. Why make such an ado about singing all the notes just right that we might discourage a child from singing. —W. M., Ind.

Correo Aereo

How Grows Your Garden?

—Joseph Stoll

The soil was a heavy clay and the sod along the roadside fence had not been broken for many years. But the enthusiastic spading of the school children soon took care of that. The sod was turned over, piece by piece, the ground worked fine with garden rakes, and in a matter of a few noon hours our garden was ready for planting.

A school garden? Yes. In fact, we tried it several different years. It seems to me like a pretty good project for those warm days just before school closes for the summer — just when the children are aching to get out and do something.

In Ontario our school term continued till around the first of June, so that gave us more time for gardening activities than schools that close in late April or early May.

But spring comes earlier in the States than it does in Canada, so there might still be a chance to do a little actual gardening, perhaps as the last special project of the school year. And if there simply isn't time for stirring the soil, maybe there will be time for stirring up enthusiasm.

Seed Catalogs and Classes

Gardening isn't all done in the garden. As any "green thumb" can tell you, some of the most pleasant moments of gardening are experienced while the snow is still flying and the cold wind howling. February evenings are perfect for farmers and farmers' wives to sit beside the stove and leaf through seed catalogs.

Why not do something similar in school? I figure this was where we made our biggest mistake when we had our school gardening project — all we did was the actual gardening. We neglected the bookwork that should have gone with the project.

A gardening project should begin earlier, before the ground is dry enough for outside work. By the time soil conditions permit, you and your pupils will be all excited about getting out and planting some seeds.

You might start out by giving your class a pep talk on the importance of vegetables in their diet — not only in their summer diet, but by canning, drying, and storing, in their winter diet too. Then ask them to bring along various seed catalogs from home, and you're ready for classes and assignments.

Studying the common vegetables one by one might be a good method. Or, individual students could be assigned to do research on different vegetables.* Try to have some lively discussions in class — (they'll probably be that way if you let the pupils tell about their tastes, what vegetables they like and dislike, and how they eat them.)

Research will uncover some interesting facts. For instance, you will learn that the tomato, a native of Central America, was once raised only for ornamental purposes; the fruits were believed to be poisonous. Later, when tomatoes were found to be safe to eat, a superstition arose that they stimulated love, and so they were called "love apples." Today tomatoes are the world's leading canning crop.

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* The WORLD BOOK has an excellent chart in the article "Nutrition." It also has separate articles on 55 vegetables which tell what vitamins the vegetables contain.

You will be surprised to learn that watermelons grow absolutely wild in parts of Africa, and that in years of heavy rainfall large areas of land are almost smothered with melon vines. In Egypt watermelons are still the principal source of food and drink for several months each year.

If you can find a chart showing the composition of the various vegetables, you will find which ones are high in energy or protein or vitamins and minerals. That is, if you can persuade some eighth grader to dig into those columns of numbers, and make a study of them.

For food value, you will see that it is hard to beat the bean. Beans are high in protein (dry beans are even a good substitute for meat), and string beans are high in vitamins, too.

Letting some crops ripen increases their food value tremendously. For instance, peppers, the bell-shaped type that are sweet to the taste. If you like these peppers (and I do!), you should wait for them to turn red before plucking them. An ordinary green pepper has around 500 units of Vitamin A, but let the same pepper ripen to a nice red, and you'll have more than 5000 units of Vitamin A. Meanwhile, the thiamine and niacin content also are being doubled, and riboflavin quadrupled.

Planting Knowhow

It's true that a lot of skills are best learned by doing, but sometimes a little book work ahead of time is just what it takes to make the knowledge stick.

It might be a good idea to study the proper ways of planting each kind of vegetable — when and where and how — and also the care of the plants after they are growing. Most of your pupils will already know a great deal about these things, having helped their parents in previous years. But they will still find it interesting to study in the classroom.

Soils are not all the same, and this may lead to a discussion, too. What are the advantages of a sandy, well-drained soil for certain garden crops? What are the disadvantages? Perhaps you'll even have some friendly arguments of Sand vs. Clay. It wouldn't be the first time.

How about fertilizers? There are commercial fertilizers, and there are farm fertilizers. Is it best to use one, or the other, or a combination? Talk about when and how to apply fertilizers, and about the loss of nutrients through exposure to the sun and rain.

THERE IS no reason why a study of gardening can't be one of the most interesting projects you have had all year. If your timing is right, the children are likely to get so excited they'll beg for a school garden, and if this is not possible, they'll start a little patch of their own in a corner of Mom's garden.

Every child should have the privilege of planting a few things of his own and caring for them. How well I remember a stalk of corn I claimed for my own when I was about seven. Every morning as soon as I was awake, I ran out to the garden to see how much the stalk had grown through the night. (If you don't think corn grows fast, try it sometime!)

Just think. You have a tiny little seed that looks dead, yet isn't. Place it in the warm moist earth and give it a few weeks' time. Out of the ground the new life bursts forth, growing, developing, maturing, bearing seeds once more — each seed containing the same mysterious life-within. Surely this is marvelous, even for an adult who is dulled by many years of seeing miracles happen. For a child the experience is doubly, triply marvelous.

It is right for children to grow up in awe of God's wonderful world. Therefore, a garden is a good place for them.

- Guaimaca, Honduras

Beginning teacher: What do you do with a child who simply cannot catch on?

Older teacher: I like to think they can. If not today, then maybe tomorrow or the next day. The powers of the mind are fathomless. As soon as you decide a child cannot catch on, then he can't. Let a child believe you think he can and you will be surprised.

Note- - - -

Word has reached us from the Lancaster teachers that they are planning to have the annual teacher's meeting next summer. Final announcements will be made in a later issue of the Bulletin.

(Continued from the front cover)

If the easy-learners got the praise, I'm afraid the hard-learners got the scoldings. Now I know as well as you do that it's not right to show partiality, but it seems most teachers readily admit it's a bit difficult not to. When there is a tight schedule, and some child has a tight mind, the pressure that develops may upset a teacher, even though that teacher has the best of intentions. Then it's the hard-learner and the disobeyer who get pinched— the disobedient rightfully, but the hard-learner through no fault of his own.

A Bouquet For Brains?

What, really, is our attitude toward the brains and hard-learners in our classrooms? Are we giving them a fair deal?

I fear not. I fear most of us are making the common mistake of valuing a high I-Q overly much. And I fear we are making the second mistake of looking down upon the hard-learners with something that resembles superiority.

Haven't we all caught ourselves admiring the smart child? Telling each other of his accomplishments? Being awed by his intelligence?

Haven't we all caught ourselves feeling pity for the hard-learner? Telling each other, with a wagging of heads, about his denseness? Being disgusted by his dullness?

What kind of premium is this we're putting on intelligence?

Well, I don't think it's right, even though I've been guilty myself. Absolutely not right! This system of elevating the well-blessed child to a platform of honor, and of looking down on the slower child—this is a wrong system. And it's a system packed full of danger, for both the smart lad and the slow one.

Where's the danger for the easy-learner? Simply this, it's pretty handy for him to get an exalted opinion of himself. Though his parents and teachers take the precaution of not praising him too openly, he is aware of their sentiments nevertheless. He begins to think he's pretty special as well as pretty smart. He is then headed for a humbling sooner or later, and if the humbling makes him humble, fine and good. If it doesn't, he'll keep right on having a rough time all his life.

What happens to the hard-learner? Just the opposite. He reads the thoughts of his elders and begins to think of himself as a no-good thick-skulled fellow who isn't capable of much of anything. This kind of thinking poisons him to further progress, and he may go all through life with a crippled mind and an inferiority complex.

There are dangers for both hard-learners and easy-learners, and our responsibility toward them is bigger than we may suppose. Unless we have a sane understanding of what intelligence is, we may warp the thinking of both our easy-learners and our slow ones.

What Is Intelligence?

There are a couple of mistakes we are liable to make in thinking about intelligence. The first one is to consider intelligence only in terms of book learning— if a child does well in school, he is a smart child; if he doesn't, he is dull.

This is an error through and through. Education is too big to pen up inside four walls, and so is the developing of a child's intelligence. The boy who learns to help his dad on the farm is getting an education, too, and so is the girl learning from her mother to sew a dress or bake a cake or plant a garden.

And it seems to be the wonderful planning of God that the boy or girl who has to sweat most with books is often the one who is most at ease using his hands. Intelligence is not unevenly divided as one might suppose. It just looks that way when we unfairly limit the measure of it to the kind of knowledge that can be kept between the covers of a book.

There are many kinds of talents and many kinds of knowledge. God grants one man one kind of intelligence, and another man another. None of us is talented in everything. In fact, those who are the smartest in one respect may be the most unintelligent in another.

Some of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known were practically idiots in taking care of the ordinary things of life. They just didn't have the common sense and judgment to make everyday decisions. It is said that Albert Enstein was not capable of looking after his own bank account.

Similarly, I recall some friends discussing how they had gone to help a gifted Mennonite minister with some repair work on his house. When they got back, one of them said, "He may be able to preach, but he's certainly the most awkward human I ever saw with a hammer."

To sum it all up, there really isn't as much difference as one would think between an intelligent "dunce" and a "stupid" genius.

The Late Bloomer

Another mistake we frequently make is to ignore the fact that dull children often grow up to be very intelligent adults. The easy-learners may level off early, and be surpassed by the slow starters who, like autumn flowers, bloom late.

For example, Winston Churchill. As a lad he did very poorly in school. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was a brilliant scholar and simply could not understand why his son should be such a slow pupil. At 12, Winston entered Harrow Secondary School as the lowest boy in the lowest class. He held that position faithfully the whole four years he attended Harrow. At 18 he failed the entrance exams twice before he finally managed to be admitted to the Royal Military College.

Yet all the world knows what a genius Winston Churchill became — one of the greatest statesmen of all ages, as well as a distinguished author and painter. The hopeless schoolboy matured into one of the world's foremost thinkers.

Intelligence in Use

As parents and teachers, we should want our children to have the right attitude toward their talents and intelligence. How can we help them form such an attitude?

1. Well, I suppose the best way to get our children to have the right attitudes, is to have those attitudes ourselves.

2. It seems to me that intelligence is a gift of God, plain and simple. The man who is proud of his smartness certainly isn't honest, and it just may be he isn't as smart as he thinks he is. It is rather unusual to praise a man for having received a nice gift, rather than the giver.

3. Intelligence is varied, and the best-blessed receive only fragments. Another man's sense may be my stupidity, and vice versa. Therefore we need each other. And nobody has much cause for feeling superior.

4. The easy-learner in school should be kept humble by reminding him of points two and three above.

5. The hard-learner should be encouraged to do his best, and never be ridiculed under any circumstances.

6. Intelligence is a gift to be used. In Jesus' parable of the talents, He had the same word of praise for the man of two talents as He did for the man of five talents--both men used their talents. The only rebuke was for "the wicked and slothful servent" who buried his talent in the earth.

7. To whom much is given, much is required. (See Luke 12:48)

You know, that classroom of children I was telling you about at the beginning of this article— they have grown up to be men and women by this time. And strangely enough, as adults they have pretty well lost their identity as easy-learners or hard-learners or average.

I have decided that a childhood I-Q score is not such an important thing in life. Intelligence in whatever respect or degree is a gift of God, and it is in the use of that gift that the importance lies. The most fertile field is not necessarily the one that brings the best harvest. The field of the faithful laborer is the one that consistently bears fruit, and the one that God can bless.

RELATIONSHIP-

3.The Teacher and the Pupils

-by Elizabeth Miller

IT'S TIME FOR RECESS," announced Mary Bontrager,* wedging her English book into its proper place. She paused for a minute until the tops of the desks were cleared, then she dismissed the pupils. On one accord the boys went down the steps to the basement.

Mary glanced at a few papers. A smile flickered across her face as she noticed prettily colored flowers at the bottom of a neat paper her second-grade girl had handed in. "I wish everyone would try as hard as Freda does," she mused. This reminded her of something else and she glanced at the wood box at the back of the room. The lid was open and Mary could see it was still empty.

With a sigh Mary rose and started downstairs. For a minute she paused. Maybe she should just fill the wood box herself today instead of reminding Amos and Henry to do it. This was their week to carry wood and every day so far Mary had to remind them. Perhaps if she started carrying wood herself, that would be the best reminder she could give them. But she decided against it. Maybe someday she'd try it, but today she would remind the boys again.

"Did you forget to fill the wood box?" she asked as she came downstairs. Two boys looked at each other and reluctantly headed for the wood room. The teacher returned to the classroom. A moment later a series of thuds sounded as the boys carelessly dropped the wood into the box and went after another load.

"Let's surprise the boys and straighten the wood for them," suggested one of the little girls.

"Yes, let's," agreed the second one, already bending over the edge of the box. The two girls were so busy with their task that they did not hear the boys when they came in with another armful of wood.

"Get out of my way," said Amos roughly.

Two startled girls stepped back in a hurry, not saying a word.

"Amos," chided Mary, "you know that's not a nice way to talk. Wouldn't it have been just as easy to say 'Excuse me, Please?' "

The look Amos gave his teacher was one closely akin to a smirk. Without a word he turned and stalked out of the room.

The teacher sighed. Amos was a problem pupil. He often sulked and seemed unwilling to take part in school activities. The only time he acted pleasant was when he asked a special favor, like the time he asked for permission for the upper-grade boys to walk down to the pond on a nearby farm. His smile was so unusual that the teacher wished she could grant his wish, but it was only ten minutes until bell time so she had to say no. The cold resentful stare Amos had given her then quickly chilled the warm spot the smile had created in her heart.

If Amos had been Mary's only problem pupil, her outlook might have been a little brighter. But he wasn't. Ever since she started teaching at Willow Grove, the relationship between her and the pupils wasn't like she thought it should be. She suspicioned that most of the trouble stemmed back to Amos and the few boys who chummed with him. Recently she was aware that she was losing out in her battle to retain the relationship she felt was so essential in school.

"Why, even the younger girls aren't as

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*All names have been changed.

friendly as they used to be," Mary thought to herself. Oh, there were still some pupils who tried very hard, both in doing their work and in following the rules of the school. "If only they knew how much I appreciate them," thought Mary, reaching for the bell rope. "I wonder if maybe I don't show my appreciation enough."

The younger children who had been playing upstairs left their games and went to their seats. It was a little while before anyone came up from the basement. "I'm going to have to remind them to come in when the bells ring," thought Mary to herself. "Much as I dread it, I'm going to have to say something. It seems I'm reminding them of such things all the time.

But Mary didn't say anything about coming in late then. Before the children had settled down so that she could speak, she had something else to think about. Amos came stamping up the steps in his usual don't-care manner. Just as he got to the door he stopped. Eli, who was following him, walked into him. "Oh, EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!" he exclaimed loudly. Mary could tell that the scene had been planned and the group of giggling girls that followed the boys into the classroom proved it.

With nothing more than a look of disapproval, Mary resumed classes. What was the use of trying? All the lecturing, all the scolding, all the pleading she had done the last few weeks hadn't done a bit of good. Every punishment she had meted out had brought resentment from this group of pupils who refused to surrender under her authority. Nonchalantly she finished the rest of the afternoon classes, stopping now and then to frown at a mischievous child. Then with an indifferent attitude she dismissed her pupils. She was thoroughly provoked and she didn't even try to hide her feelings.

As the children were out in the hall getting ready to go home, they bumped into each other and excused themselves loudly. A few of the less bold ones seemed to be at a loss as to what to do. They glanced uncertainly at their teacher who sat at her desk, pretending to be unaware of what was taking place in the hall.

Finally the door slammed for the last time and Mary was alone. The time she had waited for all afternoon had finally come. Resting her head on her desk, she let the tears come. They were tears of frustration, tears of despair, and tears of self-pity. She had had other frustrating days at teaching, but nothing like this. Each day she gathered new courage, but after today, could she ever face her pupils again? Maybe the thing to do was to go to the school board tonight and resign. Mary knew what would happen then. There would be a parent meeting and at least some of the parents would try to help straighten things out. Maybe that was the answer. Could she face the parents and tell them their children refused to obey her and that they openly made fun of her? On and on her thoughts went. After a while her emotions calmed and Mary felt better. As she gathered her things together and stepped from the schoolhouse, the sun was sinking in the west, leaving behind pinkish rays that promised a sunny tomorrow.

"Tomorrow," thought Mary. "I wouldn't care if tomorrow never came for me at this school." But even before she was through thinking the thought, she changed her mind and rebuked herself. There was something about the children that drew them very near to her, even if they were rude and unruly. It was this group of children she had worked and played with for nearly three terms and she knew she couldn't walk out and forget them in a day. She held too many precious memories of pleasant happy moments for this. "Next summer I'll be so lonesome for them that I'll find it hard to believe they really ever did anything they shouldn't have," she told herself as she quickened her steps homeward.

Later that evening Mary sat in her room working on some arithmetic tests when she heard voices in the living room below. A moment later there were footsteps in the hallway and then a light tap on her door. "Come on in," she called cheerily.

"Good evening," greeted a man's voice. Mary recognized it as being one of her board member's voice.

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"Oh, it's you," said Mary, pleasure showing in her voice. "And Anna, too," she added when she saw Walter wasn't alone. His wife was with him.

After a few minute's conversation there was an awkward silence. "We thought we'd come over and see if there is anything we can do to help," said Walter. "We didn't know if things are really as bad as they sounded tonight when the children came home from school or not, but we decided it wouldn't hurt to find out.

TEN TIPS FOR BREAKING CLASSROOM ROUTINE

1. At the beginning of each semester, change the order in which you are teaching the subjects.
2. Two or three times during the year change the seating pattern.
3. If possible, once during the term change the arrangement of classroom furniture.
4. Take a hike either in the fall or spring, connecting it with a nature lesson.
5. Have an occasional free period, art peroid, or special story time.
6. A ping-pong tournament or a softball series in which scores are kept for a week and winners acknowledged.
7. A school Open House in which the parents furnish a warm meal and visit, perhaps seeing samples of their children's work, and hearing new songs they have learned.
8. An inter-school spelling bee in which two or more schools come together with all parents invited.
9. A Pet Day in which animals are brought to school and a report given on their habits, value, etc.
10. If possible take a day off from teaching and visit other schools. Be alert and you will undoubtedly discover some fresh ideas to take along back to your school.

Mary's voice was a little unsteady as she said, "Just knowing you want to help already helps a lot."

"Well, our children were bringing home complaints lately, but it wasn't really too serious until this week," said Walter. "And after tonight we decided it was time to look into the matter."

"What did the children say?" asked Mary.

"We'd like you to tell us what happened," said Walter.

Mary was a little hesitant at first, but before long the three of them were discussing the problems freely. "I realize I've been nagging the children too much lately," said Mary. "It seems the more I talk the less it means to them, and the less it means, the more I have to talk."

"I-I'm glad you realize that," said Walter slowly, as if choosing his words with care. "I know there are times when I do the same thing. Reminding children a few times is all right, but after a while words have to be followed up with actions." He looked at his wife and added, "Our experience with the children at home has taught us to talk in plain language, then show the children that we mean what we say."

"But last week when I punished those two fifth-grade boys for using bad language, I got the whole school on my back," said Mary. "It's come to the point where I feel the children resent every move I make."

"The whole school, you say?" said Walter. "Did all the children show resentment?"

"No-o, I guess not quite all of them," said Mary, somewhat slowly. "But too many of them did."

"Yes, we know that," agreed Walter. "If we didn't feel that way we wouldn't be here tonight. But we also feel things might not be as bad as you think they are. At least I know I have hopes of straightening these things out. Have you talked with any of the parents concerning the trouble you've been having?"

"Not lately," said Mary. "It used to be the parents would ask how things are going at school, but they don't anymore. Seems to me if they were concerned they'd ask."

"Maybe so," said Anna. "But maybe they are like us. As long as they don't hear anything, they take for granted all's well and don't remember to ask."

"Well, I feel it is time the parents find out about things. That's one reason we came over tonight—to see if you are agreed to have a parent-teacher meeting," Walter said.

A few evenings later a parent-teacher meeting was held at Willow Grove school. The discussion was a frank one, with both parents and teacher expressing themselves freely. Mary realized more than ever that the fault was partially hers, since the disgust for certain pupils had grown to the point where she was less patient than she should have been. The parents saw the need for better discipline and said they would try and do their part by talking to the children at home. Everyone felt the teacher should use stronger methods and agreed to stand behind her in anything reasonable. Mary went home greatly encouraged and endeavored to try even harder to seek the guidance of a higher power to reestablish a good relationship between herself and her pupils.

The parents must have been true to their word, for things went better after that. Winter faded into spring, and Mary threw herself whole-heartedly into teaching. Time sped swiftly and before Mary was really ready to quit, the term ended. Then the day came which Mary felt would eventually come. The school board asked her to teach another term. Mary had a ready answer. She thanked the board for their cooperation in straightening things out in the past term, but refused to undertake it another year. "A forced relationship is a poor one at the very best," she said. "I have considered it for a long time, and feel a change would be good for both the children and me."

Excitement was running high in the western section of John Lambright's church district. Eager children watched the new building in LeRoy Mast's field take shape. Would it be completed by September first? How would it seem to have all the grades in one room and an Amish girl for a teacher?

Up until now the children of that area had attended a town school, but now the county had consolidated with a neighboring one and the children would be transported to a larger school, with seventh and eighth graders being enrolled in a junior high school in a nearby city. That was all it took to touch off the growing interest in parochial schools. After a series of meetings, the erection of a school was underway and a teacher was hired.

In spite of the misgivings of many of the children, the school was finished in time. A few evenings before the opening date the teacher and the parents met at the new schoolhouse to get acquainted with one another and to discuss rules and regulations for their school.

"One more question," said Mrs. Troyer towards the end of the meeting. "Our children have been wondering what to call their teacher."

A few chuckles were heard, then silence followed and the parents listened how Edna Mast would answer the question.

"Oh, I'm used to either being called 'Edna' or 'Teacher,'" she laughed with a shrug.

Mrs. Troyer wasn't quite satisfied with this answer. "Teacher seems rather unbecoming for a woman, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, I never minded it," assured Edna. "That's what the children were used to calling the teacher before me, so that's the name I got."

"In public school the teachers didn't let their pupils address them as 'Teacher,'" said another mother. "It was always Miss or Mrs. So and So."

After a while it was decided that since the children were all used to using the title Miss or Mrs. to address the teacher, that's what they would do at their new school. Edna was to be called "Miss Mast."

At first Edna found it somewhat hard to adjust to her new name, but after a week or so she became more used to it. For the first two weeks Edna was always called "Miss Mast." Then one day while they were outside playing, one of the girls thrilled her by calling her by her first name. After that other children followed the example and the "Miss Mast" was used less and less. Edna probably wouldn't have thought much of it if it had not been for a certain conversation she had with Mrs. Troyer one Sunday after church.

"You're probably wondering why the childern don't call you 'Miss Mast' anymore," she said apologetically.

"Oh, come to think of it, I guess they don't," answered Edna. "I never gave it a thought."

"Well, our children kept calling you Edna at home, and we kept reminding them to call you Miss Mast. Then the other evening Ruth was telling about something that had happened, and I interrupted her to remind her once more to call you by your proper name. She said, 'But, Mom, Miss Mast just doesn't fit our teacher. She's out on the playground and plays with us and she visits with us. She's so different from our other teachers. She-she's like a big sister to all of us and I don't like to call her'Miss Mast.' "

Mrs. Troyer and Edna both laughed, but Edna's heart was touched. She went home with renewed zeal to be just what Ruth took her to be— a big sister to all her pupils.

A good relationship between the teacher and her pupils is important— so important that without it a teacher is helpless. Like Mary in the first incident, she will have endless frustrations that tend to kill all the enthusiasm for teaching. Not only is a poor relationship frustrating to the teacher, it is equally frustrating to the pupils.

There are two things which tend to destroy the foundation of a good relationship between teacher and pupils. One is an overdose of formality. An example of this is the teacher who is either too busy or too cultured to join her pupils in outdoor games. If she is physically unable to join their play, then simply being out there and taking an interest in the game helps a lot. Or when the weather is not suitable for outdoor activities there is much to be gained by dropping the work at the desk for a while to help the little boys with a complicated construction they are making with tinker toys or the girls with the jigsaw puzzle they are putting together. Being informal is more than merely helping the children play. It is enjoying a clean healthy laugh; it is going outside to greet the first snowfall of the season; it is stopping classes to watch the squirrels that came to the bird feeder for food; it is taking time to listen to the account of little happenings that mean so much to young children; it is sharing little things that make life worthwhile. Yes, being informal adds so much to a school that no teacher can afford to be overly formal.

The second destroyer of a good teacher-pupil relationship is the extreme opposite of the above. There have been teachers who have failed by being too informal. Simon Byler was a teacher like that. In his attempt to be friendly he teased the children good-naturedly and joked with them. Within a

QUITE A SAVINGS

During the school year 1965-66, the thirteen Amish schools in one county with a pupil enrollment of 599 spent $24, 087.21 on the twenty teachers' salaries and on running expenses ($40. 21 per pupil). Although this was considered expensive by the Amish, it is, by comparison with most public school systems, very economical. During the 1966-67 academic year an average of $455 was spent to instruct each public grammar school pupil (Samuel G. Sava, Saturday Review, Nov. 16, 1968, p. 102). In other words if the 599 Amish children had been educated in the public schools, it would have cost $272, 545 for the same period. A parent from Maryland said that the Amish schools there operate on the amount of money it had cost the county the previous year just to transport the children to school.

— AMISH CULTURE AND EDUCATIONAL GOALS, Hostetler and Huntington, 1970, p. 69

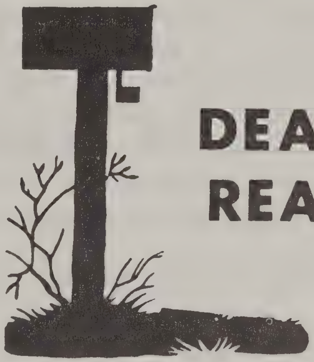
few days the pupils felt very much at home with him and delighted in getting all the attention they could. Meanwhile Simon was enjoying every laugh he could draw from his group and was liberal with the children's freedom.

Then came the day when Simon thought the children were going too far with their fun and decided to put a stop to it. To his dismay they talked back. They failed to take him seriously because he had never been serious before. He had broken down the barrier between the teacher and the pupil to the point where the children had accepted him as one of them and therefore didn't have any more respect for his authority than they did for the authority of one of their playmates.

How far a teacher may go along with the children's "fun" depends on the teacher's personality and the group of children she is working with. The biggest mistake a teacher can make is to lower herself completely to the pupil's level. She must stay in a position where she can be "child" at one minute and play in a child's game, yet become "teacher" at a moment's notice to settle a dispute or correct an erring child in another part of the playground or classroom.

Another obstacle to a good teacher-pupil relationship is being overly critical. Mary, in the illustration at the beginning of this article, realized she had been just that. Disgust has a way of mounting into heaps until a teacher finds it hard to deal fairly with her problem pupils. Remarks like "I would think you've caused enough trouble for one day," or "Amos, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Even the first graders know better," well seasoned with sarcasm, will never bring favorable results. They merely cause resentment and widen the gap between the teacher and her problem pupils. This is one place where many teachers fail to practice the golden rule. If grownups have erred and need to be rebuked, they appreciate it being done in privacy and in a spirit of love. Children are no different from adults in this. They respond to correction more readily when it is given in a nice way.

A teacher with her pupils might be likened to a shepherd with a group of lambs. Being separated from the sheep for the day, they look to the shepherd for protection and guidance. If a shepherd would take a whip and try to chase them from behind, they would surely scatter every-which-way, and taking them to pasture would be impossible. A shepherd has a better way to guide the lambs. He goes first and calls them to follow. The lambs obey. Why? Because they know the shepherd, they love him, and they trust him.



DEAR READERS,

Dover, Delaware
February 15, 1971

DEAR READERS,

Greetings in Jesus' name from West Center school.

We are in our first year at West Center. The closing of the one room public schools in Delaware necessitated the building of one more school for the Delaware community. What with land not being readily available, and the delay in zoning laws, considerable time went by before the building of the school finally started. Therefore West Center was a month behind in starting in the fall.

Finally on October 5, 1970 we had our first half day of school in the afternoon. The morning was spent in getting some things ready such as the restrooms and other miscellaneous items. Only a few books were there, and no blackboard, although hopes for a blackboard in the near future was anticipated. These hopes, however, did not come into reality until a few days within the first half of the year.

So far things have gone in what I would

term a normal routine. What I mean by a normal routine is; some days have their ups, some days have their downs, some days are a continuous up and down, and some go on a smooth even course. What job would give such a variety of occurrences. Although some are not so pleasant, they have to be taken in consideration as a part of the pie. Perhaps we could class them as the crust. Just what would a pie be without a crust?

So far nothing really exciting has happened. So to bring a little color into the scene I might perhaps relate an incident that happened at Christmas time. It was on the day before Christmas. We started the day as usual with lessons in the morning. The noon hour was twice as long. Some of the mothers were there for the program (if you can call it that). We sang a few songs. Then the teacher read the Christmas story. After that we exchanged gifts. This the children had been excitedly waiting for. As usual the teacher got many presents.

Perhaps here I should mention the kind of bell we were using. I took a moldboard of a plow and hung it from a tree limb, then when I wanted to call in the children, I would hit this with a hammer, emitting or producing a ringing effect. Every once in awhile the moldboard would crack, which would cause it to lose its ring. Then I would have to hit it hard enough to break it off. Thus the bell became smaller and smaller.

Now, as I have been saying, I got some presents. This included a box of jar lids. Or was it? Well, anyway I opened the presents one by one, and when I came to this one I just wondered why anyone would give something like that for a Christmas gift. Then I started to put the presents all in a box to take them home. Whereupon one of the women came up to my desk and told me they wanted to see my presents too. I felt kind of cheap, what with the box of can lids. Anyway, I showed the presents and mentioned who the presents were from. When I came to the box of can lids I guess I kinda cleared my throat and said somebody thought of my wife too. Then the same woman that told me they wanted to see my presents, told me to open the box and look what was in it. (She knew what was in it, but I didn't). Thereupon I opened the box. Lo and behold! Just what I needed. A real bell. No more beating on a moldboard with a hammer. I just couldn't keep back the tears as I said a hearty "thank you."

Tuesday just as we were finished eating, a raccoon came walking out of the woods in front of the school, and it wasn't long till some eager boys had a coon in a bag.

I remain, trying to be a teacher,

Jacob J. Yoder

◆

LeRaysville, Pennsylvania

DEAR READERS,

Friendly greetings from Valley View School.

I always enjoy reading the Bulletin and look forward every month for new articles, and also some to read to the pupils in school. We have forty-four enrolled here with two teachers. The name of my helper was wrong in the teacher's directory. It should have been Elizabeth D. Yoder instead of Byler, as was printed. She has the three lower grades and I have the rest.

Here in Pennsylvania the school law is that a pupil should not stay at home to work more than three days in a term. To some this sounds like a strict law, but we should just be thankful that we can have our own schools.

Some parents seem to think their children learn more at home by working with the parents than at school. I have to send home a printed excuse blank for the parents to fill out whenever there is an absence. I have said two days out of school will put even one of the best students back a week in school work. A person who has never sat at a teacher's desk can't realize this.

When children bring home the report cards, what do the parents think? Do they look into the matter if the marks are low, or do they take the pupil's word when he says, "Teacher doesn't like me and just gives me any grade." I know very well that when I used to bring home a low mark on the grade card, the woodshed got company. And it wasn't unexpected by the victim either. I can still feel how it felt to bring home a low mark in conduct.

I remember especially well one time when I had been in mischief at school and got the choice of apologizing to the teacher or get-a whipping. I chose apologizing, since that wouldn't hurt, but when the time came I wished I had chosen the other one.

By experience I have learned that when a teacher doesn't know how to solve a problem, the best thing to do is to tell the pupils and not pretend you can when you can't.

Sincerely— a teacher,
Andy A.Byler

to READ ALOUD

Why hadn't God answered Jonathan's prayer? Surely He could have put it into Mother"s mind to send someone else.

— AGNES RANNEY

THE BRIDGE ACROSS WOLF CREEK

"Please, dear God, don't let Mother ask me to cross the bridge." No one in the cozy cabin heard Jonathan's pleading words, for he spoke silently to God. But his plea could not have been more desperate if he had shouted it.

Jonathan and his family were new settlers in the valley, back in pioneer days. Their cabin was snug on this windy March day, and a log barn made a warm shelter for the livestock. But dozens of chores demanded doing—fences to build, land to clear, livestock to tend. And a bridge to build across Wolf Creek. To Jonathan, that was the most important job of all.

The winding creek that cut through the farm had been a pleasant and gentle stream late last summer when Jonathan and his brother Mark had come with their mother and father to make their home here on the frontier. But even then Jonathan had felt shivers of fear run up and down his spine as he edged across the split log that was the only bridge between the corner where the cabin was rising and the rest of the homestead.

"My husband is working back in the woods, cutting logs to build a bridge," Mother was saying now to the neighbor who sat beside the fireplace. I know he'd want to talk with you about building the fence between our farm and yours. One of the boys can run and get him."

One of the boys! Again Jonathan hoped that Mother would not ask him to go— that she would ask Mark, who, although younger than Jonathan, didn't mind crossing the log at all. But she turned to Jonathan.

"Run across the creek, son, and tell your father that Mr. Wilson would like to see him."

It sounded so easy— of course Jonathan couldn't tell his mother he was afraid to cross the creek. He nodded his head, mumbling an answer, and slipped out the back door. But even before he reached the split log he could feel his heart pounding.

Last fall he had often slid down the gravelly bank and crossed the creek by jumping from one to another of the boulders that stuck up out of the shallow water. But there was no chance to do that now. The snow was melting in the mountains, and the creek was an angry foaming torrent, tearing between brimming banks. Jonathan looked down at the churning water and then at the long log.

Why hadn't God answered his prayer? Surely He could have put it into Mother's heart to say, "Mark, go call your father." But no— she had told Jonathan to go, never dreaming that Jonathan was terrified of crossing the stream. And Jonathan was ashamed to tell her that he was afraid.

Well, he'd cross the log. He'd show them he could do it. Angry determination seized him as he started out across the log. He fought down the sick feeling of fear that rose in him and set his heart racing.

Carefully, one foot before the other, arms outstretched, Jonathan then walked the flattened log. The roar of the water grew louder as he neared the center. One step at a time— one step at a time. He would have been all right if he hadn't made the mistake of looking down at a dead tree being swept down the stream. End over end the little tree went, tossed like a straw. And when it was gone from sight, Jonathan found himself staring down into the icy, foaming water. He stood frozen, not daring to move another inch.

He couldn't go back— yet he couldn't go on. The log quivered only a little, but to Jonathan it seemed to sway dizzily.

"Dear Lord, help me." Jonathan's words were lost in the roar of the water. But no— they were not lost. Into Jonathan's mind came the thought of people in the Bible whom Jesus had saved—Peter, walking on the water, and the disciples in the storm on the lake. Jesus hadn't taken them out of danger — He had helped them through the danger. He hadn't taken the disciples out of the storm— He had kept them safe through the storm. God would be with him in danger, too.

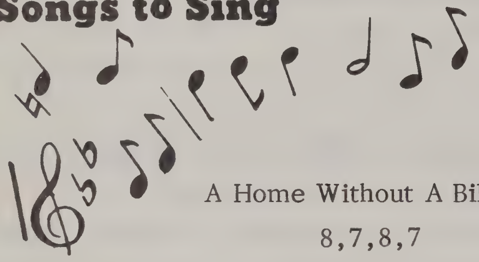
"Dear, Lord, help me be brave enough to cross the creek." Jonathan said softly. And in the new calmness of his heart, he remembered something Mark had told him once.

"Don't look down, Jonathan— look at the side." Jonathan made himself look up from the angry water, made himself fix his eyes on the other end of the log. Then, step by step, watching his goal instead of the troubled water below, he moved across the log. The safe shore drew him toward it— quickly now, for the end was nearly reached. There! He stood safe on the gravelly bank.

Jonathan breathed a prayer of thanks as he looked back across the log. God had answered his prayer— for wasn't it better to face a difficult thing than to hope for a way out of it?

Never again would the log across Wolf Creek hold such terror for Jonathan. He realized that there was an invisible Hand to steady and guide him through this fearful spot.

Songs to Sing



A Home Without A Bible

8,7,8,7

Tune: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus"
"Teure Kinder" or "Father Along"

What's a home without a Bible?
'Tis a place where day is night,
Starless night, for o'er life's pathway
Heaven can shed no kindly light.

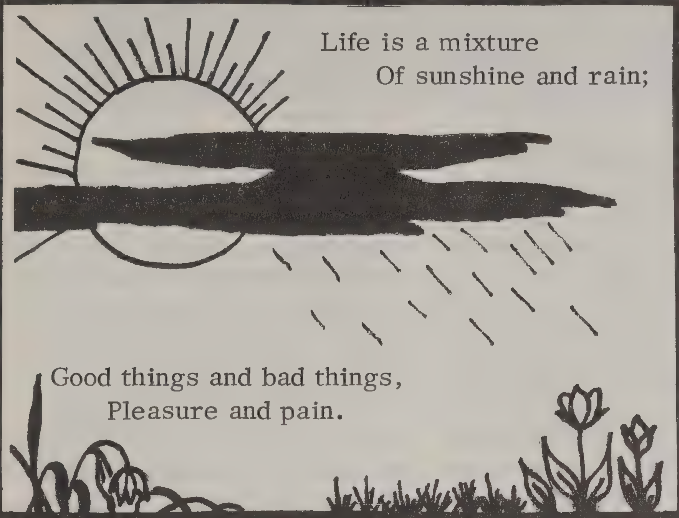
What's a home without a Bible?
'Tis a vessel out at sea,
Compass lost and rudder broken,
Drifting, drifting, aimlessly.

What's a home without a Bible?
'Tis a place where daily bread
For the body is provided,
But the soul is never fed.

What's a home without a Bible?
Listen ponder what I say;
'Tis a home which has a Bible,
But not opened once a day.

Monday comes and goes, and Tuesday
Comes and goes, and Wednesday, too;
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—
BOOK unopened all week through!

. . Projects . . . .



Life is a mixture
Of sunshine and rain;

Good things and bad things,
Pleasure and pain.

"And we know that all things work together
for the good to those that love God. . . ."
Romans 8:28

PROMISES

God hath not promised
Skies always blue;
Flower-shrewn pathways
All our lives through.
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the laborer,
Light for the way,
Grace for our trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

Show the children the above poster and let them have a discussion on happy times and sad times they have had. They might fill the bulletin board with pictures illustrating such times. A short story could explain each picture. If your school is an average one there will be pictures and stories about accidents that resulted in broken bones, families visiting zoos, or perhaps school children taking a hike.

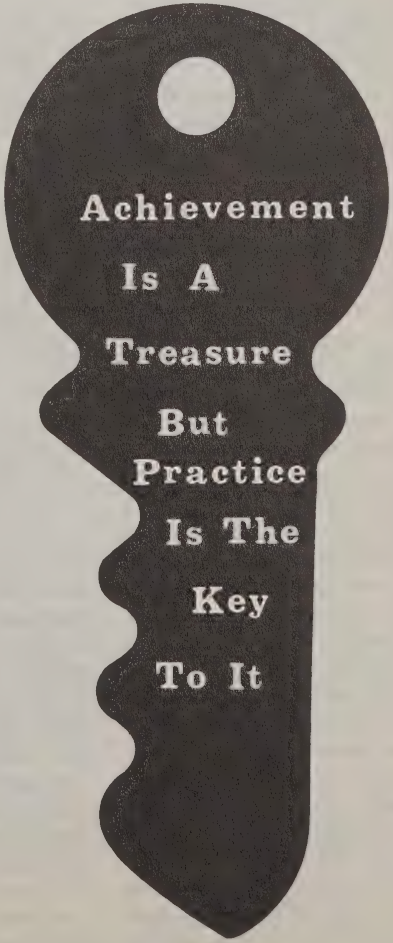
The lesson should not stop there. Children should be helped to understand that life will be a variety of incidents, some joyful, some sorrowful, some painful. Perhaps the class could follow up with a discussion on how not-to-pleasant experiecnes could bring happiness in the end. The brightest rainbows always follow a storm.

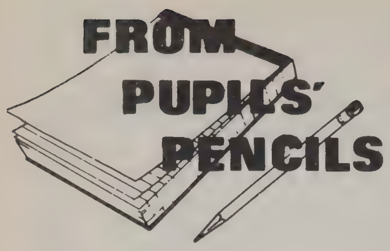
Have the children study and then memorize the poem, "Promises." Remind them of the fact that the author, Annie Johnson Flint, was crippled by painful arthritis.

• • • •

A Poster to Make ⟶

Cut a large key from construction paper and either paint, print, or stencil the letters, using a contrasting color.





THE WILD BIRD THAT GREW TAME

-by Lydia E. Renno

One Sunday when my brother Mose came home after taking a walk in the woods he brought a tufted titmouse home. It had a broken wing and couldn't fly so we kept it in a cage. We didn't give it any name except "Birdie."

The first day it was very scared and that night it slept on the floor of the cage. After that it always slept in the top of the cage on a small stick. In the daytime it hopped around inside the cage and hung onto the sides as if it would like to get out and fly away.

It almost ate anything we gave it. One thing it really liked was mashed potatoes. Once when we had cherry pie it took a cherry right out of my sister's hand. It really looked funny, such a little bird with such a big cherry in its mouth!

At first its diet must have been very different from what it was used to, but later we learned it really liked flies and bugs. Sometimes two of my friends and I went upstairs to catch flies for Birdie. We put them in a matchbox so they wouldn't escape, then brought them down to Birdie, who eagerly ate them out of our hands. Once we gave her a large insect. Quickly it hopped to the top of the cage and started to eat it. After it had taken a few bites it just sat there, opening and shutting its mouth as if it were hurt. Another time we gave Birdie a wasp. Quickly it pulled out the stinger, then ate it.

Most of the time Birdie just chirped, but sometimes when the room was very quiet it sang very nicely. One Sunday when we came home from church I heard it singing, "Tweet, tweet, dee, tweet!"

When its wing was better we let it out of the cage. It really enjoyed hopping around the room and soon it could fly a little. Then one day Mose took it back to the woods and freedom. At first it seemed lonesome around here without our pet, but we knew Birdie was happier in this way. But even then I often wonder what happened to Birdie.

Mifflintown, Pennsylvania
Age 14, grade 8

AN UNUSUAL PET

—by Uria Hershberger

"Mother, I'm going hunting," my older brother called from his room. A moment later he left the house with his gun and hunting jacket. The squirrel season was open and he was eager to try his luck. Entering the woods, my brother walked around looking for squirrels. He saw a tiny flicker in a tree and a moment later he had shot a squirrel.

Suddenly, hearing something behind him, he turned and was very surprised to see a small gray squirrel running toward him. It ran right up his pants! The squirrel was pushed off with a rough hand, but it climbed up again. This time it was caught and held by a tight grip. My brother put his hand around the squirrel's throat and started for home. Later we thought the squirrel my brother had shot was probably the mother to the one he had caught.

That was an exciting evening for us, but we also had to find something to put our squirrel in. A pen was made out of wire with an opening at the top. We soon learned that the squirrel could get out of the opening, so a small door with hinges was made over the opening. Next a nest box was built in the cage.

After a while we had the squirrel tamed until it would eat out of our hands. Our neighbor heard about the squirrel and sent a swing down to put in his cage. It was round and the squirrel would climb to the top and then, plop! He would be at the bottom again.

After school the children would sometimes stop in with leftovers from their lunches to feed to the squirrel. That always was an enjoyable time of the day.

One evening a car stopped out by the road. We did not pay any attention as we thought it was just someone who wanted to talk to the people who lived across the road. Soon there was a knock at the door. A man had come to see if he could buy our squirrel for a mate to the one he had caught. We gave it to him since it was against the law to sell wild animals.

This was an experience I don't think we will ever forget. We all were sorry to lose our pet.

Wroxeter, Ontario
Age 11, grade 6

OUR PET HAMSTER

—by Crystal Ruth Shank

In a way you would not call hamsters unusual but they are not too common and they do have some very interesting habits. One of these is the way a hamster will wash his face. He licks his front paws and washes his face like a cat, only using both paws at once and going faster. Hamsters seem to think humans are contaminated, often washing after being held and put back into the cage.

Another interesting thing about this animal is the way he eats. He picks up his food with his front paws and if he is not hungry he will put it in his cheek pouches like a chipmonk until he is really stuffed. When he is returned to his cage he empties his cheeks by pushing from the outside with his paws.

Hamsters are mostly brown and white. They look like mice, only they are bigger and have short tails. Sometimes one will bite but others are tame and very friendly.

Our hamster learned to open the cage door and escape. One time he was lost for nearly two weeks until we found him in the basement where he had been living off some sunflower seeds and water.

Hamsters drink from a bottle on the outside of the cage with a spout extending in through the bars. Our hamster licks it and a drop lands on his tongue every time he touches it. He sends up a steady stream bubbles.

We think out hamster is a very interesting pet.

Harrisonburg, Virginia
age 11, grade 6

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Suppose someone asked you what the word conscience means. You would probably pause a minute to think and then say something like this, "It is a voice inside me that tells me right from wrong." That definition is correct; it is a good one. But the other day I read one sentence that told me even better the meaning of this word. It read, "Conscience is God's voice inside man."

The more I think about this one sentence, the more I like it. God does talk to us through His spirit, or in other words, by giving us good thoughts. And that's what our "conscience" is — good thoughts. But at the same time God gives us good thoughts, the devil is giving us evil thoughts. It is these evil thoughts that make us do things our conscience tells us we shouldn't do. And the more we listen to the evil thoughts, the harder it is for us to hear God's voice. Perhaps you can understand this better if I tell you a little story.

Freddy was a young boy who lived in a small town. He had plenty to eat and lots of toys, and he should have been happy. But there was something he wanted very much. Every evening on the way home from school he and his friends passed an ice cream store, and often his friends had spending money. But Freddy's mother didn't want him to eat ice cream right before supper, so usually Freddy didn't have any money. One day he started taking money from his mother's billfold without asking. At first his conscience bothered him a lot, but he tried to tell himself that it was just a nickel, and after all, his mother would never miss it. But as time went on he stole bigger sums and from other people, too. He felt guilty about it at first, but the more he stole, the easier it seemed to be to get away from that inner voice that kept nagging him not to steal.

Pretty soon Freddy was really a thief. When he saw something at home he wanted, he took it. And he did the same thing at school. There were times when he almost got caught, but he lied himself out of it. Then he started stealing from stores. Here, however, it wasn't so easy to lie himself through, and soon he was in jail.

"But didn't his conscience speak to him anymore?" you might wonder. Yes, I think it did.

Freddy's experience is like that of an old couple whose house is right beside a railroad track. And to make things even worse, there is a crossing a little way down the track. Right when the train is even with the house, it is time to blow the warning whistle to tell the people not to cross the tracks — a train is coming.

Well, when this old man and his wife first moved there, the woman couldn't sleep. Every time she fell asleep a train would rattle down the tracks and toot its whistle. This went on for about a month or so, and gradually she got used to it. The trains didn't bother her quite so much anymore. Then one morning she woke up and was surprised. "I wonder what's wrong," she said. "Not one train went last night."

Her husband laughed and told her that he had sat up reading and had heard two, and maybe there had been even more. Soon the trains didn't bother the woman at all. When she did hear them they sounded far away and she just rolled over and went back to sleep.

The trains hadn't changed a bit. They still rattled and tooted as loud as ever, but because the woman had ignored them long enough she didn't hear them any more. And that's how it was with Freddy's conscience. He had ignored the Voice so long that he didn't hear it any more, even though it was there — as loud as ever.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, obey God's voice when he speaks to you

Best wishes,

-Cousin Carrie

Taking a trip always takes a certain amount of planning ahead. And with the type of work I'm doing, it not only takes planning ahead, it takes working ahead, too. And that's just what we at the Bulletin office were doing during the last of January and the first of February—working ahead so I could take a ten-day trip to Ohio to visit my home and friends and perhaps some schools.

Some trips have a way of working out exactly according to plans. But this was one trip that didn't. First of all, because of weather conditions, I left Canada two days later than I had planned. Then after arriving in Ohio, the weather once more changed my plans. I was snowbound for three days there.

Early on Monday morning, February 22, a group of seven Holmes County teachers and I started out to visit schools in Geauga County. In spite of unfavorable driving conditions, we arrived at the first school shortly after nine. By then the freezing rain had ceased and everyone looked forward to the day ahead. Mrs. Mary Byler accompanied us to the different schools. We saw six schools in session and visited another one after the children had left.

Return Addresses:
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We enjoyed an evening of school discussions, singing, and visiting in the Ray Gingerich home, with almost all of the Geauga teachers present, plus quite a few ex-teachers.

Our plans had been to visit more Geauga schools the next forenoon and the Stark County schools in the afternoon. But once more our plans were abruptly changed. After spending the night with Amanda N. Hershberger, I fell down the stairs the next morning, injuring my back to the extent that I spent the next two days in bed. The rest of my trip was delayed six days. Finally, on Monday, March 1st, I returned to Pathway. I am happy to be back and thankful that things weren't any worse.

I was glad to find a big stack of Bulletin mail waiting for me when I came back. The policy is to acknowledge each letter or article of any length with a note of thanks as soon as possible after we receive it. This time, though, this was impossible and chances are, some won't be acknowledged at all. If this should happen to you, please don't think we didn't appreciate what you sent in. We did. Thanks a lot.

I am sure all our readers will be interested in this bit of news. David Luthy, associate editor of the Bulletin, and Mary Stoll (sister to the former editor, Joseph Stoll) are announced to be married. The wedding date is planned for March 18th, taking place in the Aylmer community.

—E.M.

Blackboard Bulletin

April 1971

The Loveliest Flower

The soul of a child is the loveliest flower
That grows in the garden of God;
Its climb is from weakness to knowledge and power,
To the sky from the clay and the clod.

To beauty and sweetness it grows under care,
Neglected, 'tis ragged and wild.
'Tis a plant that is tender, but wonderously rare--
The sweet, wistful soul of a child.

Be tender, O gardener, and give it its share
Of moisture, of warmth, and of light,
And let it not lack for the painstaking care,
To protect it from frost and from blight.

A glad day will come when its bloom shall unfold;
It will seem that an angel has smiled,
Reflecting the beauty and sweetness untold
In the sensitive soul of a child.

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Coming next month:

ONE STRAY LAMB (A children's story by Aunt Amy)

Mabel had her own ideas about what was fun in school. When the other girls didn't follow her suggestions, she began to wonder, "Doesn't anyone like me?"

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AN EDITORIAL

Most teachers are always on the lookout for new ideas— new ways of teaching old lessons, new methods of handling not-so-new problems, new ideas for a bulletin board project, and new educational games for the children to play. There are different ways of obtaining new ideas. One is through the periodical teachers' gatherings held in the various communities. Other ways are through the Bulletin, through visiting schools, and through teachers' circle letters.

I remember during my first year of teaching how I used to look forward to those fat newsy circle letters which came around about three or four times during the school term. The letter I remember best was the one in which all the writers were first-year teachers. How I used to enjoy reading about other teachers' firsts— the first day of school, the first test day, the first report cards. Somehow, reading about other peoples' problems made my own seem smaller. Yes, I always welcomed those letters.

Helpful as teachers' letters were, there was something even more helpful and that was talking personally to other teachers. Thinking back now I wonder why we didn't form a teachers' circle of our own, not scattered in various states and communities, but within horse and buggy distance of each other. And the more I think about it, the more I am sure such a circle of teachers could be a valuable asset to our schools.

Take for example five schools. (Less in a smaller community.) Being within driving distance of each other, these five teachers could get together every two or three weeks, or even once a month. (This is oftener than most circle letters come around.) With only five in a group, the meetings would be very informal. They wouldn't really be meetings, they would be visiting sessions. After the first time or so, the teachers would be in the habit of keeping notes of questions they want to bring up and of the ideas they want to present.

Ideas are only one of the many things teachers could share. We all know how frustrating it is to carefully study a school supply catalog and finally select a few items which we think would be the answer in keeping our first graders busy, only to have them fall short of our expectations. If this happened to a teacher, she could tip off the other teachers and save them the money and frustration of sending for the same items. And if a teacher should happen to find something that answers the purpose, I'm sure the other teachers would be glad to know about it, too.

Buying printed master copies for the duplicator saves a teacher a lot of work but at the same time, runs into money. By getting together and planning to buy different duplicating books, these five different schools would be able to use the same masters. (Most masters are recommended for over five hundred copies, but our schools never get full value out of them because they deteriorate with age.) Instead of trading masters, a better way would be to have each teacher run off enough copies for the other schools at the same time she is duplicating for herself. Getting the master on and off the duplicator is about 90% of the work.

The same could be done with masters the teachers make. When one of them prepares a lesson on word meanings, extra practice in long division, or busy work for the first graders, she could easily make enough copies for the neighboring schools, too. In return she would get work for her pupils, prepared by other teachers.

Stories and books to read during story time are hard to find and once they have been read in a school, a teacher has to be on the lookout for more. Trading such books or circling them around to the different schools should help solve this shortage. The same is true of idea books, teachers' guides, bulletin board and art books, and monthly magazines published for schools and teachers. Once a school tires of certain projects, the book can be passed on and a "fresh" one obtained in exchange.

Grade Teacher, Instructor, and Children's Activities are only a few of the monthly magazines published for teachers. Yet few Amish teachers receive them. The main reason is probably because of the high subscription rates and the small percent of material useful in our schools. Yet any teacher with imagination is able to adapt some of the ideas she finds in such magazines to fit her classroom needs. When a magazine is shared by more than one teacher, the subscription is no longer so steep.

Probably the biggest advantage of a teachers' circle hasn't yet been mentioned. This should provide a measuring stick for each school, especially for those which have a first-year teacher. A new teacher who has no contact with other teachers is too much like a little sailboat out on the ocean with no compass or map. The energetic young teacher is like a young mother. Since she has no past experience as a guide, she is constantly wondering if she is doing the proper thing in the proper way at the proper time.

Working with a circle of older teachers would certainly take part of the strain from those first years of teaching. But this doesn't mean a little informal teachers' circle would be all-give-and-no-take for older teachers. If they think it might be, they are in for a surprise. Only recently I heard a teacher say, "Here I have been teaching all these years and never thought to try some of the things Wilma has tried in her first year. I always look forward to visiting a new teacher's school. That is the best place for me to learn something. —E. M.

LETTERS

"The Teacher's Return" was a good story to emphasize the efficiency of a good teacher. However, my heart goes out to the man who tried to substitute. Is it fair to imply that some just "are not teachers?" Or did I understand the story wrong?

If any of my children had been among those who took advantage of the substitute, it seems I would have punished them soundly. Of course, I realize that when away from home children can be quite sly in framing a plan to successfully frustrate the teacher. All of us parents should be aware of this fact. Can we parochial school parents help to fill the teacher shortage by sending hard-to-handle children to school? Are there enough Sarah Fishers to go around, or would it be better to simply close the schools until the teacher's return?

What if the teacher shortage compels a school board to hire "substitute" teachers? In other words, teachers who are not really teachers. They can teach the lessons, but simply don't have the knack of handling the cunning mischief makers. Is the teacher to blame if the school term is unsuccessful? Maybe we parents should start by putting special emphasis on behavior on the days when the regular teacher is unable to be at the school.

And couldn't a well-meaning substitute be encouraged and commended? We might need them, for lack of Sarah Fishers.

- A mother, Missouri

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Commenting on the article "Talents and Intelligence" in the March issue, I have been teaching a little bit of German in a parochial school and I have a very special place in my heart for the slow learner. I, too, was one of them. — I.R.M., Elmira, Ontario

We always enjoy the Bulletin as we have a deep interest in our schools. We have three children in school and three not yet going to school.

How closely our schools and churches are connected! Our schools can be no better than the churches behind them, which in turn are no better than the homes of which it is made up of. So it comes back to each individual, and Jesus said, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad. (Matt. 12:30)

We appreciated the article, "Talents and Intelligence," which we feel strongly was needed to remind us that we are all individuals, each one responsible for the talents God has given us.

— A concerned board member, Missouri

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I thought the article, "Relationship, The Teacher and the Pupils" brought out some of the troubles at our school. A few days later at a quilting I wanted to ask the other mothers if they had read it, but felt I was perhaps out of place if I did. I hope they did read it and that we can all work together and make things better from now on. —Ohio

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Since I am handicapped to teach new songs to the children unless they have familiar tunes, I usually flip through the Bulletin first to find "Songs to Sing." (I enjoy the Bulletin from cover to cover.) I never told you how much I appreciated them, so you had no way of knowing. There are only a few of the songs printed that we didn't sing. Now that you don't need to discontinue this feature, I'm certainly thankful.

Also, I am grateful for the book, Tips for Teachers. It certainly has been a help to me.

- Martha Mast, Iowa

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Meetings Too Big?

THE ANNUAL TEACHER'S MEETING of 1970 is now history and before long it will be time to think about the next one. Each year the group of teachers and other interested school people seems to increase. This in itself is encouraging, for it shows not only a growth in the parochial school movement, but also a continued interest.

Only teachers who have attended this meeting know how much it adds to the zeal of teaching to meet and talk to teachers and board members from so many localities. It is true, there is always a variety of different Old Order Amish sects, but visiting with the different teachers reveals the fact that we all have something in common—the welfare of the parochial schools.

Why else would a teacher travel as much as several hundred miles, spending precious last "vacation days" to attend the school meeting? What else but sincere interest would cause a board member to leave his farm in the middle of the threshing season in order to spend a day or even two listening to the problems and discussions of the teachers? Last, but not least, if it were not for the genuine interest and concern, ministers would not take time to go to the teacher's meeting. Each one attends with the hopes that sometime during the sessions of the meeting or in individual conversations he might give encouragement or advice to a teacher.

But the increasing number of people attending the school meetings presents problems, too. The first one is that, as in the past meeting, many of the teachers were seated so far from the speakers that they could not hear what was being said. Especially in the question and answer period it was frustrating to hear a question being read off that was of special interest to a few of us standing at the back of the group, only to have the wind carry away the answer before it reached our ears.

Also, the response to the questions was rather poor, probably due to the fact that so many of the teachers were younger women who were afraid to get up in front of such a large crowd and tell about their experiences.

Another problem presented by such a large group of people is that it is hard to organize a meeting of this size. There are very few activities in which so many people can successfully take part. Also when a small community wants to have the meeting they find it impossible because of the number of extra beds it takes.

At the last meeting there were several suggestions given as to how the meeting could be handled to make it smaller. One was to divide the meeting, having an east and a west meeting. (No dividing line was suggested.) The dates could then be set for a different week and it would be possible for some to attend both meetings. The second suggestion was to have the three largest states (Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana) to have separate meetings and have each one invite the teachers of the neighboring "small" states.

Even though these above suggestions were made, no definite decision was reached. The fact remains that many of the older teachers hesitate to break up into smaller groups, since the highlight of the meeting is renewing friendships of long standings. Many of the teachers are keeping contact with each other through circle letters and through writing for the Bulletin. The once-a-year visits with each other helps to keep the lamps of friendship burning.

One meeting, two meetings, three meetings? What is your opinion?

Reader Response

"How Much English?"

A feeling of sincere sympathy settles over my heart when I hear of problems faced by teachers. I can feel the weight of making decisions that affect other people's lives. I can also feel the joy of hearing a buggy in the lane and hearing the voice of a co-worker just at the time when it is most needed. Although I am no longer a teacher, these feelings are never forgotten.

I do not think it is necessary to teach every lesson in the textbook or in the order in which they appear. A teacher that is tied to textbooks is a dull one indeed. A short lesson well learned has more educational value than a long uninteresting one that cannot be understood. This pertains not only to English, but to other subjects as well.

English is very important, for it is by this language that we contact the outside world. But a basic, simple education used politely is worth more than one in which extravagent terms are used that the average man-of-the street cannot appreciate. —Christian G. Esh

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I think it is good to teach everything in the seventh and eighth grade English books, for who knows how much good it is going to do some of the pupils in the years to come? If I'm not mistaken the English books describe each lesson and if a pupil is interested he can pick it up without much trouble. And if a pupil can't learn it, at least the teacher will have done his part. Maybe the most difficult parts wouldn't have to be stressed too much. I think this would be fairer to the pupils. —A.C., Delaware

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Being an ex-teacher, I was in the same position John is in. After teaching a while I found that the pupils understanding their English lessons well did better in other lessons, too. I would say, teach all you can to the best of your knowledge. —P. E. Miller, Ohio

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I am working as editor of English texts for Rod and Staff, so "How Much English" caught my eye. Having come from the farm and with a background of poor school grades, I had to do quite a bit of studying and praying in order to accomplish the task. I had to battle with this same question. How much of this is really important? Here are a few points I would like to consider.

First, when will farmers, housewives, and carpenters need English? In the publishing work there is need that someone write and we continually hope and pray that this writing will be done by the farmer and carpenter type of person, the "common person." But God alone knows how many of these people say they don't write simply because they don't know how to put it down on paper. We know they could learn if they really tried, but why don't they try? Maybe they had a "Sam" for a teacher who passed over some hard points in the English book. This hinders the student in two ways. He does not get the English and he does not learn to concentrate on those hard parts. This is the world's method of doing things—giving up or taking the easy route.

Teachers should challenge the hard work and inspire the children to do the same. This is a valuable lesson for a child to learn. So let's teach all of English and hope our pupils will grow up with the ability to write and speak and think in a wholesome, edifying, and God-fearing manner.

—I. D. Martin, Crockett, Kentucky

As a housewife and parent I feel much more emphasis should be placed on learning the English language correctly. Although my English isn't exactly poor, I feel it would benefit me if I would know it better.

Learning the present perfect tense, past perfect tense, and so on may be all right, but why not place more stress on the correct usage of words and the forming of correct sentences? Why not conscentrate more on forming unity in paragraphs and in using correct punctuation?

Some people may feel that all this isn't necessary but when you have to do any business it is useful to be able to use clear, direct English.

I agree that English is hard to learn and for me it wasn't interesting either. But so many of us plain people have dealings with our English public that it is very important that we learn to speak and write English correctly. —Mrs. S.A. Petersheim

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Sam's suggestion to skip parts of the English assignments makes sense except to teachers. They know that the parts all tie in to form a complete picture.

I would suggest that the key to the problem lies in John's admission, "I never was too enthused about English myself when I went to school." If John understood it, there would be no problem in teaching it.

Here in Canada, correspondence courses are available free of charge to anyone over sixteen years of age. A grade nine English course would put John in command of the situation. I also found that doing a lesson in English occasionally sharpened my own wits, making teaching easier.

—Isaac R. Horst

I can well agree with John about skipping lessons in English that there could be dangers that we might be gradually losing out by doing so. I feel that is one disadvantage about having our own schools; we don't teach English like they would in public schools. It is true, some of it we might never use in our everyday life, but at the same time there are so many lessons that play an important part in learning correct English that we must be careful with what we skip. Let us not neglect to stress the importance of good English to our pupils. —A. Miller, Ohio

Education or Recitation?

- by Isaac Horst

"VERNON, GET OFF that fence," Abner King shouted at a fourth grader.

"Why?"

"Because my father said we're not supposed to stand on the fence."

"Your father isn't my boss ..."

"Vernon," Miss Byler, the teacher, was half way between the school and the fence before the boys saw her.

"Now you're going to catch it," whispered Abner.

"Let me show you something, boys." Miss Byler pointed to the wire on which Vernon had been standing. "Do you see how that is bent? That spoils the appearance of the new fence that Abner's father put up for us. But that isn't all. This fence has a galvanized coating to prevent it from rusting. A kink in the wire will break the galvanizing and the wire will rust. After it rusts, it will be only a short time until the wire breaks."

"We have a galvanized calf pail," said Abner. "Once when I was feeding the calves, one of them stepped into the pail and then there was a black mark where the galvanizing came off. Now the pail leaks."

"Yes, that is why some metal is galvanized," said Miss Byler. "Now you know why you shouldn't stand on the fence."

By taking a few minutes time, Miss Byler had explained why the boys shouldn't climb on the fence. Had she answered Vernon's question as Abner had, "Because I said so," the boys would soon have forgotten. Instead she gave a satisfactory reason besides giving them a lesson in the use of galvanizing. Such a lesson is not easily forgotten.

Frequently a child is asked to take a note along to school to be relayed to other parents. Sometimes he forgets to deliver it. If he is told the contents of the note, the situation becomes real to him. The mission becomes concrete.

"Lydia Bontrager is coming to a quilting," he thinks and remembers. A learning process has taken place.

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Since school is intended to be an institute of learning, the concrete approach is especially important in teaching. The pupil must learn. It is not enough that he recites the lesson after the teacher. He must understand how it works. What he does not understand, he forgets in short order.

The ancient educators presented the lessons to the pupils and the pupils recited them back like a tape recorder. Today we have more effective methods of teaching. If I had my way, the word "recite" would be disposed, banished, and exiled forever from the school room. Recitation of poetry or good poetic prose is a memory exercise and has its merits, but recitation of lessons is obsolete and ineffective.

- Mt. Forest, Ontario

TO MY TEACHER. . . .

For one gloriously blissful moment I am carried backward, lifting the veil from the face of the past. Unmindful of the present, come with me and let us go back into days of long ago. We are in a one room school building; you are the teacher, I am a pupil.

In this garden of memories there are many pleasant things. For me they are a symbol of the innocence of happy childhood days. Days they are which gleefully free me from the heavy burden of responsibilities. Days which even now move me with a fascinating thrill to learn. Days which take me back to when I first discovered that I had the ability to discover and explore a new world.

Never will I forget the thrill I felt when I had conquered the seemingly impossible — I could read my first book! The feeling did not leave me then, however. It was my companion through the years that followed. Of all the times I remember it best when I heard a word of praise from my teacher, the significance of a lesson well learned.

There is another kind of memory in this garden of mine. Sad though they may seem, they are days of working against the teacher, adding to his load. Days when it was I who echoed the familiar cry of "Teacher isn't fair", and "Teacher has pets."

I have no way of knowing what is hidden away in your storehouse of memories. Probably you will remember me as an average pupil with terrible handwriting. Had the thought ever crossed your mind that I should one day follow your footsteps, you would undoubtedly have dismissed it. But the years have rolled onward and today I stand in the place where you once stood. Today it is I who is faced with the cares of teaching. It is I who has the stack of papers to check, the lessons to prepare for tomorrow, the school house to clean, and a special problem to think through. As never before I realize that my schooling took effort — hard work and unceasing effort. Is it any wonder, then, that I have finally concluded that my teacher of these 7 long years deserves a word of praise?

If you could speak with me today you would probably ask me if I like my job. And maybe if my answer were truthful you would be shocked with it. (I doubt it though.) I would tell you that sometimes I simply hate it. But I would most assuredly hasten to add that there are other days when I love it just as passionately. All in all I am just a normal first-year teacher, struggling hard to keep on my feet.

You cannot know how your way of teaching has influenced me. Amazingly enough, I find myself saying the very things I heard in my school days. Sometimes they are only little things like saying, "Ho hum, I'm sleepy today." Sometimes they are bigger things. For instance, today in math the new lesson was about proportions. I found myself saying, "Proportions are fun!" I meant it and I know why, too. I had a teacher who liked proportions and showed us they are fun.

Farewell for now, Teacher, even though there are many things unsaid. Your reward will be great, and I pray that it will extend into life that is to come.

- Your former pupil

RELATIONSHIP-

4. The Teacher and the Parents

-by Elizabeth Miller

MISS LAPP* PAUSED A MOMENT before dismissing the children for recess. "It is raining and you won't be able to play outdoors today," she said. "Shall we play a game all of us can play together?"

"Yes," chorused the children eagerly. Immediately there were all kinds of suggestions as to what they could play. Finally it was agreed the game would be "Seven Up." Seven pupils volunteered to come up front to be "it" first.

While the rest of the children placed their heads on the desk and closed their eyes, the seven up front tiptoed through the room and each tapped one person on the head. When they had all returned to the front of the room, they chorused, "Seven up!" The seven pupils who were tapped rose to their feet on one accord. The rest looked up to watch the guessing. If the guess was correct, the two players exchanged places. If the guess was incorrect, the pupil sat down and the tapper stayed up front. Soon they were ready for another round.

The game continued happily until Fannie, a little first-grade girl, was supposed to guess. Instead of guessing, she burst into tears. "I don't know," she sobbed.

"Just try to guess," encouraged the teacher gently. "It won't matter if the guess is wrong."

Stubbornly the girl refused. Miss Lapp sighed. She had had trouble with this girl before. She wasn't bashful — far from it. But there were times when she seemingly lost courage and cried when she was to do a very simple thing. The teacher was at a loss what to do. Should she let her drop from the game, or should she try to force her to continue? "Don't you want to try to guess, Fannie?" she pleaded, giving her another chance.

Sobs were the only answer.

"Don't you want to help play?" asked Miss Lapp.

The little girl nodded.

"Well, then you have to guess," explained the teacher patiently. "That's part of the game."

No answer.

Miss Lapp was by Fannie's side now. "Just look at all the children up front and say one of their names," she coaxed. "It won't matter if you have it wrong."

With lips quavering the little girl stood and stared at the seven players up front. "Levi," she whispered finally. To everyone's surprise she was right! And Miss Lapp was even more surprised when Fannie happily walked up front to take the big boy's place. Without another interruption the game continued.

By noon the skies had cleared and the children played outside. The rest of the day was so full of activities that Miss Lapp completely forgot the incident that had taken place at the first recess. She didn't think of it once until that night when she was on her way home and just walking past Fannie's home. She saw Fannie by the window and waved and was surprised when the wave wasn't returned. At that minute the door opened and Mrs. King, Fannie's mother hurried out. "Wait a little," she called, slipping into the coat she had flung across her shoulders.

Miss Lapp's heart skipped a beat. What did Mrs. King want? Surely not something about what had happened at the first recess. Maybe she wanted something else . . .

The teacher didn't have long to wait. "The

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*All names have been changed.

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older children told me that Fannie cried at school today," Mrs. King began. "And as soon as I started talking to her about it, she started crying again. She doesn't want to go back to school because she's afraid she will have to play with the older children again."

Miss Lapp was taken by surprise. "But ..." she paused, wondering what would be the best thing to say. "I didn't know she didn't like to play with the older children. We've played games before ..."

"Yes, I know you have, but she always complains about it, too," interrupted Mrs. King. "And recently she's had such a bad cough. I'm sure it's her nerves that's causing her cough."

"But..." Miss Lapp paused and Mrs. King took advantage of the pause.

"I never could see anyway why the children are forced to play games at recess that make them stay in their seats almost as if it were in time of school. Now when I went to school we thought recess was for time to run around and get a little exercise." Her voice sounded excited.

Miss Lapp was silent. How she longed to tell this woman that she had no idea what it was like to have 36 children running around on a day when they couldn't play outdoors. She wanted to tell her about the arguments the pupils got into when they were turned loose to do as they pleased on a rainy day. But she didn't say anything. She just stood and wondered what Mrs. King would say next.

"I think little children shouldn't be asked to play with big children," Mrs. King's voice was calmer now. "Fannie seems very shy around older children, especially boys."

Miss Lapp looked up sharply, making sure she had heard right. "I can hardly believe that," she said mildly. "Just last week I had to stop her from trying to put a paper wad down a seventh-grade boy's back."

"Oh, yes, er, the older children told me about that, too," Mrs. King hastened to explain. "That was Levi Fisher. He's around here a lot with our boys and she knows him quite well. He teases her and she feels right at home with him. But Fannie is one who can't be forced. It makes her nervous."

Miss Lapp didn't say anything. What was

the use of telling Mrs. King that it was also Levi Fisher who had tapped her on the head today? "Well, " she said slowly. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize any of the pupils felt that way. I just hope the weather stays nice and the children can play outdoors. I'll see what I can do. " Then she was on her way home. She looked around just in time to see Fannie meet her mother at the door. "Probably she's telling her little girl she won't have to play with the others anymore, " thought Miss Lapp with a sinking heart. "And I'm sure Fannie knew she was going to talk to me about this matter, too. That's why she was sitting by the window. She was watching for me to go by. "

Miss Lapp's predictions proved to be true. The next day at recess a second-grade girl came up to her desk. "Teacher, is it true that we aren't going to play "Seven Up" anymore?" she asked.

The teacher looked at the little girl. "What makes you ask?"

"Fannie told me, " came the answer. "She said her mother told you last night that we're not supposed to play it anymore. "

Weeks passed. Miss Lapp tried to make the best of the situation she could. When the weather forced the children to play indoors, she encouraged them to play smaller group games. Sometimes about half or two-thirds of the children played "Seven Up" and games like that, but Miss Lapp never tried to have the whole group play it together. She couldn't help but notice the times when Fannie, the first-grade problem girl, joined the game with enthusiasm. "Oh, well, I guess her mother's right, " she mused to herself. "She said Fannie isn't one who likes to be forced. "

Other problems arose in Miss Lapp's school. Thinking they were routine difficulties, the teacher tried to cope with them as best she could. A few times she took the problems up with the parents, but when the King children were involved, Miss Lapp worked with extreme caution. She knew how those parents felt about her and worse yet, the children knew it, too.

Abner Swartz stared at the paper in his hand. On it were the words, "You are a dum teacher. " It wasn't signed, but there was no question as to who had written it. Only one boy in the whole school scribbled like this, and that was Lester Girod, a fifth grader.

For a minute Abner wondered what to do with the note. Should he throw it away and ignore it? He half chuckled to himself. "A terrible speller at that, " he mused, and then sobered again. The past few weeks Lester was slipping back again. He was a problem pupil, there was no getting around it. But he was a problem at home, too. "I wonder where that boy would be if his parents didn't cooperate with me?" mused Abner to himself. For the next few minutes he relived the different times when he and Lester's father had discussed the boy's conduct. "Clamp down on him, " the father had said. "We have to do that at home, too, and that's the only way he can be handled. "

"What makes some boys like that?" Abner asked himself. "Coming from a respectful family like Lester does, a person would think he'd do a lot better than he does. " The teacher's mind went on. Lester did have his good days, too. Last fall he had been caught cheating and firmly warned. When the second offense stood against him, there was nothing to do but to carry out the threat. Abner had spanked his pupil. After that Lester had seemed to be a changed boy. There were times when he had his relapses, but as a whole, he had improved, both in studies and in conduct. But now last week he had made a little girl cry in time of school. When Abner reproved him for it, there was a trace of resentment. A few days later he had been sent to his seat during play period for losing his temper with a playmate. Constantly he had to be reminded to keep busy. His grades were dropping. And now this note. How had it gotten into his desk anyway? When had Lester slipped it in without being noticed? Perhaps it had been there a few days already. But no, it was up front where Abner noticed it as soon as he had opened his drawer.

Tossing it aside, Abner started getting the next day's assignments ready. Maybe he should ignore it. But then, there were all the other things that stood against Lester the last week. Maybe he should give the note to Les-

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ter's father. But it was such a trifle. Still, was it? It showed disrespect for the teacher. All that evening the question baffled him. Several times he pulled the note from his pocket and read it again, making sure he had read it right. It wasn't far down the road to Lester's home? Maybe he should. But it was late now and the Girod's would be in bed.

The question still wasn't answered the next morning when Abner was ready for school. At the end of the lane he stopped and paused. A few moments later he was on his way down the road toward the Girod home. He briefly told Lester's father what had taken place during the last week at school. Last of all he handed the note to him and turned around and walked away with rapid steps.

Abner was later than usual that morning and a few children had already arrived. Trying to be his normal self, he hurried through the routine before-school chores. Anxiously he kept glancing down the road, hoping to see Lester's familiar form coming toward the schoolhouse. When it was time for the bell, Lester still wasn't there.

Once more dozens of questions crowded Abner's mind. When during the first song, a knock was heard at the door, his heart beat madly. With unsteady steps he walked toward the door and opened it. There stood Lester.

"Good morning," greeted the teacher, stepping outside and closing the door.

Lester's eyes didn't meet his teacher's. "I — I — er, I'm sorry," he stammered. "I'm going to try hard and do better from now on."

A lump came to Abner's throat. He felt no ill feeling toward the boy in front of him, only love and pity and forgiveness. A few minutes later the teacher and pupil entered the classroom together, closer friends than they had ever been. About an hour later another knock was heard. Abner was surprised to find Lester's father on the front steps of the schoolhouse. "Come on in," he welcomed.

'No, I can't stay today," he said. "I was just passing by and thought I'd stop in and see if, ah, if Lester carried out his orders."

"Yes, he did," answered the teacher with feeling. "And I hope things will be better from now on. Thank you very much."

"Thank you," answered the man, turning to go. "Don't hesitate to say something if Lester's conduct isn't satisfactory."

Abner returned to the classroom with a song in his heart. Teaching certainly was a rewarding occupation, and as so often, once more a reward followed a trial.

Weeks passed. The term ended. Abner was rehired for another term and then another. Lester still wasn't what might be termed a model student, but he did fairly well. One evening several years later Abner was relating the above experience to a group of teachers at a teachers' meeting. "It only proves," he concluded, "that when a pupil knows his parents and teacher work together, then he might as well give up. He's fighting a losing battle."

A great many school problems can be traced back to poor teacher-parent relationships. Or it might be better to say the unsolvable problems result from poor teacher-parent relationships. When a child is caught cheating in school, that might be termed a problem. But if through teacher and parent cooperation this child can be taught not to cheat, then the problem isn't a problem very long. But suppose the teacher punished the child for cheating and the parents feel the punishment was just a little harsh. They find it hard to accept that their child had to be punished in school. The child is quick to detect such a feeling, even if the parents don't come right out and say so. A feeling of resentment arises between the pupil and the teacher, and a real problem brews.

Often parent-teacher relationship is poor due to misunderstandings. Both parents and teachers should be careful not to take a child's word too seriously. A child's imagination knows no limits and they often exaggerate things they tell, both intentionally and unintentionally. Since children are natural messengers between the teacher and the parents, this fact must be taken into consideration. No matter how honest we think our children are, we must remember they are children.

Teacher-parent relationship problems are in no means always the parents' faults. Often parents have a very good reason for disagreeing with the teacher or his methods or rules. When they do they should carefully hide their feelings from the children and talk to the teacher about it. But in too many cases, they first of all go around to the other parents and see if they can find other people who feel the same way, and then "gang" up. By this time word of the disagreement has leaked out to the pupils and the teacher-pupil relationship suffers also. The teacher, being human, can't help but resent the petition the "gang" of parents confront him with. It is then that he's apt to feel "They don't appreciate anything I try to do for them. Let them see who's going to teach their children next year."

A teacher is in a touchy spot. He has on his hands children from perhaps eight to twelve families. That means he is dealing with twice as many parents. It is expecting too much to think he can please all 24 of these parents at the same time! This is where the need of patience, consideration, and forebearance comes in. This is why it is important that all the parents attend the parent-teacher meeting where questions and problems are frankly and openly discussed. This is why it is very important that the teacher speaks to the parents who are concerned rather than telling other parents what a problem certain children are in school. And it is equally important that the parents go directly to the teacher with things they would like to have a better understanding of.

A good parent-teacher relationship is important. On this relationship swings the whole school. With a good relationship, school can be such a pleasant place for both the teacher and the pupils. Without, the results are disastrous — frustrated teacher, disunity among the parents, disrespect on the children's part. And without a doubt the schoolboard will have a task on hand next summer — looking for another teacher.

Two Days in Geauga County

— by Ivan Coblentz

IT WAS A DARK RAINY morning — February 22nd. A large van with Alma Bixler driving was touring the Holmes County hills, gathering up passengers for a two-day trip to Geauga County to visit schools. When the load was completed there were six girls and two boys aboard. They were Elizabeth Miller, Sarah and Sylvia Schrock Oma Schlabach, Mary Hochstetler, Clara Miller, Jacob Troyer and I. All of us are teachers except Elizabeth, who is an ex-teacher.

Even before our load was completed daylight came, revealing to us the world about us. It was still raining and freezing as it came down. Would we be able to go on or would it turn colder, making traveling dangerous? As we drove north we noticed little icicles hanging from the road signs, from wire fences, and from tree branches and twigs. The roads, however, were not slippery and we arrived at the first school, Parkman Parochial, at 9:30. This school is being taught by Mrs. Mary Byler and Lester Hershberger. Both teachers had their desks at the back of the room, which was unusual to all of us. Upper graders were having arithmetic classes. One tip we picked up here was to have the children take turns to count how many problems were in the lesson. When the teacher asked, the boy had the answer ready.

The lower graders were working with new spelling words. The word was pronounced and a child was asked to give its meaning. Then another child used the word in a sentence. All this was done orally. A group of children was in the basement reviewing for a test.

We liked the new ideas for star charts. The children's hands were traced on heavy paper and their stars pasted on this outline. Another poster had a fleet of ships (one for each pupil) sailing on the ocean and the ships were outlined with stars.

When we left the children were having recess. The older children played ping pong around the table with the girls on one side and the boys on the other. (Players who make an error drop out.) Mrs. Byler turned her school over to a substitute and accompanied us for the rest of the day.

The second school we visited was Newcomb Road, which is taught by John Fisher and Paul Detweiler. We were impressed with this school as everyone was busy. One of the first things we noticed was that the children did not turn around and stare at the visitors, but stayed busy. They, too, were having spelling exercises. We liked John's way of teaching and noticed how many of the children were working with dictionaries.

Our third stop was Nauvoo School taught by Katie Weaver. She was having first-grade reading and we learned a lot by observing here. They had silent reading first. The children were asked to read a page silently and then the teacher asked questions. Some of the answers were found in the text and others in the pictures. Then the story was read aloud, too. When Miss Weaver introduced the new words, she followed the teacher's manual, writing short sentences and phrases on the board. The children tried to pronounce the new words.

Free-hand drawings on the bulletin board were about the travels of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders in the third grade reading book, If I Were Going. As we left we all had one question to ask each other. "How does she find time to do all these things?"

Enos Schrock and Barbara Yoder teach at Meadow Glow, the fourth school we saw. They were having tests. While the pupils were taking their tests they had them covered up with a sheet of paper to avoid the possibility of copying from each other. When they were all through, the papers were passed to the front where the teacher was waiting for them — another time-saving tip.

Mr. Schrock pulled the curtain back and converted the two rooms into one. We stayed and ate our lunch with them and saw a very orderly lunch period. The pupils all sat in their own desks to eat and ate quietly, seemingly enjoying their lunches. After lunch the children didn't waste any time getting to their games. Some played Carrom, some put together puzzles, and the girls were busy knitting and crocheting. Considering the number of children, their play period was a quiet one.

Another thing we noticed was the well-stocked library. The children there are enjoying the birds that come to their feeders.

The first school in the afternoon was Pleasant Valley. Here brother and sister William and Rebecca Bender teach, but William had a substitute in for the day as he was visiting in Holmes County. We were sorry we missed him. At this school we heard some excellent singing. There were 68 pupils in this school, all in one room.

Our next stop was Fox Run, taught by Ida Miller. She has a helper who comes in on Mondays to help her catch up on grading and extra work. This school was having geography and history tests. We saw a very interesting bulletin board. It showed a hive of busy bees. Each bee had a name on its back, such as "BEE KIND, BEE TRUTHFUL," and so on. The second bulletin board had an alphabet poem about health, which we hastily copied down.

This was the last school we saw in session, but arrived at South Hayes just as the children were leaving. We went in and had a nice visit with brother and sister teachers, Neil and Katie Miller. They also are making good use of their bulletin boards and we took advantage of the extra time we had and copied some of the poems and articles.

That evening all the Geauga teachers and we were invited to a supper and singing at the Ray Gingerich home. We enjoyed the evening by getting better acquainted with the teachers we saw during that day and the ones we missed. Some ex-teachers were also present. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of a birthday cake for Uria Byler and Amanda Hershberger. We then split up for the night with plans to meet at Troy Parochial the next morning to continue our tour of schools.

The next morning when we got to the appointed school we noticed one of our number (Elizabeth) was missing. Upon inquiring we learned that she had taken a misstep at the top of the stairs and fallen, hurting her back.

We visited with the teachers, Amanda Hershber and John Miller, Jr. until it was time to take up. For roll call, instead of saying "present," the fourth graders were to name a noun, the second and third graders a vegetable they had eaten the day before, and the first graders were to say whether they had drunk a glass of milk that morning. If the answer was "yes" they were allowed to add a star to their picture of a milk bottle on the bulletin board.

After devotions the lower graders had reading classes and the upper graders started with arithmetic. The first-grade class was fascinating. The pupils were very eager, a reflection of their teacher's enthusiasm. Once again we got ideas from the bulletin board. One was the Troy Parochial Speedway — a picture of a railroad track. The race was to see which grade could travel the 32-mile track first. Each 100% in regular lessons permitted the grade to move forward one space; each 100% in a test merited two spaces (miles). The markers were animal pictures held in place by bobby pins. Freehand pictures were on the bulletin board under the title, "If I Had a Whole Day to Myself I Would . . ." Each child showed in his picture what he would do.

Miss Hershberger had a substitute to take over and she went with us for the rest of the day. Our next stop was Nash Road School, taught by Wilma Glick. This school showed much original thinking and many ideas. There was extra work on the board for the first graders. At recess Jacob and I were telling each other how our first graders wouldn't get very far with work like that. One little boy was listening. "That work is easy for me," he said. Later I looked over his shoulder and saw that he was right He was doing very well with the work.

There were some very interesting compositions on the bulletin board, written on the theme, "The Morning Everything Went Wrong." Each composition had a picture illustrating the story.

The last school was Hosmer Road taught by Emma Miller and Nancy Troyer. The upper graders sat together to grade arithmetic papers. We saw good free-hand drawing at this school. There was a good drawing of a sailboat on the blackboard, made with colored chalk. Here we saw still a different pattern for star charts. The children's initials were printed on small cards on the bulletin board. The pupils were trying to fill these with stars.

From here we went to the Roman Schmucker home where we were served a delicious meal. Also there were Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Schmucker, both ex-teachers. After dinner we went back to Amanda's home to see if Elizabeth was back from the hospital. Since she wasn't, we called to the hospital and were pleased to hear she had been released and was on the way home. She arrived soon afterwards. Ex-rays showed no broken bones, but her back was badly sprained and bruised and she was to stay in bed for several days. We all felt better after we knew she was at least allowed to leave the hospital. We visited with her and Amanda for a while, then started for home.

We will long remember this visit. We were impressed with how the schools seem to work together. I think one teacher summed up our thoughts when she remarked, "I can see that working together as they do puts a stronger foundation under their schools." We all agreed that in no school did we see any pupils showing disrespect toward us or their teacher. As we returned to our own classrooms we had a lot to think about, many new ideas to put into use, and much to strive for — thanks to our Geauga County friends.

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

DEAR TEACHER,

"Now I beseech you brethern in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment. 1 Cor. 1:10

Good morning to you! How are you this fine morning? When the sun shines so brightly and the air feels so pure and fresh as if cleansed by the recent snowfall, don't you feel happy as you walk along on your way to school, ready to start in another week of teaching? I would think it couldn't be otherwise.

But then I think teaching must be like running a home. There never will be two days alike. We all make mistakes and must start each new day trusting in God to help and guide us.

There are many times when you have to bind little wounds, mend broken hearts, and settle childish disputes. Through wet and snowy weather you watch the pupils come into your clean classroom, some snow still lingering on their coats and boots to melt and make puddles on the recently waxed floor. But you stand there, patiently taking it all in. A smile plays around your lips and I can tell you're glad they're all there, well and happy.

From nine until four each school day they are yours and as they leave home in the morning I put my trust in God and you, and somewhat dismiss them from my mind. But when they appear in the evening, or as soon as I know you have sent them on their way, I reclaim them as mine once more— mine to love, to teach, and to discipline.

Although I am their mother, I also feel like their teacher at times. This "teaching" experience tells me that you need ever so much patience, for you, too, are their teacher and "mother" at the same time. Children need to be disciplined in school and when the occasion arises when our children must be punished, we will stand by you and try to make them see that it was your duty to do so. We, as parents, have the full confidence you will not punish our children unfairly.

You did not rely on your own judgment when troubles came along, but asked the parents for their views in the matter. In doing this, you did a wonderful thing. It draws the parents and the teacher closer when they share the same problems and work together for a common cause.

Our children seldom come home complaining about anything. They know you are our friend and we will not take a stand against you. Therefore they look up to you, believing that what you do is right and your word is law. There might be times when you feel discouraged and blue—let down and almost forgotten. Do not despair. These feelings will pass away. Perhaps it is our fault you feel this way since we don't give you the proper encouragement in your task. Sometimes home duties crowd out the things we'd like to do, but we do realize we could not take your place, thus the least we can do is to send a word of encouragement now and then.

We appreciate the songs and poems our children learn. By teaching these, you show us you profess to be a God-fearing Christian and that you are trying to build up the children's minds with sound material which we hope and pray will help them in the years to come.

In all these things we wish to show our appreciation and in your trials and troubles, our sympathy and understanding. We have the confidence you are trying to do your best. Who can do more? You have chosen a good work and may God bless you for it.

I have a warm feeling in my heart for teachers everywhere, and wish I could tell them so. I know what I'll do. I'll send this letter to the Blackboard Bulletin and ask the editors if they would print it. And I'll ask to have my name and address omitted. Then perhaps some lonely desolate teacher will read it and think, "Oh, I know who wrote that letter," thinking it was one of her school mothers. And may her day be brightened because of it.

Sincerely,
One of the many mothers

P. S. I would be pleased to have an answer (through the Bulletin, of course).

FACE THE SUN

Don't hunt after trouble,
But look for success;
You'll find what you look for;
Don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow,
Remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining,
But you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster,
Don't dream, and don't shirk;
Don't think of your worries,
But think of your work.

The worries will vanish,
The work will be done;
No man faces his shadow
Who faces the sun.

— Name Withheld

To Mock and Be Mocked

This is an incident that happened in our parochial school. An item belonging to one of the neighbors was found lying on the playground. Since the man did not know it was being used at school and the item was not properly taken care of, it was now ruined. He told the school boys that the item had cost ten dollars.

Instead of apologizing or offering to make things right, the next time the man passed the schoolhouse, the boys called out mockingly, "Cost ten dollars, cost ten dollars."

Now the question is, just how serious is this? Some parents say, "But they're just children." This may be true; they are children, but the Bible teaches, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6. It doesn't say at what age to start training a child, but if children are old enough to do wrong, then they are old enough to be taught to do right. To my thinking this should be long before they go to school.

All of us have been told the story of the children who cried "Bald kopf! Bald kopf!" at the prophet, and were torn to pieces by bears. We do not know how old these children were, but we do know that the same God still rules over us. If this was sin then, it is sin now, too.

When I went to school I was often mocked, but now I feel it did not harm me as much as the ones that did the mocking. I was taught to stand for the right whether others did or not. This I tried to do; but as is usually the case, since I didn't join in wrong things, I was mocked. The mocking continued and one day a non-Amish boy saw what my classmates were doing. "They must not go to church, " he said. This has often given me deep thoughts. What the mocking must have done to the light of these other Amish children.

I think it sums up to one thing; if children are taught respect of others in the home all through childhood, then they cannot mock with a free conscience. This matter of respect is of great importance in our Amish parochial schools. Disrespect hurts children, discourages teachers, causes disunity, and destroys property. If we have true respect of God, then we also respect others and their property. We, as parents, must do our part and be an example for others. What if some don't dress or do or think as we do? We should never be seen belittling them, and least of all, in front of children.

No one is perfect and this may take fighting against our own self will, but we know God is on the throne, and if we ask Him He will help us overcome.

When I went to school I used to feel sorry for myself that I could not always follow the gang, but I am thankful to my parents now. Though the ones who are mocked often feel like losers, the ones who do the mocking actually are.

- Indiana Parents

Keeping A Diary

(Editor's note: The teacher who submitted the following account of a day at school says keeping a daily diary is well worth the effort. She also suggested reading parts of the diary to the pupils at the end of each school week.)

— by Amanda Nisley

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1971

Another morning of close to zero weather. The little ones were quite cold when they reached the schoolhouse this morning. An eighth-grade girl offered help to a younger one as she was taking off her wraps. An eighth-grade boy was seen pulling boots from a first grader while a seventh grader was concerned about his little brother's dinner bucket. The words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" came to the teacher's mind as she went about her duties. I often wonder if I show my appreciation enough to my considerate group of pupils.

Seventh graders had a very interesting geography lesson about Israel, the Holy Land, and nearby Jordan. A few Bible incidents were discussed. A narrow road in one of the pictures was easily imagined to be the one the good Samaritan had traveled.

The play periods had to be spent inside. Poison, knife pitching, and carrom were the main games. The noise was at times quite intense, but noise is better than standing around in silent groups as was the case of a few girls at noon. When they finally got started playing "poison" the little girls' team showed more enthusiasm than the older girls' team did. Even tormenting the ones playing carrom was done until the teacher had to reprimand them for it. It is doubted that teasing the little ones will ever be lost, but it must be worked on, for the results always carry ill effects on the child.

The story at noon was about the hibernation of certain animals and reptiles. The question was asked, "Who can tell me what the German name is for a toad?" Instantly a first grader popped up, "Grot."

During the third period a knock was heard at the door. It was a woman in the vicinity who makes toy animal sets. Teacher Lovina had ordered some and was expecting them any day. Her little pupils could not conceal their delight. After the oh's and ah's had ceased, they ended with a mighty "Thank you!"

The first graders find it hard to follow the rule about English speaking at the first recess. When an upper grader reminded a first grader, the first grader said, "But I meaned I did."

Five out of the forty-nine pupils were absent today. The last day of perfect attendance was on November 8th. Whooping cough is holding a few out. How nice it would seem to have them all here again!

By three o'clock the sun had removed the edge from the bitter cold. Another day at Maple Grove has come to an end.

- Baltic, Ohio

Teaching — A Rewarding Job

— by Lydia Fisher

You say teaching is a rewarding job? What makes you say this? Things must be going just the way you want them to. Everyone must be well pleased with the way you are running the school. Everyone must have thought the grade cards you just sent home were made out exactly right. Your pupils must have gotten over having those petty quarrels and are getting along real well now. The girls must have given up picking on each other.

Oh, you say it's not that at all. Then tell me, why do you say teaching is a rewarding job?

Well, it's like this. One day I was depressed because a parent had complained about the grades on her child's report card. One of my little ones slipped her hand into mine and whispered, "Teacher, I like to go to school. I like you, too."

Another parent complained about how I was treating the children at school. "Seems you don't take time with ours like you do with the rest." A seventh grader must have sensed I was depressed. She came to me and whispered shyly, "Teacher, today is the first of the month. I am going to try hard to do what you want me to do and keep my sheet clean this month."

A third-grade boy was working with a frown, trying to find a certain word in the dictionary. As I watched him, the frown turned to a wide smile that could only mean one thing. The word was found! The satisfaction of getting the dictionary lesson across is one of the rewards of teaching.

Another day a note: "There must be some reason why our pupils can't get their lessons. Maybe you don't explain them enough or is it that they don't have enough time?" The same day another note from a pupil: "I'm glad you are my teacher. Find my name. It is hidden in the picture."

I had been trying for weeks to tell a certain little boy that things can't always go his way, yet felt I accomplished little. Then one day he came into the schoolhouse saying, "Enos just won't do this the way I want him to, but I'm going to let him do it his way." Perhaps my words had sunk in deeper than I thought they did.

For some reason the children were in an uncooperative mood today. No one knows why such days come. Around the middle of the afternoon a fourth-grade girl told me she was ready for her test now. "I studied my notes and I think I know the answers now." What a pleasant break!

A mother said, "My child seems so nervous. I will have to take her out of school for an appointment. I feel it must be her schoolwork that is causing this." That afternoon the seventh and eighth graders all made an "A" on a geography quiz.

Fifth graders worked hard on fractions. In spite of the fact that I explained them as thoroughly as I could, one girl missed most of them. She took the blame on herself saying, "Most of the mistakes are just signs of carelessness. I didn't work carefully enough."

After dismissing school tonight I watched as the pupils got ready to go home. A girl lagged behind. Finally she came to me and said, "Teacher, I'm sorry I was mean to Barbara. I didn't really mean to."

What a mix-up! Good happenings, not-so-good happenings. Happy people, unhappy people. Ups and downs. They all add up to make teaching a very rewarding job!

Ronks, Pennsylvania

DEAR READERS,

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

I well remember the evening when three men came to talk to me. They were strangers, and as I walked over to them, I already had the feeling that I knew what they wanted. I greeted them and we talked about the weather and things like that. Then one of them said, "I suppose you have an idea of what we're after. We thought we'd come up and see if you would be interested in teaching in our district this coming year."

"We-l-l-l," I said. "How many pupils do you have in your school?"

"Only 37," answered one of the men.

"Only 37!" I thought that sounded like a lot. We talked about books and a place to board and lots of other things. In the end I told them I needed more time to think about it, so they agreed to come back about a week later.

For the next few days my mind was everywhere except on my work. I thought of all the things that could go wrong in a school. I talked it over with my sister, who had taught several years already. She really enjoyed teaching, but that was her and I was someone else. My dad advised me to think it over carefully and consider it well before I promised. The evening came when the school board was to come back. That was the evening I promised to teach and final arrangements were made. I appreciated them for allowing me to start a week earlier so my sister could help me the first week.

After that the time slowly moved on. September was a month away, then three weeks, two, one, and finally just one day. The evening before I went to bed early, but sleep just would not come. As I tossed and turned, I kept picturing a schoolroom full of strange faces. At long last I fell asleep, only to awaken early the next morning. The day was at hand. The fifteen-mile trip seemed extra long that day. The sun was shining warmly as our horse and buggy traveled southward. It was ten o'clock when my sister and I drove in the schoolhouse lane. The school board members were already there with supplies and were busying themselves with last minute repairs. The very sight of the school in which I was to teach made my heart go thump, thump, thump! My sister was familiar with the books and was sorting them according to grades, while I just walked around trying to stay calm.

Before long it was time for lunch. Need I tell you I wasn't very hungry? And then before we were through eating the first pupils arrived. An hour later I stood before 37 strange children, ready to introduce myself and make the opening speech. By this time we had been joined by two other teachers, one who had taught before and one who was a beginner like me. They wanted to see the opening of a school term.

A lot of things have taken place since that day. Like in many schools, there have been incidents of cheating, fighting, quarreling, and misunderstandings. But then there have been days of cheerfulness, apologizing, playing together, and happiness. All in all, I must say I am glad I said "yes" when I was asked to teach. I enjoy it in spite of the troubles that come.

I hope this letter will not discourage anyone who has in mind to teach. much more encourage them. Sunshine always drives away the rain and storms. I've found teaching very interesting.

Sincerely yours,
Jacob M. Troyer

Shreve, Ohio

Dear Readers,

The weather is very cold. It seems to be almost too cold for the birds. At least we don't see very many at the feeder any more. Perhaps after it warms up a little we'll see more again.

This is the time of year when we can look back and realize how much is accomplished. Sometimes it almost looks hopeless but then things begin to look brighter and we feel encouraged to go on. This is especially so when the first graders are supposed to be subtracting and the first thing I know they are adding again.

The third graders had lots of trouble in borrowing when they subtracted, so I taught them how to draw a line and add the bottom numbers to check their work. This helped quite a bit.

The girls are doing some hand sewing and the boys are making bird feeders and bird houses.

I have learned that when children are taught the sounds in English, this helps a lot when they want to learn to read German.

Sincerely,
Susie Mast

to READ ALOUD

THE TELL-TALE PEAS

-by Martha Helmuth

"EVA," MOTHER BEGAN, "As soon as you have put the dishes away, you may rock Baby Mark. He's rather fussy but maybe you can put him to sleep. I'd like to get some mending done this afternoon."

"Oh, good!" answered Eva. She liked to rock Baby Mark. For nine years Eva had been an only child and Mark was given a grand welcome upon his arrival. Besides, rocking the baby was much more enjoyable than most of the work she had to do.

Hurriedly she grabbed the plates and pans and shoved them into the cupboard, banging the doors as she did so. She picked up the silverware and dropped them into the drawer and then came into the living room to pick up Mark.

"Do you have the dishes all put away?" Mother asked Eva.

Hiding her face behind the baby as she laid his head on her shoulder, she answered, "Uh-huh."

Mother looked at her, wondering, but said nothing.

Eva settled in the rocker and began rocking Mark. It took her quite awhile but finally he fell asleep and Mother laid him in his crib. Eva's arm was sore from holding it in the same position for so long, but she didn't really mind.

The afternoon passed by as she helped her mother sew buttons on some of Father's work shirts and entertained the baby after he woke up.

After a while Mother went out into the kitchen to fix a bottle for Mark.

"Eva," she called. "I thought you said you put the dishes away."

Eva went on playing with Mark as if she hadn't heard.

"Put Mark down and come here," Mother told Eva in a voice that made her put the baby down right away. "Look at those glasses and bowls that are still on the cupboard." She walked over and opened one of the cupboard doors. As she did so, one of the cups fell out. She caught it just in time.

Mother looked sternly at Eva. "Come over here and put the rest of these dishes away," Mother told her. "Be sure that you put them where they belong and then straighten up the other shelves, too."

Mother opened the silverware drawer to get a spoon to stir the milk for Mark. As she did so, she discovered the silverware was also thrown into the drawer every which way. "Eva, put the silverware into the parts where they belong, too," she continued with a sigh.

Slowly Eva began to do as Mother told her. When she was finished she came back into the living room where Mother was giving Mark his bottle.

"Do you have it done right this time?" Mother wanted to know.

"Yes," Eva answered. "May I give Mark his bottle now?"

"No, it's about time for you to carry in the wood for the kitchen stove," Mother answered. "Besides, how do I know you really did as you said?"

"Well, I did put the dishes where they belong," insisted Eva.

"You told me the other time you had put them away, too," Mother reminded her. "You not only did sloppy work, but you told me an untruth because you had not really put them away."

Eva only stared at the floor as she kept twisting her covering strings.

"You may not think of it as a lie," Mother explained patiently, "but it's not really the truth either. Small lies like this will often lead to big ones."

Eva bit her lips and remained silent.

"Get your wraps on and start with your chores," Mother continued.

Mother was thoughtful as she sat holding Mark. "I don't like Eva's sloppy work," she told herself, "but her half-truths bother me even more." Her mind went back to a few days before when she had sent Eva upstairs to sweep her room. Eva later told her she had done it but when Mother had gone upstairs the next day she discovered that Eva had only swept the dirt under the dresser. "What can we do to break her of these habits?" Mother wondered.

As time went on, the spring days became longer and warmer. One day when Eva came home from school her mother was raking the garden. When Eva walked in the drive, Mother called to her. "Please hurry and change your clothes and then come out and help me."

"Okay," Eva answered. "Where's Mark?"

"He's sleeping," Mother replied. "Please be quiet when you go into the house so you don't wake him up."

After a while Eva came out to the garden to help Mother. "What are you planting today?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, just a few of the early things," Mother returned. "Some peas, radishes, and lettuce."

Mother took the little garden plow and made five furrows across the garden. Then she picked up a bag of peas. "Come over here, Eva. You may plant these peas while I do some more raking.

Eva walked over to where her mother was.

"I'll show you how far apart you are to plant these," Mother went on as she dropped a few seeds into the furrow. "Drop one pea at a time about two inches apart like this." She handed the bag of peas to Eva and went back to her raking.

Carefully Eva began dropping peas into the furrow. It was slow work for her. The row looked longer and longer.

"What are you going to plant in these other rows?" Eva wanted to know.

"We'll plant peas in there, too," Mother replied. "I don't know if I've made enough furrows or not."

"That many peas?" thought Eva. "It will take a long time to plant all those." She stood up and looked at Mother. "Are you going to help plant them?"

"I don't know for sure," Mother answered. "I haven't planted the radishes and lettuce, yet; but if Mark keeps on sleeping I think I can help you."

Silently Eva went on planting peas. Finally two rows were planted. She looked into her bag. It looked as if most of her peas were in the bag yet.

"Did you want all these peas planted?" Eva asked her mother.

"Yes," answered Mother. "I'd like to have plenty this year. We've been out of peas for a while already."

"Well, it takes so long and my back gets tired from bending over all the time," Eva complained.

"Give me a handful," Mother sighed as she walked over to Eva. Taking some peas from the bag, she began to rapidly drop them into the furrow.

Suddenly they heard a wail coming from the house. "Oh, there's Mark," exclaimed Eva as she dropped her bag of peas to the ground and turned to go into the house.

"No, Eva," Mother said. "I'll go in and get him. You may just go on planting peas. I think it's warm enough to bring Mark out here if I put his coat on."

Slowly Eva picked up the peas and started planting again. She wished there weren't so many left any more. Suddenly she had an idea. "I wonder if Mother would notice it," she said to herself. She stood looking at the peas. "There are still so many. I don't think she would." She glanced around to see if anyone was watching. . . . She smiled as she got back to work again. She came to the end of the row. She looked into the bag of peas again. There were still quite a few there. "Hmmm," she said to herself as she took out another handful. "I wonder if Mother will miss them? I don't think she will."

In a few minutes Mother came out with Mark and a coaster wagon. She had a box and a blanket on the wagon. After arranging the blanket in the box, she set Mark in it and wrapped the blanket around him.

"Now, let me have some more peas," she told Eva.

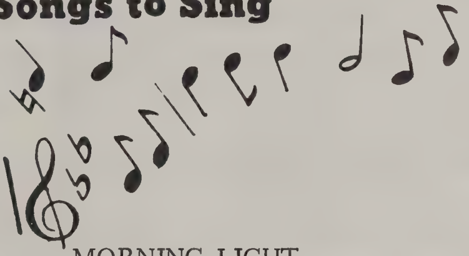
Eva glanced at her mother, then reached into the bag and got out a handful for Mother.

"Why don't you just give me the bag and you can go on with that handful," suggested Mother, taking the bag from Eva. She reached into it to get some peas. "Is this all you have any more?" she asked with surprise.

"Yes, Mother," answered Eva. "That's all of them.

Mother looked curiously at the rows that had been planted. By this time three rows had been planted, but she thought there should

Songs to Sing



MORNING LIGHT
6,5,6,5.
(Suggested tune:
Neither Do I Condemn Thee)

Morning light is coming,
Stars now fade away;
Over highest hilltops
Brightly gleams the day.

Nature's feathery songsters
Loud their notes resound;
Lovely flowers are spreading
Odors all around.

See the silvery dew drops
Gleaming on the grass,
Bees begin their labor
Humming as they pass.

Morning light, I hail thee
After peaceful rest.
Let the song of gladness
Swell my grateful breast.

be more peas left than there were. "Eva, what did you do with all the peas that I gave you?" Mother asked her. "Did you throw some away?"

Eva caught her breath. "I didn't really throw them away," she told herself. "N-no, Mother, I — I was only planting them," Eva stammered without looking at Mother.

Mother looked intently at Eva and then at the rows that had been planted. They looked all right. "Well, I wonder," she said to herself. "I thought surely I had enough for at least five rows and now I'll barely have enough for four rows."

Mother looked at Eva again. "Take those peas that you have and start planting at this end of the row and I'll go to the other end of the same row and start from there."

Both silently kept on planting and soon the row was filled. After planting a few more things, it was time to do the chores. Mother took Mark into the house and told Eva to carry in the wood.

As time went on, Eva forgot about the peas. The days turned colder and then warmer again. Soon there were rows of tiny plants showing in the garden where they had done their planting.

Then one Saturday Uncle Joe and Aunt Emma came to visit them, bringing their family. Irma was Eva's favorite cousin and they were soon playing together happily.

After dinner Mother and Aunt Emma went out to look at the garden.

"Let's go out to the garden too," suggested Eva. "I want to show you where I'm going to have a little garden all my own."

"Okay, let's," replied Irma eagerly.

The girls ran out to where their mothers were. They were looking at the rows of vegetables that were growing nicely.

Suddenly Mother exclaimed, "What's this?" She took a step up between the rows of peas and looked more closely.

"Eva, do you know anything about this?" she asked.

Eva stopped in the middle of something she was saying to Irma. Suddenly her face blushed with shame. She had forgotten all about those peas!

"Come here, Eva," called Mother.

Slowly Eva walked over to Mother. There was the tell-tale evidence. A cluster of little plants peeped up through the ground where she had buried a handful of peas that day she had helped Mother plant the garden. She followed Mother's eyes as they looked farther up the rows of peas. There was not only one cluster of plants, but three.

"Eva," Mother said quietly, "so this is how you 'planted' them. This explains why I couldn't fill more than four rows. The peas tell their own story, the tell-tale peas."

Suddenly Eva turned and fled for the house, with tears streaming down her face. She ran for the bedroom and closed the door. She didn't want to see Irma right now. What would her cousin think of her now? What would Aunt Emma think?

After some time Mother found her there, lying on her bed. "Eva, I'm very sorry this happened today and spoiled your nice time with Irma," she told her, "but you'll have to come out and play with her anyway."

"I don't want to now," Eva sobbed. "What will she think of me?"

"Eva, we've often tried to tell you it is wrong to do sloppy work and then tell us you'd done things when you really hadn't," Mother told her kindly as she sat on the edge of the bed. "Do you remember that you told me you had planted the peas?"

Eva nodded her head but said nothing.

"Well, I guess you had planted them," Mother said soberly. "At least you had put them under the ground, but you knew you had not planted them in the way I had expected you to plant them, didn't you?"

Eva nodded her head slowly.

"You feel bad because Aunt Emma and Irma saw what you had done," Mother went on, "but remember, God knew all the time and watched this happen."

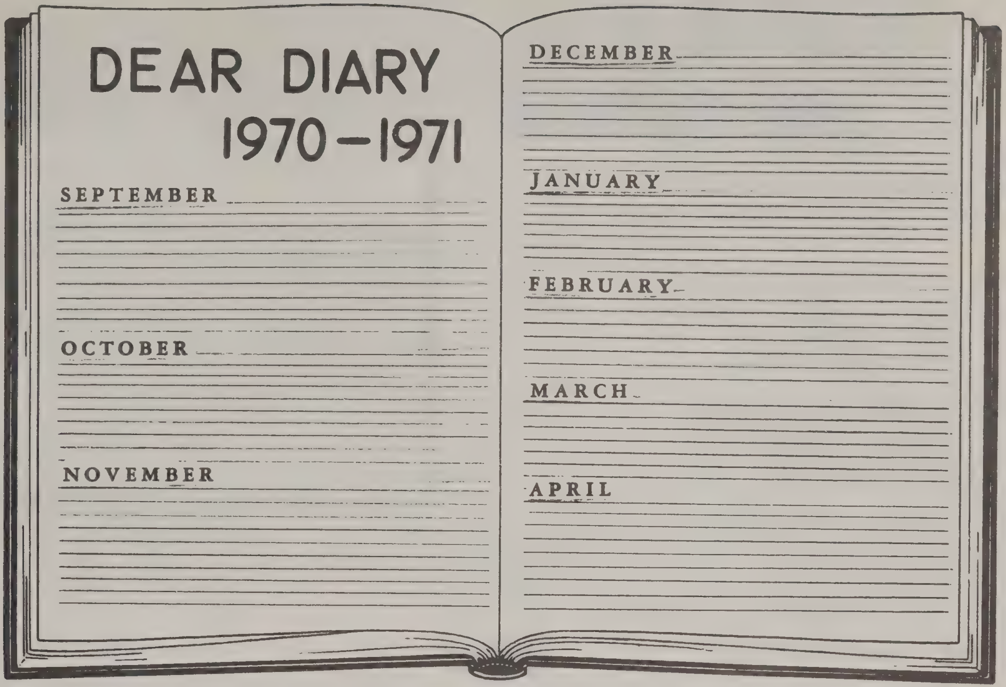
Eva sat up and took a deep breath.

"You should not only feel sad because Aunt Emma and Irma know it, but because you were displeasing God," Mother explained.

"I'm sorry Mother," Eva said meekly, the tears still standing in her eyes.

"You'll have to come out to Irma," Mother told her again. "And when you're tempted to do your work by halves or to tell an untruth, remember the tell-tale peas."

. . Projects . . . .



LAST DAY DISPLAY

This is a bulletin board project to prepare for visitors on the last day of school. Many things could be done, but perhaps the most interesting both to parents and pupils would be to make a diary of the year's events.

Colored construction paper could cover the entire bulletin board as a background. You might alternate four colors symbolizing the changing seasons: summer (yellow) autumn (orange) winter (white) spring (light green).

Next design an outline in black of a large open book. This will be your diary. Within its borders portion off spaces for each of the school's eight months. In these sections have the children write accounts of each month's memorable happenings.

Perhaps each grade could take a different month to write about. The teacher could tell her pupils to write down what they best remember about their assigned month. Then these could be combined into a single report so that a month is well covered but does not have duplicate information.

If space permits, pictures of different events might also be included. Or these might be put in the area surrounding the diary. A good heading for the project might be: OUR SCHOOL DIARY, DEAR DIARY 1970-1971, or THE YEAR'S EVENTS.

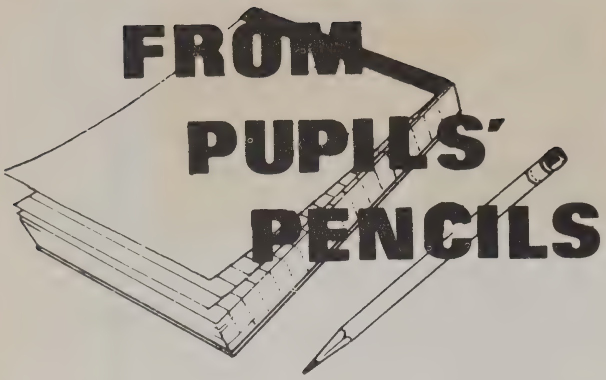
If the pupils have kept a composition notebook during the year, a miniture copy of the "Last Day Display" would be nice to include in it.

A Poster to Make

DOUBT sees the obstacles;
FAITH sees the way.
DOUBT sees the darkest night;
FAITH sees the day.
DOUBT dreads to take a step;
FAITH soars on high.
DOUBT questions, "Who believes?"
FAITH answers, "I."

Alternate the colors of DOUBT and FAITH. Have the pupils memorize it.

Paint or stencil or print the verse on poster board or heavy paper.



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

SPRING

—by Eileen Horning

The sun beams down its golden ray
To start another new spring day;
The birds fly merrily along,
And as they go they sing a song.
"Spring is here," they gladly sing,
"Can't you see that it is spring?"
The water gladly runs its way,
"I, too, am glad," it seems to say.

Winter's gone; the grass is green,
And spring is such a lovely scene.
The water, birds, flowers, and sun—
All these show that spring's begun.
God made this season just for you,
That you may see and love it, too;
Remember as you welcome spring
That these gifts come from our King.

--Denver, Pennsylvania
age 14

A QUEER FAMILY

—by David E. Chupp

About two years ago my brother Sam and I went into the woods. We came to kind of a hollow tree. Sam climbed up and looked in a hole and found a mother raccoon and four babies in a nest. The baby racoons didn't have their eyes open yet. We took them home and put them with a mother cat that had just one kitten. She took good care of them.

About a week later Sam found a little fox squirrel that didn't have any hair yet. He put it with the mother cat, too. Then altogether she had one kitten, four raccoons, and one squirrel. She could go in and out of the building as she wanted to. She brought back mice and birds for her family.

People from far and near came to see the unusual mother cat and her family. The animals grew rapidly and became very tame.

We kept one raccoon for us and sold the others. The one we kept was allowed to run loose in the barn. Every morning and evening he would come down from the hay mow to get his milk with the cats. Sometimes we put candy, peanuts, or cookies in our pockets when we chored. Our pet raccoon would crawl up our legs and reach into our pockets and just help himself. He would also crawl on our shoulder and rub his nose against ours.

One morning while we were in the barn choring we found our pet raccoon dead beside one of the big work horses. Evidently the horse had stepped on him. There were some sad children around our place that morning.

We skinned the raccoon and sold his fur for four dollars.

—Bremen, Indiana
age 11, grade 5

OUR TRIP TO CANADA

—by Linda and Susan Mast

Last summer we took a trip to British Columbia, Canada. A man took us up with a camper. We saw many things.

In Yellowstone National Park was a mother bear with three little cubs. One girl came out of their camper and stood right in front of a bear and he ate a fish right out of her hand. Then her brother came out with a fish, too, but he was a little more afraid. We saw deer and antelope, too, but no moose.

We went through the Badlands and the Black Hills and saw many mountains, some of which were snow capped. One mountain had a statue of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln carved on it.

We stayed in British Columbia for a few months and came home on the train. Once when the train stopped we four children were standing by the window. A man and a woman walked past. The man had a camera in his hand and wanted to take our picture. When he looked again we had ducked out of his sight. He must have been pretty surprised when he looked and couldn't see us.

--Holmesville, Ohio
grades two and three

Dear girls,

Thank you for writing about your trip. The girl who fed a bear was disobeying a law. Even though bears are friendly at times, they get nasty at other times and can't be trusted. For that reason a law has been passed against feeding the bears. This law, like most others, is to protect the people of the land and should be obeyed. -C.C.

RECESS TIME

—by Leanna Miller

Recess is a happy time,
I hear the cheery voices chime.

We chat with many friends so dear,
Although not everyone can hear.

On some days when it's not nice
We play a game with marbles and dice.

And other days we play baseball;
We run so fast we nearly fall.

Oh, God help me these friends to share
And keep us safely in Thy care!

—Shipshewana, Indiana
grade 5

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Well, spring is coming. The other evening I saw a group of children walking home from school, and by watching them I could tell it must be warm outside. Their coats were unbuttoned and a few children even were carrying theirs. The boys had their caps above their ears and the girls weren't wearing mufflers like they had earlier in the winter. And I could tell by the way they walked along that they really appreciated the mild weather. It almost gave me a dose of spring fever just to watch them.

Talking about walking home from school, do you realize that how you act on the way to and from school pretty well tells what kind of school you attend? About a month ago I was driving down the road one morning. I spied two children walking at a distance and immediately I knew they were school children. I tried to hurry the horse along, hoping I could give them a ride, but they were almost at the schoolhouse by the time I caught up with them. It was still cold then and the little boy was wearing a cap that covered all of his face except his nose and his eyes. But even then I knew he was smiling a big smile under that cap. How could I tell? There were little wrinkles around his eyes, and he waved in a friendly way. No one would wave like that without smiling. This boy's sister's smile wasn't hidden and it made me feel glad to see their happy smiles. I thought to myself, "I know those children are going to greet their teacher and the other children with a big smile. I think I would like to be their teacher."

As I drove on I met more children, walking toward the same school. I really enjoyed watching those children. Smiling to myself I drove a few miles more, all the time hoping I would be in time to meet some children from the next school, which was along the same road. Soon I saw what I was looking for — a group of about six children walking up a hill toward me.

There was something very different about this group of children. A few of them were on one side of the road and the rest were on the other. They were in no hurry and even stopped to talk to each other. Just as I was about even with the group one boy decided to go to the other side of the road. I think he did it to show how bold he is. As I passed, there were no friendly smiles or waves. Just as I was thinking about this something hit the back of my buggy. A snowball. I looked around just in time to see the whole group burst into laughter.

A few days later I was at a place where some people were talking about the troubles they were having at this same school. I thought of the children I had met on the way to school, but I didn't mention it then because another woman said, "I try not to drive along that road when the children are on their way to and from school. They sometimes throw things at buggies and they yell at people and make fun of them."

I sure hope there aren't many school children that do this, because there are so many reasons why they shouldn't. First of all, it isn't right. The Bible teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves. Children especially are admonished to respect older people. Often the very people they are making fun of are the ones who help support the school they are attending. Children who misbehave on the way to and from school (and anyplace else) are a bad light for themselves, their school, their teacher, and their parents. They make other people sad when they could just as easily make them happy.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, scatter gladness everywhere, especially on the way to and from school.

Best wishes,
Cousin Carrie

As was mentioned in the last issue of the Bulletin, plans are underway for the annual teachers' meeting, which is to be held in Lancaster County. Even though we do not have the final plans yet, we did hear from the teachers there recently and they promised to supply us with the plans in time to announce them in the May issue.

The first meeting of this kind was also held in Pennsylvania and nine teachers attended. It wasn't meant to be a teachers meeting, merely a circle letter get-together. Who could have predicted then that this get-together would be an annual affair and in sixteen years include as many as 140 teachers?

I have no proof, but I'm guessing that the idea of having the first get-together was discussed in the circle letter and it took some correspondence to make the final plans. But many of the problems the hosts of the meeting today face didn't exist then. Yet today they do exist and each year the group seems to be getting larger and many teachers are wondering how long we will be able to find a place for the meeting to be held.

This month's "Opinions Please" article presents some of the problems of a large meeting. It also gives some of the other side of the issue. The question remains, do the disadvantages of such a big group outweigh the advantages to the point where the meeting should be divided? If so, how?

We would appreciate hearing from a variety of people who attend these meetings and especially from those who attended the earlier meetings.

Appearing in this issue is an announcement concerning the Pathway Reading Series. Because the first printing of the readers has paid for itself, it was decided to offer the books at a below-cost price. Any schools may purchase the books for $1.00 each instead of the former $2.96.

This offer is open to schools which are already using the readers but need more copies; also to schools which have not purchased any Pathway readers so far. This offer will be in effect as long as the books remain from the first printing. There are about 1,000 of each on hand.

--E.M.

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May 1971

TWO EXTREMES

(and the in-between)

By Joseph Stoll

THERE ARE SOME GREAT contrasts in this world. Tommy is an average six-year-old who lives in the United States. Ramon is a typical Honduran lad of the same age. If you want to see some differences, look at what's ahead in each boy's life.

Tommy was born in a land of multimillion dollar public schools where almost everyone burns incense to Education. He'll be starting to school in September, and then the long grind will have begun. In a land where the school law says six years old to sixteen, he'll more likely continue till he's twenty-two. If he doesn't wind up having at least a B. A. after his name, everyone'll be wondering what happened.

By contrast, poor Ramon may never get to school at all. If he does start next year, he'll likely quit after a month or so. There's not much chance of his going to school until he's fourteen, which is the age when the Honduras law officially excuses him from further attendance.

Both boys will have the opportunity to attend the local public elementary school and receive a free education. But what a difference between the two schools and between the kind of education they provide!

Our readers know what the schools are like in the United States and Canada, so it is not necessary to describe them, Most of our readers, however, have never visited a rural school in Central America, and probably don't know much about them.

I have had the privilege of visiting two Honduran schools in the past year —a one-room counrty school and the larger town school in Guiamaca. In

to page 260 ⇨

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AN EDITORIAL

Recently I read an article in Reader's Digest entitled, "How Good Is Your Child's School?" This write-up, of course, dealt with million-dollar schools complete with television sets, gymnasiums, and teachers who had spent thousands of dollars for their education. But I was surprised to find that many of the qualities this writer mentioned were the very same things I look for when I step into a one-room Amish parochial school.

For example, the article stated that in order to be successful a school had to meet three requirements: (1) a learning program that responds to the needs of its students; (2) teachers who are concerned with developing youngsters who delight in learning; and (3) a pleasant atmosphere where every child feels valued and successful.

I would dare say any Amish school that meets these three requirements is well on its way to success. Yet, in many ways our schools don't begin to compare with public schools. How, then, can they possibly be filling the need of their pupils? The answer is simple. Not only is there a vast difference in the schools, the difference in the need is equally vast. Amish children don't need to study chemistry, algebra, and English literature like children do who plan to go on through high school and college. They don't need to learn how to conduct public meetings or take studies that prepare them for public speaking courses.

No, we feel there is more need to emphasize Christian virtues and to teach morals that will help the child lead an honest, unselfish life. This, plus a balance of secular education, is what we feel our children need, so that's what we try to teach in our schools.

The second quality the author of the Reader's Digest article asked for is also an important one--one every school board should be concerned about. But it was number three that caused me to do some serious thinking. "An atmosphere where every child feels valued and successful"-- that's asking for a lot.

We don't have to be in a classroom long until we can feel the atmosphere of the place. A good relationship between the teacher and the pupils created a pleasant atmosphere that simply won't stay hidden. Equally plain is a poor atmosphere.

Pupils casting nervous glances in the direction of their teacher and then pulling stunts behind her back; teacher giving an impatient stare at a pupil to make him shrink into the far corner of his desk; pupils who have to be reminded to get busy and then work with a frown matching their teacher's--these are only a few tell-tale signs of a poor atmosphere. But most teachers try to avoid such scenes.

The article does not stop here; it goes on and says, "Many classrooms have gold-star charts. Too many, for these stars are not only a way of rewarding intelligence, but also a way of labeling ignorance. We know that a child who senses he has been labeled a failure often proceeds to live up to that expectation. Good schools provide ways for every pupil to feel successful."

After reading this I seriously questioned star charts for the first time. I remember while I was teaching I sometimes wondered if it was right to make a display of intelligence on the wall. But for some reason I never considered star charts harmful to the slow learners—rather something to induce them to study harder.

In a recent Bulletin article ("Talents and Intelligence," March, 1971) we were reminded that children are individuals with varied gifts and that often the pupils who are slow in book learning are gifted in other ways—maybe in working around the farm, in handling certain tools, or in sportsmanship. No classrooms have charts showing off these abilities, so why should they have charts showing which children have hundreds in spelling and which ones never do?

Usually it is the child who is slow in learning that needs to be encouraged and the one who is labeled as "bright" needs to be kept "in his size" to avoid a feeling of superiority. Don't star charts do the exact opposite? They have a way of silently displaying smartness and ridiculing ignorance. Often when parents (and others) visit school they step up to the star chart and at a glance they know exactly how each child rates in that particular subject. Let's try to put ourselves into the place of the child who has no stars after his name.

If a teacher insists that small merits (like stars) help bring out the best in a child maybe she could give each pupil a small card to keep in the desk and paste the stars on. This way they would not be displayed to the public and still be serving their purpose. But sometime or other children need to learn to work without being rewarded. Sometime they need to learn that achievement in itself is a reward.

Good healthy competition has its place in the classroom, but too often it is overdone and proves unfair to the less fortunate learner. Instead of competing against one another children should be encouraged to set goals of their own and try to meet them. One good way (for upper graders) is to let each pupil keep record of his daily scores on a line graph. It should be challenging to keep the line from dropping and each child would have a goal within his reach. For even though he can't get ahead of the top student in class, there is a chance that he can get ahead of his own yesterday's score. -E. M.

THINKING ABOUT TEACHING?

-by John Miller, Jr.

Have you been thinking about teaching? Perhaps you think you might give it a try, but you aren't quite sure if you should or not. Well, go ahead and try it; it is a very interesting and worthwhile occupation. Dull moments are rare.

Following are a few hints and suggestions if you are considering teaching. It is not too soon to start getting ready now.

One of the most important things in school is discipline. Make up your mind to be firm but fair. One of the hardest things for me is to make those decisions concerning minor everyday problems. There are two extremes to avoid; one is to not be too strict and the other not be too lenient.

Get a good dictionary and use it. I was surprised at how many words I had been mispronouncing. If the pupils try to correct you in things like this, check with your dictionary and admit it if you are wrong. Tell your pupils on the first day that you are not perfect and that you probably will make mistakes.

Be sure to read "School Bells Ringing" before school starts and have a "Tips For Teachers" on hand to use during the term.

Be alert to what's happening in the world. You may be surprised to find that some things you read four or five years ago will help make a certain class more interesting. I am especially referring to nature studies, historical events, and anything of importance.

Perhaps you've visited some schools in the area to watch some experienced teachers in action. That's a fine idea. I did that myself, but after you've taught for a few weeks you'll observe a lot more and know better what to look for in a classroom.

I suppose the most common excuse for not teaching is "I'm not smart enough," or "I don't have enough patience." As to the first excuse, you'll be surprised how the rust will wear off after a couple weeks, However, I certainly have to do a lot of studying yet, and several times when I was really stuck I asked some ex-teachers living nearby for help. But as to patience, that's quite a different story. Especially when you're explaining the various steps of long division for the fifth time, you will need all the patience you can get. Some days your children will try you out to the limit. Thinking back, can't you recall some things that were hard for you to learn? This thought should help you be patient as you explain, explain, and explain some more.

Take time to have devotions. Too many cares of this world choke out the spiritual life. Sometimes when you think you are too busy to pray is really the time you need to the most.

Something I always wished I could do, yet never quite was able to accomplish was to leave the cares and worries of school at the schoolhouse in the evening. Worry robs you of your most valuable asset-- the power to think clearly. The story is told of a colored man who once said, "If it's gonna happen, worrying ain't gonna stop it. If it ain't gonna happen, there ain't nothing to worry about." This bit of advice applies to teachers, too.

Perhaps I've made it sound too rosy. There will be times when you think, "They sure hired a stupid teacher for this school. But all in all, teaching is an interesting occupation. Before you know it the last day of the term will be here and you will say, "I sure am glad I started teaching."

-Burton, Ohio

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I thought the article, "Talents and Intelligence," was excellant. Being a mother of seven and having both slow and easy learners in the same family, I know what the writer was saying. The Lord has not given us each five talents; some of us must do with one. I sincerely hope all teachers read this article. (See March issue.) —Mrs. Jake Miller

All in a Teacher's Day

— by Katie Miller

THE DAY DAWNED BRIGHT and clear, looking very promising for another nice warm day. The temperature was up to sixty even though it was only April 13th. As I finished my morning chores and got ready for school I decided this was the day to go without my shawl for the first time. But even before I reached the schoolhouse I began to doubt if it really was such a good idea after all; those clouds coming up from behind the sugar bush could mean rain.

As I entered the schoolhouse I smelled something. Such a horrible smell! After tracing the scent to the woodshed I found smoke coming from our two bags of oiled sawdust we use to sweep the schoolhouse floor. I quickly called my brother, who is the upper-grade teacher. Neil came at once and picked up the first smoking bag with a shovel and as he did so, it burst into flames. It landed just outside the schoolhouse door, still burning. We both ran for water. What was that I wanted to remember about putting out an open fire? Oh, yes, I dribbled water around the outer edges and then gradually soaked the entire bag instead of splashing water into the center, thus scattering the flame.

We turned our attention to the other bag. That one was nearly full and when we tried to pull it outside the top was so badly burned that it tore in two pieces. We were fortunate, though, that it didn't burst into flames. With the shovel beneath it, we carried it to the adjoining field where it ignited. We decided it could burn there without doing any harm, so we returned to the schoolhouse.

The thought came, "Suppose it would have been Saturday. Suppose it would have burst into flames before we got here." There was a good bit of bark and wood scraps on the woodhouse floor, plus a good-sized pile of coal. It could easily have started a fire that would have cost us the schoolhouse. We didn't realize that the mixture of sawdust and linseed oil would heat enough to start a fire on its own accord, but since the temperature the day before had risen to 79 degrees, didn't find it too hard to believe.

I got busy with my work until the children began to arrive. As soon as there were enough children there they began to play ball. The little boys came in and asked me to help them play. Before we knew it, it was time to ring the bell and bring the school back to its regular routine. After devotions were over, the heavy curtain was pulled, dividing the room into two parts and each one got busy with his lessons.

First and second reading came first. I had a feeling I was a little too slow. Why did I forget to bring a new battery for that clock anyway? Sure enough, before we were through with the reading classes it was time for recess. The children were eager to get outside to enjoy the nice day, but two fourth-graders couldn't join the rest. They had to finish their arithmetic assignment.

Just before it was time for the bell another fourth grader came in crying. Apparently an argument of "You're out!", "No, I'm not!" had gotten out of hand and resulted in a fight. What was I to do? I had punished before for stubbornness and poor sportsmanship as soon as I was out of hearing and seeing distance, and here it came up again. I decided to try a good talking-to, and hoped it would help.

For the rest of the day we plodded along as usual. Third graders found subtracting hard and one of them subtracted one digit and added the next! Will they never learn?

In the afternoon it rained. But by the time school let out the rain had stopped and we were glad for quite a few, like their teacher, had come without outer wraps. Even though it was no longer raining they had to shiver, for it had cooled off considerably. By the time we teachers were ready to go home it was raining again, so Neil left and I stayed, hoping to catch a ride with my mother when she went home from a quilting.

I took my work to the front window and got everything ready to leave in a hurry. I wished I could see farther, but hoped to be able to flag her down in time. Then I saw her come. Grabbing my things I hurried out into the rain, locking the door as I went. "Yoo-Hoo! Whoa! Hey, Mom!" I'm sure the neighbors heard me but Mother didn't. There I was out in the rain, no shawl, doors locked, and the key fastened to Neil's lunch bucket. I didn't have any second choice; I ran for the neighbors to stay there until someone came after me. Just as I ran in their driveway it began raining harder yet and I tried to run faster. Then it happened. I slipped and fell. What a mess! Not only was I soaking wet, but streaked with mud, too.

Once more I stood at the window watching for our horse and buggy. But when it did come I didn't get it stopped in time. Neil drove up to the schoolhouse and wondered why I didn't come out. He didn't turn around so he didn't see me walking back through the rain. (I wasn't running now.)

Finally I got home. I didn't get too much sympathy from the rest of the family. They had a good laugh over my story. And so did I after I was dry.

- Middlefield, Ohio

The Building of Beaver Dam

— by Benuel Blank

A few years ago someone sent us the Black-Board Bulletin as a gift. I will probably never know who it was and at the time I had only a passing interest in the parochial school movement anyway. We were getting along fairly well with the public school board in our township.

But as time went on more and more parents became dissatisfied with the way things were going because every year there was just a little more of this and that which we couldn't quite go along with.

Then a meeting was called and I was voted in as a board member. We didn't have a school yet and I wasn't even fully convinced that it was really necessary to take our children out of the public schools. But then we directors and our wives visited some schools in other townships that had taken the lead in building parochial schools. When I saw how different these schools were and heard the singing of the children, I was convinced. The songs they were singing were quite different from those our children learned in public school and then sang around home. We all went home after visiting those schools very much encouraged and ready to get to work on our own school.

The result was the new school, Beaver Dam, (which stands across the road from our place) being built. The forty children attending there come from fourteen Amish and one Mennonite families. The teacher, who is a Catholic widow, is doing the work in a way that is very satisfactory, even though her religion is so different from ours. An Amish girl comes in a half day a week to teach German singing and reading.

When the windows of the schoolhouse are open and I am at work outside, I can hear the children sing. This sound and the sounds of happy play at recess time have more than made up for the time and expense it took that busy summer to build the school. When we get older we will probably forget many of the happenings that have occurred but I don't believe any of us neighbors will forget the summer we helped build the Beaver Dam School.

But, of course, when the lot where corn once grew and cattle once grazed was turned into a schoolyard and when the building was done, the work of the school was not finished; it had only begun. When our young children start their first year in school, the days are over when we have them at home full-time. The influence that they get in the fourteen to fifteen hundred days they are in school during the next eight years will surely result in forming some of their habits and thoughts for the result of their lives.

We are still living under a government that allows us to teach our own children. Let us then take this opportunity to plant and cultivate a good seed in the young people now going to school. They will grow up and take the place of the generation that lived here before them.

The words of Henry Longfellow are fitting for our task:

> Let us then be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait.

- Narvon, Pennsylvania

One Marred Memory

— Name Withheld

By reading about the different things that happen in the classrooms, I was made to think of what my mother often related to us children. It was an incident that took place while she was a "scholar". As I understand it, she was not one to make trouble but was against the boys who at times tried to get the best of their teacher.

At any rate, what started out as innocent fun among the pupils turned out to be an unforgettable incident of telling a lie — one my mother would remember to the end of her life. At times it was necessary for the teacher to leave the room and there were always some boys who took advantage of his absence. Often they would sit in the teacher's chair and give out orders just as if they were the teacher.

No doubt my mother had witnessed this frequently and then formed a plan to get a joke on the boys. One particular day when the teacher was called outside she watched her chance and slipped to the front of the room and placed a tack on the chair. But the tack had not served its intended purpose when the teacher returned to the room and walked toward his chair.

Perhaps the surprise was too great for her to recover from in the short time she would have had to tell her teacher not to sit down. Or maybe it was because she was too shy. Anyway, if what happened next was humorous to the children, my mother couldn't share the laughter. Then, of course, the question came, "Who was it?" When the teacher got no response he asked each pupil separately, and each one gave him the same answer. If I remember right the whole class suffered the same punishment rather than tell him who the guilty person was. But now since it is too late my mother has wished a hundred times over she hadn't done it.

As a part-time teacher myself, I feel sure if she had confessed what she had done to the teacher and told him the reason for it, the punishment would have been light — much lighter than carrying the guilt. And that little village in Virginia with its two-room frame school would hold one less marred memory for my mother. -Pennsylvania

A Report on the School Sale

The 7th annual Pathway School Book Sale was held between February 25th and April 1st. A hearty THANK YOU is extended to the 132 schools which participated, selling a record 5,572 books.

Below is a list of the top ten schools:

1.	$1,110	Millerview School, Kokomo, Ind. teacher: Wilma Miller
2.	$621	New Burlington, Bremen, Ind. teacher: Anna Mast
3.	$433	S. Beech School, Nappanee, Ind. teacher: Mary Chupp
4.	$388	Weldy School, Nappanee, Ind. teacher: Joseph Wagler
5.	$365	Fairview West, Millersburg, O. teacher: Jacob M. Troyer
6.	$350	Walnut Grove, Hartville, Ohio teacher: Emma J. Miller
7.	$347	Woodside School, Lagrange, Ind. teacher: Magdalena Eicher
8.	$336	Prairie Lane, Arthur, Illinois teacher: Susannah Otto
9.	$280	Fairmount School, Ephrata, Pa. teacher: Edna Nolt
10.	$262	Hillside School, Goshen, Ind. teacher: Mrs. Chris Schwartz

THE RAINBOW

-Author Unknown

Sunshine and shadow,
Laughter and gloom;
Light on the meadow,
Roses in bloom;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

Loving, believing,
Hearts full of trust;
Weeping and grieving,
Hopes in the dust;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

Sunbeams are brighter
That follow a cloud,
And heaven looks brighter
To hearts that are bowed;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

Greet with submission,
What God sends to you;
If clouds—then right after
Are skies deep and blue;
It's all in a lifetime, sun, shadow and pain;
There's never a rainbow till after the rain.

TWO EXTREMES (con't from front cover)

both instances the visits were too short, and the presence of strangers created such an excitement that it was impossible to get a true picture of what the classrooms were like. From what I could see, I had reason to be impressed by the dedication of the teachers, considering the odds against them.

The Honduran elementary schools extend only to grade six. Very few children get that far. According to the national bureau of statistics, there were 260,000 pupils enrolled in the primary grades in 1963. Over 40 per cent of these children were in the first grade, and the second grade had barely half as many as the first. From there on up, the number dwindled each year until the sixth grade had only 12,000 children, less than 5 per cent of the enrollment.

In the past ten years Honduras has built many new rural schools, and slowly but surely the people are waking up to the value of an education. But even the new schools are crude and poorly furnished, and at best the attendance is still poor. As recently as eight years ago, a research team made this report, "Many schools have dirt floors; no windows, desks, or chairs; no blackboards or books; no drinking water; and no toilet facilities."

Finding good teachers is quite a problem, too. Most of the rural teachers have no training other than experience, and usually they have only a primary education. (In 1956, 90 per cent of rural teachers had only grade six, but no doubt the situation has improved since then.)

Teaching methods are quite different from ours. One widely-used technique is studying aloud the old-fashioned "blabber - school" way. Noise doesn't seem to bother these lively children and their teachers. I'm sure it doesn't distract them nearly as much as to have visitors come into their classroom.

Children are children the world over, and Honduras is no exception. If anything, the children here have an extra sparkle of mischief in their eyes, and they do find it hard to sit still in school. I am suspicious this is the reason there are so many drop-outs in grade one.

Some of our Amish teachers who think they have their hands full in their own classrooms should be given a two-week vacation teaching in a Honduras school. The problems at home would likely shrink.

BETWEEN THE TWO EXTREMES

Having presumably seen both extremes of the education world, I would like to say that the position our plain people have taken seems to me to be sound and sensible.

Tommy, the little American lad, stands a chance of becoming over-educated from the ears up, while learning little or nothing in the line of work. Ramon may venture shyly from his adobe hut some bright morning soon and make his way to school. But in a year or two, when he's big enough to work, he'll likely be chopping wood with his machete and lugging it home on his shoulders to his mother's kitchen. That and what he learns by chance will be the extent of his education.

The third little lad of our story we will introduce now. His name is Menno, and he marked his sixth birthday last week. When the bell at the nearby Amish parochial school rings on Opening Day next fall, Menno will grab his new lunch bucket and walk across the fields to school along with his older brothers and sisters. For eight years he will study in the classroom each school day and in the evenings, on Saturdays, and during the summers he will work and play around his farm home, learning useful skills and helping the chores go faster. After the eight years, Menno should be old enough and strong enough to start the next part of his education in earnest-- learning to make a living. Education becomes a total thing-- head and hands and heart.

Surely, of the three, Menno is the favored child. He is favored even more because the education he will receive goes beyond a preparation for life on earth. It will be a preparation for eternity as well. And his teachers will be, first, his own loving parents, and then someone who shares his parents' faith.

But there are forces that threaten little Menno's future. The Amish classroom where he will study his reading and arithmetic is not 100 per cent insulated against the extremes outside. There are cracks in the wall.

There are thousands of parents who have sons (and daughters) like Tommy, and all of them want college degrees for their children. As the average educational level in the United States and Canada rises higher, the status of an eighth grader will sink lower. Already some people, having heard that we quit school after grade eight, figure we're a group of Know-Nothings, uninformed and practically illiterate.

Having people pity us and look down on us is going to cause certain of our members to feel inferior. To keep up with the times and throw off the mantle of "ignorance," they're going to want a diploma, too. This is not so much a thirst for knowledge as it is a thirst for recognition.

Those who have always lived in a rich country such as the United States are going to be influenced by the high regard in which book learning is held. But this influence can work two ways. Part of the people will catch the fever of the times, and will want to get in on the education race; they will conform to the standards of the world. Others will react against the folly of worshipping education, and in reacting they may over-react. They lose respect for schooling and figure the less of it their children get, the less polluted they'll be. This is running to one extreme to get away from the other,

It seems both extremes are a threat to our schools.

Anyone who has lost respect for a basic education should visit a country where many people can't read or write. I can say this much-- seeing the shortcomings of Honduran schools has convinced me more than ever that going to school is important. We must do our utmost to make the eight years of classes, which we are offering, eight years full of learning. Eight years may be enough, but they are not too many.

So, as we continue our parochial schools and the Lord blesses us, let us keep in mind the two extremes in education. We have a right to feel sorry for the youngsters who unwillingly go lockstep through high school and college, victims of their society. We can likewise feel sorry for the children who grow up in a bookless world and therefore can't even read the Bible, and who must sign their names with their thumbprints.

With our many fine parochial schools and our own Amish teachers to help our boys and girls get an education, I don't think we can take anyone serious who feels sorry for us. Do you? —Guiamaca, Honduras

OH, FOR A VACATION!

-by Martha Helmuth

RI-N-G-G-G-G!" MARY BENDER REACHED OUT and fumbled with the alarm clock until she found the little stem to shut off the rude ring. Sleepily she stretched herself and rolled over for a few more winks before she got up. Then she remembered — those tests. She pulled herself up and rested her head on her arms for another minute, then crawled out of bed, rubbing her eyes to make them stay open.

It was five o'clock. If only she had typed that test last night. But last night she had been so tired and sleepy after the other two were done that she had given up and gone to bed. "Only today and tomorrow and then I'll be free!" Esther told herself. The thought cheered her considerably. "Only two more days of being teacher, nurse, peacemaker . . . only two more days!"

Esther yawned as she thought of the last two weeks. They had been busy weeks. In some grades she had pushed harder to get through certain subjects while in others she had to prepare extra work to keep the children busy. Then there was reviewing she had to help the children with, tests to prepare, and supper invitations from parents who had meant to invite her all winter, but didn't get it done until the last two weeks. She sighed as she thought of all the mud on the playground. It hadn't stayed on the playground either; too much of it had been carried into the classroom, causing her more extra work. "But only two more days and that will all be over," she reminded herself again.

For a while the room was silent except the clicking of the typewriter keys. By eight o'clock Esther was finished, had had her breakfast, and was on her way to school. But she wasn't early enough. She had no more than started duplicating when she heard the door slam and the sound of voices in the cloakroom.

"Good morning, Teacher," chorused two little girls as they appeared in the doorway.

"Good morning," answered Esther without looking up.

The girls came over to see what she was doing. Soon they were joined by several more lower-grade children.

"Are you making tests for us?" asked Ruby, a third grader.

"No, these are sixth-grade tests," answered Esther, wishing the children would go away and leave her go.

"Is our test done already?" Ruby asked.

"Is it hard?" asked Marie, her second-grade sister.

"I'm afraid I'll have too many wrong," said Mary, who was always at the head of her class. "Do I have to do it over if I have them all wrong?"

Esther, preoccupied with her busy schedule and the duplicating, ignored the children's remarks and questions and said nothing.

"How many words will we have on our spelling test?" asked Ruby.

"Teacher, am I going to pass?" Mary wanted to know.

Esther had enough. "Listen, girls, will you please go outside and play until I ring the bell?" she asked.

Silently the girls turned and walked away. Esther had a guilty feeling. She realized she had let her tight schedule rob her of the pleasure she usually got from the little girls' chattering. At the same time she had deprived the girls of the attention she owed them. With a feeling of guilt mingled with weariness she finished the duplicating and rang the bell.

The first period was a busy one with the children taking tests and Esther dividing her time between grading papers and keeping the ones occupied who finished before the others. Even though she was busy Esther found it hard to stay awake. She looked forward to recess so she could go outside and get fresh air.

When the clock finally showed ten-thirty Esther dismissed the children and hurried to clear the desk before she went out.

"Teacher, Marie fell on the gravel and hurt her knee," announced Mary excitedly, hurrying into the classroom. "It's bleeding and she's crying."

Esther found the little girl in the coatroom and took her to the basement to wash and take care of the wound. Before she was quite finished Ruby came in.

"Teacher, James and Daniel are fighting," she said.

Esther hurried to finish and then went outside. She found the two second-grade boys rolling over each other on the grass. By the time she had straightened them out it was time for the bell.

The next period was spent taking more tests, and then it was noon. Esther decided to leave her grading and once more try to join the children in a game of Dare Base. Most of the little ones wanted to play horse or take rides on the swing. For a time all went well and Esther was able to forget her weariness as she played in the lovely spring sunshine.

"Teacher, come here. Alice fell into the mud," called Marie, standing on the edge of the Dare Base area.

Esther left the game to help Alice. She was relieved to find most of the mud on her stocking and apron. She helped the little girl wash her things and hang them up to dry. On her way back to the playground she met Freeman.

"Teacher, may, ah may Eli go home?" he asked hesitantly.

"Why? Surely he didn't fall into the mud, too, did he?" asked Esther.

"No, ah, I mean I — I was chasing him along the fence and — and he caught his pants on the wire," Freeman stammered. "The hole's pretty big."

Esther turned and saw Eli standing with his back to the schoolhouse, looking embarrassed. "Yes, run along home," she said. "But hurry back, or you won't get done with your test by recess."

"I wonder what's going to happen next," said Esther, walking back to her place on the base. For some reason some of the tired feeling was gone and she smiled to herself. The rest of the afternoon passed without any more unpleasant incidents.

That evening before dismissing the children Esther took time to practice the songs they were going to sing on the last day of school when the parents came. "Let's have you file up front exactly like you will on Friday," she said. "Remember, Freeman first, and then each row in order. Let's try it."

The children walked to the front of the room and found their places, jostling each other as they did so. Eli, standing in the last row, slumped against the blackboard and Dannie pushed Alice aside because he thought she was standing in his place. Marie tripped over Lloyd's feet and a few girls giggled.

"Children, please straighten up," said Esther with a sigh of dejection. "If this is how you're going to act we might as well not sing at all."

The children sobered, but by this time no one felt like singing. "It's time to go home," reminded Freeman, glancing at the clock.

Esther didn't reprove the boy like she would have earlier in the term. "Just one more day," she reminded herself. "Then it will be someone else's duty to see that these children behave." With this thought to comfort her she dismissed the children.

The following day was packed with activities. There were the books to collect, reports to fill out, book inventory to take, last-minute cleaning, averaging, report cards, and determining how many children would be in each grade next year. Somehow by cutting corners, rising early, and working late Esther managed to get everything done to her satisfaction.

Then it was Friday. Though the morning was chilly the sun came out and promised a nice day for the picnic. A few of the children were already at school when Esther arrived.

But this morning she didn't care. There were no lessons to prepare, no tests to duplicate, no papers on the corner of her desk screaming for attention. No, Esther's work was over and her vacation had begun. Today the parents would be there and she wouldn't even have to settle arguments, reprove mischievous children, or bandage knees. They would go to the parents for things like that today. Esther was free, and such a pleasant feeling it brought!

Esther took time and thoroughly enjoyed the little girls' chattering this morning. Then they went out to play one more game together. Soon the parents started arriving and before Esther knew it eleven o'clock had come and it was time to ring the bell for the short singing program they had planned.

"I hope they remember how to act," she thought, and then gave them the signal to file up front. This time there was no jostling, no slumping against the board, and no shoving around. Each child seemed to try to do his part. As Esther sat in the back seat listening to the children's singing, she thought she had never heard anything so lovely. A lump came to her throat and her eyes became misty. The frustrations of the past weeks seemed to vanish like soap bubbles in the air.

Later that same afternoon Esther stood outside the schoolhouse door waving "good-by" to the last children as they left. Then alone she walked back into the schoolhouse to gather up her things to take home. An unspeakable joy engulfed her as she remembered how many parents had thanked her today for teaching their children and even an eighth grade girl had hesitantly thanked her and then asked forgiveness for the trouble she had caused during the year.

Esther glanced around the wall. The classroom looked bare and cold. The quietness that filled the room was a reminder that the term was over. Next week the children would not return, nor the next, nor the next.

Esther picked up a last scrap of paper. "Vacation is here," she said. "I sure looked forward to it, but already I'm looking forward to something else — next year. For me it can't come a day too soon!"

THE BOOKSHELF

LITTLE SMOKE

On a summer morning a colt was born in the pasture. His coat was the color of soft, gray smoke. So, the farmer's children named him Little Smoke. In 40 pages of text and pencil sketches, the story is told of how the colt grew and was cared for. Fourth-grade level.

A beautiful book of special interest to farm children.

(Library Binding. 40 pages. 7"x 9")
PRICE: $2.86 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.15

BUTTERFLIES

An easy-to-read account of the life cycle of the butterfly with beautiful illustrations in full color. The most common butterflies of North America are treated. Lower-grade reading level; yet even adults will learn from this book.

The last three pages of the book tell of "things to do in the classroom or at home."

(Hardbound. 29 pages.)
PRICE: $1.59 / SCHOOL PRICE: $1.20

ICE KING

In the dark January world of the Artic, Atu the polar bear was born. Orphaned at an early age by Eskimo hunters, the cub was taken to their igloo as a pet. Later released, Atu returned to his wild home of ice and snow. The story of his survival is dramatic and describes in detail the life of the polar bear and the Artic ice fields.

This is a full-length book written on an upper-grade reading level.

(Library Binding. 139 pages.)
PRICE: $3.31 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.50

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

News & Notes

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The Indiana State Committee Meeting is scheduled to be held in Allen County in the Joe Schmucker home on June 25, 1971. Everyone who is interested is invited to attend this meeting.

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1971 School Meeting

The annual Teachers' Meeting is scheduled to be held in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania at the David B. Zook home on August 5th and 6th.

On August 5th the forenoon will be spent in renewing acquaintances, visiting and so on. Lunch will be served at 11:30, DST. (Meals for both days will be served in the Zook residence.) In the afternoon talks will be given by ministers and directors concerning our schools and the duties of a teacher. A hymn singing is planned for the evening.

August 5th, the forenoon will be spent in the schoolroom. Three schools are to be open and teachers' classes conducted.

In order to have a closer fellowship and more open discussions on problems concerning the teacher and her pupils we need your cooperation. Our aim is to give everyone a chance to voice his opinion on the question being discussed. If you have a question or problem in mind you'd like to have brought up, we would appreciate having it now. Send it to Mary H. Fisher, Route 1, Ronks, Pennsylvania 17572.

WHO IS INVITED TO THE MEETING?

First and foremost all teachers, directors, ministers, and anyone seriously interested in the parochial school movement.

WHOM SHALL WE CONTACT?

If you are planning on coming to Lancaster County on August 4th, contact Lydia F. Beiler, Box 245, Ronks 17572 or Mary Huyard, c/o Amos Huyard, Route 1, New Holland, PA 17557. There are plenty of places to stay; you don't need to sleep in motels and hotels.

IN WHAT WAYS CAN WE HELP GET READY FOR THE MEETING?

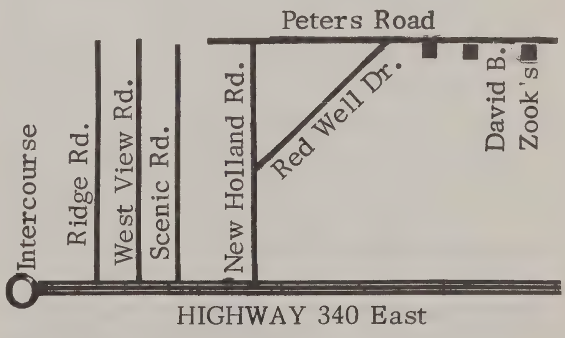
If you have a question to discuss, please send it in now. (See above.) Also, follow the restrictions which we felt were needful since the crowd is so large.

REGULATIONS

In the afternoon sessions, please do not whisper while a speaker is speaking. If you must talk, please leave the building and do your visiting outside.

Usually in the evening neighbors come in to take visitors to their homes for the night. Others come to take in the singing. We Lancaster County teachers stress very hard against visiting in the same room the singing is taking place. How can our words of honor, praise and prayer reach heaven when there is a lot of other jabbering mingled in? So let's sing in the singing: there will be time later to visit, too.

We sincerely hope these few regulations won't keep you from coming. We request your prayers as we prepare for this meeting that it may be conducted to the honor and glory of God.



(Map and directions to reach Zooks)

Coming in from Harrisburg, you will by pass Lancaster. The road you'll do this with is called the 230 By-Pass. Continue on 230 until you get to the Highway 340 exit. Travel on this road through Intercourse until you come to New Holland Road. Turn north and travel on it until you come to Red Well Dr. Take Red Well Dr. to Peters Road. Turn east on Peters Rd.; David B. Zook's farm is the third farm as you drive east.

HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE.

Reader Response

(MEETINGS TOO BIG?)

If the purpose of having teachers' meetings is to share ideas with other teachers and to boost the morale of the faint-hearted ones, we would do well to stop and consider before we hold these huge gatherings where teacher Malinda is too over-awed by the crowd to do much thinking about the reason why she is there.

Yes, she does hear school talk most of the time, and she may pick up a few helpful hints now and then to take home with her, but is it really worth the long trip, outside of the joy of traveling? Frankly, just how much good is she really taking home to her classroom?

Probably I'm a pessimist, a kill-joy, and a complainer, but I am one of the few who feel the meetings are too big and perhaps a slight too formal. Wouldn't it be better to hold the meetings in the three largest states (Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana) and the teachers in the neighboring states could go to the meeting most convenient for them. Surely, there would be enough experienced teachers in each state to pass out ideas to the younger ones.

And what of those poor over-worked women who have to feed mobs of several hundred or more hungry visitors.

No, I feel this thing is getting out of hand, away from the purpose of what the first ones who gathered in Pennsylvania in 1954 meant it to be. Here is one vote to get it back to a smaller and more informal gathering.

—I used to attend, Ohio

I would also be sorry not to meet with old acquaintances at our annual school meeting, but I do feel it would be much more satisfactory to the younger teachers if we would split up into at least three groups. That way we could hear more opinions from those who are lost way back in the crowd somewhere. Also, we wouldn't have such a hard time to find a place to hold the meetings.

Another thing that requires quite a bit of planning, work, and expenses is feeding the people. Wouldn't it be possible to bring a simple packed lunch from the place where the night had been spent? (This could be done both days.) Then in the evening a simple meal could be served to those who are staying for the singing. It would save time, both for the meeting and the women, too. Why not try it this year, you Pennsylvanians?

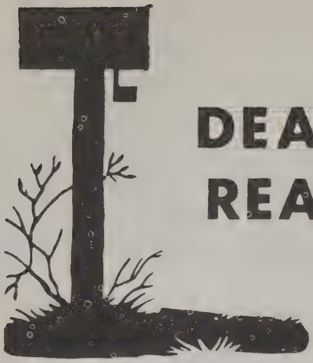
The value of these meetings, both in ideas gleaned and with fellowshipping with others is far too precious to take lightly. This is the highlight of the school year for many teachers. Let us co-operate in any way to make these gatherings meetings that are held to the honor and glory of God.

—Willing to divide

EDITOR'S DESK (Con't from back cover) - pared for a flood of responses and even talked of adding several pages in order to print all the answers we received. Our worries were in vain; we are printing every one of the answers we received-- exactly two! We would like to add that Geauga County gets credit for both answers.

Because most of the schools are dismissed for the summer, several regular features were dropped and this issue was kept small. We have several articles on hand that deal with school and its problems, but we are holding them back. Printing them now would be too much like planting corn in August. Articles, like seeds, keep well until next year.

Next year..... Like teachers, we editors are glad for summer vacation, but before it has even begun we look forward to and plan for next year. We ask for your prayers and support for the coming term. -E. M.



DEAR READERS,

Paraguay, South America

Dear Readers,

The school system here in Paraguay among the German Mennonites is quite different from what we were used to before we lived here. The children are now accustomed to it, though, and speak and read with the accent better than we who were raised with Pennsylvania Dutch and English.

First of all, our schools are held in a different language and some of the letters of the alphabet have a different sound, but not all of them. One year the schools teach grades one, three, and five. The next year it is two, four, and six. There is a high school in the colony at Filadelphia for those who wish a higher education.

The subjects they teach in these schools are somewhat similar to those we were used to, but of course the names are different. Here are a few: Rechtschrieben (spelling), Lesen (reading), Rechnen (arithmetic), Diktat (dictation), Zeichnen (art), Schonschreiben (writing), Geschichten (history), and Schprachlehre (language). Lately they are having Spanish classes one evening a week for all the Amish over school age who wish to attend.

School here begins at seven o'clock in the morning and lasts until eleven-thirty. There are three recesses during that time. The teacher always lives in a house on the school ground. Our teacher's name is Klaus Kraker. His wife, Anna, is a registered nurse. The couple has a two-year-old son.

We feel real fortunate to have these people in our village as both are willing to extend a helping hand whenever needed. Anna is often consulted on the various runs of ailments we meet with. Klaus is about the highest authority as a vet we have around. He also has a very good voice for singing and the children are always being taught new German songs. His whistling as he goes about has sort of a warble in it and is as clear and crisp as a morning sunrise.

Sincerely,
Samuel Hertzler

Elmira, Ontario

Dear Readers,

Greetings from New Jerusalem School!

Already two months of 1971 have flown and the pupils report having seen crows. This is enough to give us Ontarians spring fever. How time flies when we are healthy!

This is my first venture in writing to the Bulletin and right now I'm wondering if I'll actually get it out to the mailbox. I wish to say how much I appreciate this "monthly guidebook". What a thrill to come home from school and be greeted with the words, "The Blackboard Bulletin came today." Of course, my homework gets pushed back then.

This is my first year at this school. Last February a teacher took sick and I agreed to substitute "for a week or so." It happened that I taught until school let out in June. I guess if I wouldn't have enjoyed those months I wouldn't be teaching this year.

I'm sure all teachers will agree that a good boarding place is much to be thankful for. How relaxing, after a rather "cloudy" day at school, to come back to a homey kitchen with the inviting aroma of a home-cooked meal and to be treated in every way as one of the family.

Last Wednesday afternoon we had the pleasure of having most of the parents as guests for "open house". Some of the pupils were a little edgy in the forenoon but everyone did his best to make it an enjoyable afternoon. It certainly gives a teacher a warm feeling to realize that parents care enough to take time off to see what is going on at school. But the way it seems they were all anxious to return to their kitchens and barns because when the question was asked, "Who volunteers to substitute one day while I attend a wedding?" the answers were something like this

"I've got a good excuse. I'm invited too."

"Teaching just isn't for me."

"Can't you get the same person who substituted the last time?"

"Maybe I can fix a bargain. I could go to the wedding in your place and you could teach."

Some just shook their heads and likely hoped we'd change the subject fast. Well, anyway, in all other respects they are a very cooperative group.

I don't have many ideas to offer to others, but here is one I like. Instead of using water to mix poster paints use approximately two-thirds liquid soap and one-third liquid starch. If kept covered they stay soft and don't get such an unpleasant odor. Mix soap and paint first and then add the starch.

One teacher gave me a useful tip concerning duplicating. If your copies aren't as plain as you would like to have them, remove the "master" and run the papers through again. The fluid seems to bring out the print. (This is for spirit duplicating.)

This letter is getting rather long so I will close with this poem.

Why should I fear lest by their weight
Tomorrow's tasks should prove too great?
I know my Father will not ask
Me to perform a greater task
Than He will give me strength to do.
For in His precious word so true
He there has promised you and me,
That "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Wishing you all a successful term and may you daily feel God's blessings and guidance.

—Anna Martin

to READ ALOUD

ONE STRAY LAMB

- by Aunt Amy

SPRING HAD COME. The robins, song sparrows, and various other birds were helping announce it. A pair of saucy wrens was busily building a nest in the old wooden corner post of the schoolyard fence, and their merry notes blended with the songs of the other birds. This music drifted in through the open windows of the Clear View schoolhouse. Inside, the pupils and Teacher Ida had been working hard, as they were having the end-of-the-year tests. Now it was almost time for lunch.

Teacher Ida glanced over the room. She saw that the pupils who had finished their tests were looking out the windows. She could understand their longing to get outside, because she shared the same feeling.

When all the tests had been collected, Teacher Ida announced, "I think you are tired. So why don't we take a short walk after lunch and let our minds rest. I believe we'll go to Kauffman's woods. They gave us permission last fall already if we wanted to go."

Some of the lower graders clapped their hands. All over the schoolroom faces brightened like the warm spring sun which shone in at the windows on the south side of the school.

Mabel Eicher raised her hand, "Do all of us have to go on the walk? Some of us girls started a game at first recess and want to finish it."

"Oh, let's go on the walk," said the other girls who had been playing the game with Mabel.

Mabel was silent, but her mind was not. "They don't want to keep playing the game because I am ahead," she thought to herself.

"Well, " smiled Teacher Ida, "it sounds as if most of you want to go; so that's what we'll do. We'll have our usual 15 minutes for eating lunch; then we'll go. Remember our rule: No one out of sight. "

After the short lunch period, the teacher and pupils walked across the meadow which skirted the woods. Mabel, who usually was with her sixth grade classmates, walked slightly off to one side of the group.

The woods were beautiful with fresh green leaves just forming. Some wild flowers were already blooming and the mosses shone with a rich deep green. The pupils searched for berries and wild flowers and anything which was interesting. One boy found a snail, but the girls weren't at all interested in it. Finally Teacher Ida was tired and sat on a stump in a part of the woods where the sunlight formed a large patch on the forest floor. One by one the children joined her.

"Isn't it peaceful in here?" said Mary Ann, an eighth grader, as she gazed up at the big trees. "I think I would have liked to be a pioneer and live in the woods. "

One of the seventh-grade boys laughed. "There were wild animals and Indians in the woods back then. "

"I wouldn't have liked that, " admitted Mary Ann. "But I like to be where it is quiet like this. "

"I've an idea, " said Teacher Ida. "Let's all take a turn and say one thing we like about the woods. Mary Ann just said she likes the woods because they are quiet. What about you, Jerry?"

"I like the woods because I can hunt coons in them. "

Paul was sitting next to Jerry and he said, "I like the woods because they are cool, and when I am cutting hay I sometimes rest in their shade a few minutes. "

"And Wilma, " asked Teacher Ida, "what do you like about the woods?"

"Oh, I like a lot of things, but I guess I like the wild flowers best of all. Especially the violets. "

The children each took a turn saying what they liked best about the woods. But when it was Mabel Eacher's turn, she didn't say anything right away.

"I guess what I like best about the woods is that we don't have to come here very often to play where it is so dark. "

A few of the upper-grade girls gave each other queer glances. A boy or two snickered. Teacher Ida changed the subject by pulling out her watch. "We'd better start back, " she said.

As the pupils walked across the pasture field toward the schoolhouse, they looked refreshed. Their faces had a look like the new perfect leaves just having formed on the trees. That is, all the pupils except one.

"That was fun, " said Margaret. "I wish we could go again before school lets us out for the summer. "

"So do I, " agreed Wilma. "They're our woods and I've often walked in them, but being with everyone else makes it like a new place. "

"I'll be glad when tests are over and vacation is here, " said Mabel. "Then we can do things more like we'd like to. "

"What do you mean?" asked Wilma.

"We could have had more fun at the schoolhouse, " answered Mabel. "Look at the grass stains we have on our dresses, and the ground was damp and who knows but we'll end up with poison ivy. "

Paul, Roy, and Jerry had come running up just as Mabel had made her outburst. "Ugh, " said Roy. "Cheer up, things could be worse. " and Jerry added, "Grumble, grumble." They laughed and ran on. Angry tears filled Mabel's eyes. Why did they have to laugh at her? What she had said was true!

When they reached the schoolhouse, Teacher Ida was smiling. "Well, we made it. In three minutes I'll ring the bell. Are you ready for another test?"

"Yes, yes, I am, " answered most of the children. Mabel was silent.

The next morning when Mabel came to school the eighth grade girls had just finished putting their mottoes on the wall which the children had made the week before in art class. Teacher Ida had thought it would be a nice display for the parents to see on the last day of school.

Mabel looked at the mottoes. She had thought her own was good, but now she saw some of the others were just as good or better.

"Look at Susan's motto," said Margaret. "Isn't it neat? Those letters are just about perfect."

"It probably took her an hour," thought Mabel. "I did mine in thirty minutes."

"Wilma's is neat, too," said Mary Ann.

"Yes, but look how Wilma wrote her name down here in the corner," said Mabel. "You can hardly see it's supposed to be a 'W'."

Wilma seemed not to pay any attention to what Mabel had said. "I really like the color combinations Mary Ann used."

"But look how the words are," said Mabel. "They slant down and aren't straight."

Soon it was school time and more tests were taken. When lunch came, the boys lost no time getting started to play ball. The girls also ran outside.

"Let's play volley ball," suggested Mabel.

"Why don't we play Prisoners' Base?" said Katie, who was in third grade.

"Yes, let's play Prisoners' Base," agreed the girls and they quickly began choosing sides. Mabel wandered off from the group and entered the schoolhouse.

Teacher Ida looked up when she heard the schoolhouse door open, but Mabel didn't look at her. She took a drink at the fountain and walked over to the library shelves and gazed at the books.

"Is something wrong?" asked Teacher Ida.

Mabel shook her head.

"Are you sick?"

Again she shook her head.

"Then why aren't you playing on such a beautiful day?"

"They don't like me," said Mabel, trying to hold back her tears.

"Who doesn't like you?" questioned Teacher Ida.

"The girls."

"All the girls?" wondered Teacher Ida.

"Yes."

"Do you have any idea why?"

Mabel shook her head.

Teacher Ida looked longingly at the stack of tests she had hoped to grade during the lunch hour, but she pitied her unhappy pupil. She knew that some of the pupils' most valuable lessons were not learned from textbooks or semester tests.

"Why do you say they don't like you?" asked Teacher Ida.

Mabel hesitated to answer, but then managed to say, "They never want to do what I want to do."

"You mean all the other pupils are agreed to do something and are happy about it but you?"

Mabel didn't answer.

"I think, Mabel," continued Teacher Ida, "that you are failing to see where the problem lies. When one lamb strays off from the herd, it isn't the herd's fault; it's the lamb's. Same way in a school when all the children can play nicely together except one, it must be that one pupil's fault." She paused and looked at the bulletin board. "Come here a minute and let's look at some of the mottoes that were just put up this morning."

Teacher and pupil walked over and stood in front of the display of mottoes. "Seid allezeit frölich," read Teacher Ida. "Rejoice at all times." She paused a second before continuing. "I think that would be a good verse for you to use as your personal motto, Mabel. Always look for the bright side of things, like the nature walk yesterday, and the noon period today. Give yourself up to the others as they do one to another and you will be able to live up to this motto — 'Rejoice at all times'."

Mabel studied the motto on the bulletin board. She had heard it many times in ministers' sermons, but Teacher Ida had a way of making it sound new.

"It is always best," continued Teacher Ida, "to try and fit in even if we can't always have our own way. Why don't you run back outside and join the others in their game." She smiled a reassuring smile.

Mabel's eyes brightened some. "I hope they still need a player." She tightened her scarf and went to the door.

"They do. I'm sure they do," said Teacher Ida. "Maybe I should come out and help too." She glanced at the stack of tests on her desk. "They won't run off," she told herself. "I can grade them this evening, but right now there is something more important."

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

Well, summer's here. School's out and books and pencils and tablets have been put away. In the morning instead of changing clothes and getting ready for school, you stay in your everyday clothes and help around the house and farm.

I hope none of you think that since school's out you won't learn anything until next September when you go back to school. Education is not only learning to add and subtract and studying history and geography and English and health. This and all the other things you learn in school are only a part of your education.

Let's suppose you knew only what you learned in school. The girls wouldn't have any idea when to plant the garden or which vegetables need to be cooked and which ones are better raw. A girl who has only "school" education might try to can lettuce and cook radishes. She wouldn't know how to begin to bake bread or can tomatoes. Being able to read and follow instructions will help her, but the best way to learn things like this is working side by side with someone who already knows how.

The same way with the boys. They need to go to school to learn how to keep track of their expenses and income, but they also need to learn when to plant corn and how to plant it. If a boy went to school the year round until he was old enough to farm, he might plant his oats in rows far apart like corn and plant his corn in the autumn instead of the spring. He might even try to make his horses push his farm implements instead of pulling them. I'm sure you know better than this, but you didn't learn it in school, did you? No, you learned these things by helping your father on the farm.

Learning, both at home and at school, is hard work. Watching someone else work a certain arithmetic problem might help you learn it, but you will never know if you actually can do it until you've taken the chalk into your own hand and tried it yourself. That's the same way with things you learn around home. Watching a farmer pitch hay or shock wheat looks easy enough, but you'll learn it takes more than just knowing how it's done; it takes practice and more practice. Practice brings skill, both in working arithmetic problems and swinging an ax.

Sometimes children get another wrong impression. They think when they are through the eighth grade they are through learning. This is very wrong. They go to school to learn how to learn the things they need to know in later life. When they get through the eighth grade they are only ready to begin learning. An education continues little by little day after day as long as a person lives. Taking a walk through the woods or in the meadow teaches us new things. So does working side by side with someone who knows more than we do, or listening to older people talk, or picking up a book and reading.

It's really hard to say which is more important — school learning or home learning. Really, I think they are equal and with the two together we can make a living and get along with other people in life. Being able to work on the farm and in the house without being able to read would be hard. The same way, being able to read and having a good book education is useful only when we have the skill to use what we've learned.

Well, I won't see you now until next fall. Until then, keep your eyes and ears open and lend a willing hand around home. There is so much to learn!

Best wishes,
Cousin Carrie

This is the last issue of the 14th volume of the Blackboard Bulletin. In several ways the Bulletin is different from any of the other Pathway publications. Family Life and Young Companion each have twelve issues in a year and the volumes start in January and end in December. The Bulletin, however, corresponds with the school term, running from August to May, and has only ten issues to a volume.

Each year a certain number of people write and ask why they didn't receive the June or July issue of the Bulletin. We don't really mind, for we're glad to know people miss our publication during the summer months. But at the same time, we don't like to disappoint our readers. So here is a reminder that your next issue of the Bulletin won't reach your mailbox until around the middle of August.

Just because we won't be publishing the Bulletin the next two months doesn't mean we won't be on hand to receive articles during that time. In fact, we have a busy summer planned, as we hope to get certain features ready ahead of time. So if you were thinking about writing for the Bulletin on a certain subject and teaching duties kept you too busy, now is a good time to do it. We will be glad to hear from you.

We also welcome suggestions for articles. Anyone who has a question they would like to have discussed on the "Opinions Please" page should send it in now, for this is one feature we try to get ready ahead of time whenever possible.

We owe a hearty "Thank you" to the many readers who submitted articles and letters during the past year and thereby helped make this volume a success. Even though there were times when we were a little worried about the small amount of material that came in, when paste-up time came we somehow had enough to fill the pages.

We especially thank those who sent in comments on certain articles and answers to the "Opinions Please." Though these letters were usually short, they added "spice" to the Bulletin and made our work more interesting.

At the last several teachers' meetings quite a bit of talk was heard concerning the problems that come up trying to conduct a meeting of such a large size. A few people suggested that perhaps we could discuss this through the Bulletin. We were happy when an Indiana teacher submitted the article we printed under "Opinions Please" last month. Now we're made to wonder, where are all the teachers who were pushing to divide into two or three smaller groups? We were pre-

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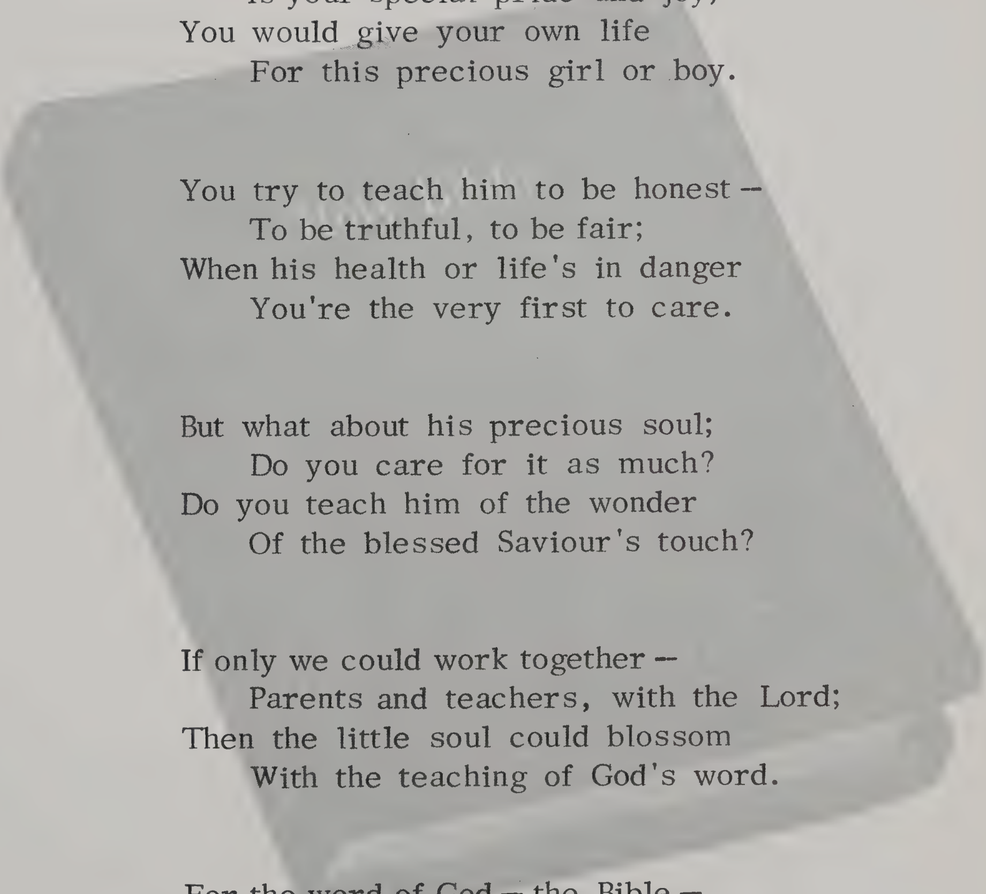
Blackboard Bulletin
August 1971

A Plea to Parents



This child that God has given you
Is your special pride and joy;
You would give your own life
For this precious girl or boy.

You try to teach him to be honest —
To be truthful, to be fair;
When his health or life's in danger
You're the very first to care.

But what about his precious soul;
Do you care for it as much?
Do you teach him of the wonder
Of the blessed Saviour's touch?

If only we could work together —
Parents and teachers, with the Lord;
Then the little soul could blossom
With the teaching of God's word.

For the word of God — the Bible —
Is your child's most precious tool;
Let us help him learn to live it,
In your home and at our school.

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TEACHER, HOW IS YOUR A-Q? -by Joseph Stoll

In order to be a teacher, a person should have a reasonably high I-Q. However, this alone does not guarantee success. A teacher must also rate high in A-Q.

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AN EDITORIAL

I was twenty-five before I gave much thought to the fact that schools weren't always like they are today. Sure, I knew the pioneers had log cabin schoolhouses, hand pumps, and high wooden benches, but somehow I never really realized there were many more features that basically differed from what we are used to today. The most startling to me was the length of the school term, or perhaps it should be said the shortness of the school term.

The realization that schools long ago were radically different from ours today came to me when I read the story "Schoolmaster on the Skipback" in Pathway's eighth-grade reading book. It told about the Mennonite schoolmaster, Christopher Dock. It said in part: Christopher was basically a farmer, but during three months of the year he traded his pitch fork for a hickory stick...In 1738 he felt it was God's will for him to devote more time to teaching: so he gave up farming and opened two schools, teaching three days of the week in each place.

That quotation contained two startling facts for me: (1) the school term was only three months long: (2) each school had classes only three days of the week. In reality that meant the school was in session only thirty-six days a year! What a difference when we compare it with our present 170 day term.

This comparison made me wonder: Are we maybe overdoing it with such a long term? The children are in school from 8:30 to 3:30 for 170 days of the year for a total of 1,000 classroom hours. Maybe it would be better to do like the Amish are doing in Central America where the children attend school half days from 8 to 12 or in Paraguay where they go to school from 7 A.M. to 11:30. But then I realized that we didn't bring this system upon ourselves. The choice isn't ours. We are under state supervision.

When we think back to Christopher Dock's schoolhouse, one thought comes forcefully to us: the teacher and pupils must have been very busy people since the school was held for such a short time each year. "Never an idle moment" was the motto of the pioneer schools. And it must not have been too dificult a motto to live up to since there was so much to learn and so little time to learn it in.

In pioneer schools three subjects formed the basic education which the children received— the 3 R's. Today as a result of the longer school term, various other subjects are taught to fill up the classroom hours.

If a teacher today taught a school with a term as short as those in pioneer days, she would be saved one problem which our present schools have— idle moments. Even the best and most experienced teacher will not not be able to perfectly plan the lessons of a 170 day term so that all pupils are constantly busy. And since a large percentage of our teachers are first and second year teachers, our schools have a certain amount of idle pupils each day. This is especially true regarding lower graders. I can remember visiting schools and seeing lower grade pupils sitting idle. The poor teacher was kept busy keeping them busy. She had to divide herself between so many grades that it was often difficult for her to see that all pupils were busy at all times.

That some pupils will finish their work ahead of their classmates is a constant happening in any school. Most teachers realize this and keep a supply of "busy work" on hand so that the pupils won't sit idle. But too often "busy work" is just that, it keeps the pupils occupied but it doesn't teach them much of anything.

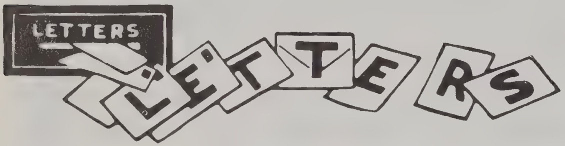
Isn't there a better cure for classroom idleness than "busy work?" I personally feel there is. It is called the school library. If a pupil has an idle moment he should be directed to the school library where he can choose a book on his age level, read it, and write a report on it. The length of the report will vary depending on the age of the pupil. A second grader might make a three or four sentence report, while an eighth grader would make one of a page or more. Teachers will discover that there are many types of "busy work" but book reports are the most profitable, providing the library has the right books.

The school library should not contain just any book which happens to find its way there. It should especially not contain mere story books which are not educational— only entertaining. It should have a variety of interesting, educational books for each grade level. Teachers should discuss the library with their school boards and decide how many books the library needs and who is to buy them.

It is with this in mind that the Bulletin is continuing its regular feature, THE BOOKSHELF, which was begun in the November issue last year. Hopefully the books listed here will find their way into Amish school libraries and will be a help to the busy teachers and of interest to the pupils. The books will continue to be offered to schools at a lower price than the retail price, usually 25% less.

So the next time you think that the schools in the old days didn't have "lots of extras and pupils were always busy," remember that teachers back then didn't have five-and one-half hours of lessons five days of the week for 34 weeks to cope with. Schooling today demands more from both teachers and pupils. Yet our motto should remain the same today as in pioneer school days: Never an idle moment. But the means of accomplishing this will have to be different because of the different circumstances today.

—D. L.



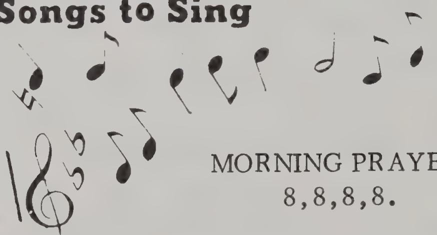
I was surprised that not more people answered the "Opinions Please" article about the big school meetings, but I suppose you were, too. With all the talk we hear each year, I thought surely some people were ready to put their voices in.

I was one of the nine teachers who attended the first teacher's meeting back in 1954. When the instigators of these early meetings dropped out, I thought it wouldn't be worth going anymore. But we continued and so far every one of the meetings has been interesting to me, although they were all different to a certain extent.

I know the crowd is too big, but what's to do about it? Even though teachers make up only 25% of the crowd, no one wants to tell the others not to come, for many of them are old-time friends whom we look forward to seeing each year.

I had to think maybe I'm like the preacher who doesn't want to divide his church distirct. He was up front and didn't realize what it was like for those sitting farther back. We have found our state teacher's meeting, which is held each August, and the teacher's classes held throughout the term to be a success. I would like to encourage teachers from other states to try state meetings. --Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Songs to Sing



MORNING PRAYER
8,8,8,8.

Suggested tune:
"When I Survey the Wonderous Cross"

My Lord and God, help me this day
To follow in the narrow way;
Help me to look to Thee for grace,
And be content in every place.

For, Father, Thou doth lead the way,
And I will follow Thee each day;
My life make beautiful for Thee,
Oh, may Thy love be shown through me.

Oh, use me, Lord, as Thou seeth best;
And may I leave with Thee the rest;
Oh, may I learn to love Thee more—
Thou God of love, whom I adore!

In the Wrong Grade

MARYANN, ARE YOU through with your arithmetic?" asked Miss Byler when she saw her second grader sitting idly staring out the window. She knew all too well what the answer would be, but she used this way of getting Maryann's attention.

The little girl sat up straight and shook her head. Already the tears glistened in her eyes. The teacher sighed and went back to Maryann's desk. She found the page in arithmetic undone, just as she knew she would. Today was no different from yesterday or the day before or any of the days last week. Each day second-grade arithmetic was followed by an ordeal both teacher and pupil came to dread.

At the beginning of the term Miss Byler had thought Maryann was just a little slower than the rest of the second graders in regaining what she had forgotten during the summer months. "One of these days she'll make a change," she kept hoping. "I've had pupils like this before." But days and weeks followed and still Maryann hadn't made the change the teacher hoped for, Instead, she was getting farther and farther behind. Now, after a month of school, the other second graders were all set for harder studies. Miss Byler was holding them back to give Maryann a chance to catch up, but she saw there was no use in doing this. The longer she kept the rest reviewing first-grade work the better prepared they became for second-grade lessons. They knew all the number combinations up to ten, and already they were challenging each other with higher combinations at the blackboard at recess. Yes, the five other second graders reminded Miss Byler of an energetic young team, impatient to get started.

Miss Byler had an idea. Much as she disliked doing it, she went to her desk and got out a rod of beads she used to introduce addition in grade one. "Let's use these, Maryann," she said, bringing them back to her desk. "What is the first problem?"

Maryann shrugged.

"Look at your problem and read it," Miss Byler said, trying to stay patient. "What are these numbers?" She pointed to the first problem.

"Three and two," answered Maryann.

"Good," encouraged Miss Byler. "Now can you count three beads on this rod?"

Hesitantly Maryann counted three beads, then with the teacher's guidance, two more. When Miss Byler asked her to count them, she pointed to each one and said, "One, two, three, four, five."

"So what are three beads and two beads?" asked the teacher.

"Five?" It was more like a question than a statement.

"Yes, five!" encouraged Miss Byler. "Now do the next one."

It was nearly twenty minutes later when the teacher left Maryann and went on with the other classes, but she felt it had been time well spent. Maryann had shown more enthusiasm for learning than she had since school had started.

That evening Miss Byler sat at her desk in deep thought. Her thoughts were of Maryann, the slow learner in grade two. "Why was she promoted anyway?" she wondered. "She simply isn't ready for second grade work." Then she got an idea. The next day she tried her plan; she had Maryann recite with the first graders and with the second graders. Miss Byler saw at once that she felt much more at home in the first grade. A spark of enthusiasm showed in her eyes, for she was able to follow with the lessons and take an active part in the class.

"I have one week to make up my mind," thought Miss Byler that evening. "By the end of next week I'll have to pass out the report cards. If I am going to make the change, it will have to be then."

The next evening she walked across the fields to the home of Maryann's parents. As she neared the buildings, her heart beat rapidly. She barely knew the Troyers, but they seemed friendly enough the evening of the parent-teacher's meeting. Miss Byler hoped they would understand.

After a few minute's conversation, Miss Byler stated the purpose of her visit. She told how Maryann was having a hard time keeping up with the rest of the second graders and how she seemed to enjoy being with the first graders so much better. The longer she talked, the more she wished she had stayed at home. The look on Mrs. Troyer's face was enough of an answer.

"Maryann's the oldest in the family, and her teacher last year said she needs more time than some children. At the end of the year she felt she was too good to hold back a year, even if she wasn't along quite as far as some of the others." Mrs. Troyer stopped for breath. "Her teacher said, too, that she just happened to fall into a class of all easy learners, which makes it so much harder for her.

"She doesn't enjoy school as it is," said Miss Byler. "I think it would be better for her to be put back onto grade one. Overworking a pupil is hard on her."

"She's in the second grade," said Mrs. Troyer. "We have her grade card to prove it. Her teacher last year did what she thought was best for her. We were going to help her this summer so she would be nearer caught up with the rest, but we were busy and didn't get it done as we should have. All she needs is a little extra help."

Miss Byler didn't say anything. What was the use of telling this woman that Maryann already did have extra help and that she spent as much time with her as she did with the rest of the second graders put together. Without discussing the matter farther, she went home.

Walking back through the fields, Miss Byler was wondering. Last year's teacher had taught only that one year and then quit. How did she know what was best? But even bolder was another question in her mind. Did the teacher have the right to put a child back a grade, once she was promoted? If the parents had agreed to it, Miss Byler would have done so without hesitation. But now she didn't know. OPINIONS PLEASE!

Note: Answers must reach us by September 5th. Take time now to send your opinion. Mail it to:

Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

TO BEGINNING TEACHERS

-by Menno N. Hershberger

One morning before long you'll awake and find the Great Day has come. What Great Day, you might ask. Why, the first day of school, of course, After many days and nights of anxious moments and doubts concerning your teaching ability, you'll find yourself in a classroom.

Perhaps your school is a sparkling new one, or an older one that has been scrubbed clean and given a new coat of paint. This really makes no difference—the teacher and the pupils are the most important ingredients. And if the board members have been on their toes, you will have a good supply of books, chalk, erasers, brooms, and other necessities. They will be glad to keep your needs adequately supplied if your requests remain reasonable.

But now, let's get back to the subject of teaching. Your knees will shake and your voice will falter. You'll say John instead of Jake and Sarah instead of Susie, but somehow the first day will end and you'll gratefully look forward to a good night's rest.

Now take a few minutes to consider— 90% of the people don't ever intend to teach. And probably only about half of the remaining 10% who consider teaching will ever teach. So your job isn't in very great danger of being taken away from you, as long as the board and the parents feel you are doing your best.

Your first term lies before you. What will happen, no one knows. But you can expect to:

1. shed a few tears occasionally. (And feel better afterwards, as long as they're not tears of self-pity.)
2. receive criticism. (Accept it gracefully, whether you feel you deserve it or not.)
3. become bored. (Then it is high time to appraise yourself and perk up your teaching methods.)
4. experience periods of great joy. (Thank God for these precious happenings and treasure them always.)
5. have moments of sorrow. (This might be death in a family of one of your pupils, a family moving away, or seeing your eighth graders leave on the last day of school. But take heart, for rain must mingle with sunshine in order to being a fruitful harvest.)

Here is a bit of advice: Be yourself. Don't try to imitate someone else, for imitations are fakes and will soom be discovered.

Do as the Psalmist did—lift up your eyes to the hills from whence your help cometh, for your help will come from Him Who made the heavens and the earth.

I wish all new teachers (and older ones, too) the blessings and guidance of God.

— Cashton, Wisconsin

Our House Will Be Too Quiet

-by Mrs. Monroe L. Kuhns

With the coming of July and August, we are reminded that the summer is swiftly slipping away. All too soon school bells will be ringing again. This year will be quite different from other years, for the first time in fourteen years, our house will be quiet and empty.

At the thought of having our youngest child enter first grade this year, mixed feelings keep entering my mind. Just what am I going to do when I can't hear Mark's childish noises as he plays with his animal set while I'm sewing? Often in the midst of fencing in his animals he would come to me, put his arm around my shoulder, and say, "It's nice for you and me to be at home, isn't it?"

Recently a neighbor who is a mother of fourteen children said to me, "I wonder what it would be like to have all the children in school. One thing I would do is get caught up with my reading. It seems I can never sit down to read without being interrupted." I remembered the times when our own children were smaller and I could hardly turn around without stepping on a finger or foot. There always seemed to be someone tugging at my dress. Sometimes I would find an excuse to walk to the mailbox just to rest my tired mind. "Will I ever get any rest?" I often wondered to myself.

"Well," you may think, "you can rest now that all your children will be going to school." Perhaps you are right, but I'm not really looking forward to it.

We mothers have one of the most important jobs in the world. As our children are born, it is our role to feed and clothe them and most important of all, to start their Christian training. This begins in the cradle and is the secret to a happy home.

I believe if children are taught at a very tender age to respect their parents and elders, they will not be problem children at school. One of the hardest battles I've had was to keep my voice in a tender tone, especially when our children are disagreeing about a certain matter. But this is something we must strive for, even if it is hard at times.

Here is a bit of advice to other mothers. Send your children to school with a happy "good by." When they come home in the evening, greet them at the door with a smile. You'll be surprised at the results.

Yes, on the first day of school this year, I'll try to smile when I wave "good by." But as soon as the children disappear behind the barn, I might brush away a tear or two, for I know our house will be too quiet.

—Applecreek, Ohio

Musings Of A Mother

-by Mrs. Allan Bontrager

Can it really be true that the time is here to open the schoolhouse doors for another term? Why, last year's term is barely history, although last year's school dresses show that time has been going on and that the girls have been growing. That's one problem woman teachers don't have to cope with. They can decide on a decent and modest length for their dresses and every year it will stay the same. But not so with growing girls! Theirs is always changing and once in a while I hear the complaint that I'm getting their hemlines too low. This is better than if I overheard another mother say that my daughters' dresses are too short.

Seeing our children off to school brings mixed emotions. I picture the teacher eagerly looking forward to a full term after a vacation of several months. I entrust our children in her care, but between home and school they are on their own. Will they stop at the corner and carefully look for traffic before crossing? Will they have quiet order so that a passer-by can take them as children from a Christian home? How will they act when they reach the schoolyard? They'll see their friends and perhaps act a little shy at first. There will be the horse to take care of-- I hope they remember to loosen everything before taking him out of the shafts. And I hope they will remember to say "good morning" to the teacher.

Yes, the children have left our home, and as we have trained them (or neglected them) they will present themselves. As I watch the buggy go down the road, I breathe another petition on the wings of prayer that our children will be respectful and obedient and that the teacher can do her Christian duty towards the students.

It is time to resume my motherly tasks, but today my heart dwells in the schoolroom. I suppose Teacher has all her books in order and I wonder what her introductory speech will be and hope our girls are alert and will remember what she had to say. There are two first graders. What will their initial class be like? Probably a discussion on something which they are familiar with to draw them out and likely a picture to color. The second graders will feel a lot more secure than they did a year ago and will be watching the first graders in bright-eyed eagerness as they recall themselves being in that place. They don't realize it, but they will be in for a lot of first-grade work yet themselves as they struggle to regain what they lost during the summer months.

The morning slips on. I glance at the clock --it is time for recess. Once more my mind dwells on school. What games will the children play in school? All teachers would do well to learn some different games to introduce during the school year. Some games and activities don't belong on the playground. Playing ball is all right as long as it isn't overdone. I hope Teacher will spend part of her time in playing with or watching the little ones. Usually the little ones have so much fussing among themselves because they have not fully learned to esteem others higher than self. Then, too, they don't realize how bossy they may sound to others.

If there were an adult around sometimes to guide, suggest, and reprove, it would no doubt help a lot. Some children will bear an injustice quietly before the others, but inwardly a feeling of distrust mounts until finally it breaks out in real frustration and dislike toward others. Other children take a more open road and right on the spot they say how they feel-- often rather rudely, too. Still others, when they see that things won't go their way, will just mutter and grumble to themselves, and then break away with two or three followers. And before the teacher is aware of it, these feelings can be carried into half a dozen different homes. No, a teacher must not neglect her little ones in their play.

But thinking back to book work again, I hope Teacher won't get frustrated at those squirming youngsters who will have to be retrained to sit quietly throughout a whole period. And how those little hands will scribble until they are accustomed to pencil and crayon again. Possibly the teacher's eyes will get tired and her shoulders will sag a bit, for she, too, is making an adjustment from housework back to schoolwork.

Probably English will be introduced today. Almost without fail, the first lessons in the books deal with reviewing the summer vacation, stressing well-constructed sentences and good conversation. One thing that bothers me is the lack of creative writing at school. Teaching parts of speech and proper sentence construction is good, but having creative writing exercises will train the child to use these abilities. We must have plenty of original written work in order to turn out much needed Amish teachers.

What do I hear? Not the girls already! My, but the forenoon seemed short. "Hi, girls! So you're back? Get your clothes changed and put back into their places, then come out and help with dinner. While we're eating you may each have a turn telling us something about the day."

And now to all teachers who may have read this, forgive me if I appear to be too bold in my expressions. I realize we ex-teacher mothers are more critical of our children's teachers than other mothers are, for we are apt to see things we stressed neglected. But I hope we are more appreciative of little things teachers do, too, for we can think back to the time we were in your place and realize that even little things take extra time and effort.

We have much confidence in our teachers and consider it a privilege when they choose to share their experiences with us. No teacher is without many good points and these need to be cultivated to become even better. But all teachers must also be aware of the sinful nature of the flesh and be ready to be corrected, should a parent feel things aren't quite as they should be. The same is true of us parents.

May we all bear much patience and practice cooperation so that God can bless our feeble efforts to serve Him in the term ahead. —Kokomo, Indiana

THE BOOKSHELF

GOLDEN BIBLE ATLAS

The title of this book would indicate that it is a collection of maps. But it is more than that; it also has a large amount of text in which Bible events are told about so as to make the maps meaningful. The book is a large one (10" x 13") and contains not only full-color maps but also illustrations of items common in Bible times.

Excellent for 7th and 8th graders.

(Hardbound. 97 pages.)

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This book, written on a third-grade level, tells much about the life-cycle of the hummingbirds. Not only is it interesting to read but also beautiful to look at.

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HERE COME THE BEARS

Here are bears—real bears: grizzly bears, brown bears, polar bears, black bears. Each family of bears has an interesting story of its own. The pictures are both factual and charming, showing each family of bears in its own setting. Third-grade children and older will enjoy reading this book. This is not a picture book as it has plenty of text.

(Library binding. 93 pages.)

PRICE: $3.60 / SCHOOL PRICE: $3.15

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

Paul's Problem

-by Martha Helmuth

Paul was a new teacher who wanted all his pupils to like him.

PAUL RABER ROLLED over and looked at the luminous dial of the little alarm clock beside his bed. Only four o'clock. He picked up the clock and held it to his ear to see if it had stopped, but it was still running. Paul wondered how many times he had awakened that night.

"I sure hope it isn't going to be like this all term," he thought to himself. "This is just the first day of school. It will be different after awhile," he consoled himself, "but I sure didn't think I'd be this silly."

His mind went back to that evening several weeks ago when Eli Fry had come to see him. Paul had just come home from I-W service and had had no idea what Eli wanted, but the school board member lost no time in getting to the point.

"We need a teacher for Sugar Grove School," Eli had said.

At first thought Paul thought the idea of teaching school was preposterous, but after Eli was through talking he had been willing to think about it more seriously. After all, they did need a teacher and he didn't have a job yet. A few days later he agreed to try it.

School had been easy for Paul so he wasn't worried about the lessons. No, Paul was sure he wouldn't have any trouble on that score, but he wondered if he could get along with twenty-eight children for eight months. He remembered how his younger brother and sister had complained about some of their teachers.

"Martha never lets us do anything," Roman had complained. "She is just too bossy."

"And she gives us assignments that are way too big," Vera had said many times. "I wish she'd have to work as many problems as we have to every day. She wouldn't like it either."

As Paul thought about these complaints, he was determined to do all he could so that his pupils would like him. "Yes," Paul had concluded, "I think I have the answer. I just don't think I could stand it in the classroom that long if the children kept complaining about me." He rolled over and tried to go back to sleep, since sleep refused to come he got up and went for a walk.

Several hours later he was at the schoolhouse, getting a few last minute things ready for school. Before long the children arrived in groups and stood around watching their new teacher. Paul helped the little ones find seats and before long everyone was seated.

"Boys and girls," Paul began as he faced his pupils, "it is nice meeting you here this morning. I hope we can all work and play together and enjoy school. I hope to do what I can so that you will all like to go to school." Then he went on to tell them about his own school days and the fun they used to have. The children laughed at his story.

After his introduction, he got ready to pass out books, but he had a hard time deciding to which grades some of the books belonged. With the help of the children, he soon had them passed out and began giving their assignments. Before Paul realized what had happened, the forenoon was over and it was time to send the children home.

By the time he had spent most of the afternoon at the schoolhouse filling in record books and getting lessons ready for the next day he felt more confident of himself. He was pleased with the children's attitude that morning and felt confident that his plan would work.

The next day Emma, who was in grade three, made a whirligig and was playing with it in school time. When Paul ignored it, several others also made some. Roy thought whirligigs were only for girls so he made a paper glider and played with it at his desk. He would have liked to have sent it through the air toward Joseph, but he was afraid Paul wouldn't like that. He knew Teacher

Ruth would not have let him do that last year. Over in the sixth grade row Johnny had a library book that had amusing pictures in it. Instead of looking at it quietly, he held the book up so that Reuben, who was sitting behind him, could see it too. Together they laughed at the pictures. Soon they were laughing at other things, too, becoming bolder the longer they were at it.

Paul looked at them several times but reminded himself, "I must be easy on them or they won't like me. After school has been going longer they'll get over their giggles."

By this time Roy had gotten up more courage and was watching his chance. When Paul had his back turned, he sent his glider through the air. It glided perfectly right over Joseph's head and landed gracefully on the floor, out of his reach. The boys looked at each other with a grin then went back to work as though nothing unusual had taken place.

When recess came, Paul went out to play with the children. The boys were enthused at having their teacher play ball with them, and what a good time they had together.

"We're really going to have some good ball games if we have Paul to help us all year," Omar said when they were on their way to the schoolhouse at the end of the recess period.

Paul heard, and an unusual happiness welled up within him. Already he was glad he had promised to teach. His confidence grew with each new indication that his pupils liked him.

One day when the sixth grade came to class, Johnny came walking up to the table, pointing his toes toward each other as he walked. Bennie snickered at him. Paul smiled as he shook his head at Johnny. As they were getting settled at the table, the girls giggled but Paul ignored it. "They will soon get used to my ways and do better," he thought to himself.

The children soon realized that Paul wouldn't do much about their capers and became bolder. Whispering, giggling, and walking about were common in the classroom. Instead of trying to do things behind Paul's back they did them openly.

Paul, being very much a boy at heart, enjoyed the recesses as much as any of the children did. They had lots of fun playing games together, but sometimes they spent the time playing jokes on each other.

One recess Paul was slow in coming out to play.

"Hey Paul," Bennie called, "aren't you coming out to play with us?"

"Yes, I'm coming in a moment," Paul answered with a smile.

"We're waiting for you," Bennie went on.

"They sure like to have me come out to play with them," Paul thought happily, confident that the children liked him.

When Paul wanted to get his hat to go out to play, it was nowhere in sight. As he was looking for it, he glanced up just in time to see Melvin peeking around the corner, watching him look for it.

"Hey, Melvin, come here," he called.

When Melvin didn't come, he ran after him. Soon he caught him and the two were tussling around.

"Where did you put my hat?" asked Paul as he held Melvin by his pants.

"I didn't have it," Melvin answered.

"But you know all about it," insisted Paul. Melvin only giggled.

Grabbing Melvin's hat and perching it on his head, Paul walked out to the ball diamond where the other boys were playing.

"Hey, look at Paul!" exclaimed Leroy laughingly. Soon they were all joking and capering around instead of playing ball. Before long several buttons were missing and one suspender was torn. Suddenly Paul looked at his watch and then hurried to ring the bell. Their recess had been ten minutes longer than it should have been. As Paul waited for the children to come in and get settled, a feeling of guilt came over him.

"Oh well, we had a lot of fun anyway," he told himself with a shrug.

Finally Paul realized that his classroom was noisier than he thought it should be, and if he wanted them to do better, he would have to do something about it.

The following day, Eli got up and noisily walked back to the library, cracking several boys on the head with his pencil as he passed them. After rummaging through the shelves a few minutes, he clattered back to his desk and flopped himself into it. As he did so he shook several books from the desk behind him and sent them crashing to the floor.

"Eli!" exclaimed Paul. "Do you have to be so noisy?"

Eli shrugged his shoulders and opened his book, unconcerned about the teacher's displeasure. A number of the children snickered.

"Well it's time you learn to be more quiet instead of seeing how much noise you can make," Paul said.

Later that day when Paul called the sixth grade to class, Johnny and Reuben clammered noisily up to the table.

"Boys, go back to your seats and walk up here quietly," Paul said.

Reuben and Johnny looked at each other but didn't move.

"Go on back to your seats and come up here quietly," Paul repeated sternly.

Slowly they walked back to their seats, then making themselves as stiff and straight as they could, they walked back to the table. As Johnny sat down, he looked back at his friends and grinned.

As time went on, Paul talked and talked, trying to persuade his pupils to behave. At the same time, he still enjoyed many of the childish pranks and capers of the children at recess and often took part in them or laughed at them. Since he was often laughing and jesting with the children, they did not take him too seriously when he rebuked them. Instead, they delighted in seeing how far they could go and laughed behind his back when he became stern. As this went on, Paul often became angry and frustrated. Soon he wished he had never tried teaching. Each day was another burden as he faced pupils who didn't respect him. Many times he wondered what he had done wrong for he had tried to do all he could so they would like him and enjoy school. He lost the desire to keep on doing his best. He had thought he couldn't stand it for eight months if his pupils didn't like him. Here it wasn't quite November and there were more than five more months to go. Five long months.

One evening he decided to clean out the cupboard to make room for some of the supplies that Eli Fry had ordered. As he arranged some of the extra books and papers, a few loose papers fluttered to the floor. As he stooped to pick them up, he noticed that they were typewritten pages and on the first page was the title "Beginning the School Term." He studied the title a moment then tossed it aside. "It's too late for this year and— Next year? No thanks. No one could persuade me to teach next year," he told himself. He'd be glad enough when this term was over. The more he thought of his problem, the more miserable he became.

After he was done cleaning the cupboard, he picked up the typed papers again and looked at them more closely. Just as he was about to toss them aside again, his eyes fell on the words, "All teachers want their pupils to like them."

"Hmm-m-m," Paul said to himself as he settled down into one of the children's desks, "This might be interesting after all."

"If you want your children to like and respect you, be very firm, even overly firm, during the first few weeks of teaching. Gradually relax your control as you see your class able to accept it. Your control has gained their respect and as you relax, they grow to like you. Bitter has been the life of a teacher who tried to be a "good sport" from the start."

Paul read it again, and then a third time. "Bitter has been the life of a teacher who tried to be a 'good sport'," he said out loud as he stared into space. "Be very firm with them, even overly firm," his mind went on. "Why didn't someone tell me last August?"

As he sat there thinking, his mind went back to Van, his horse. When he had first tried to train him, Paul had used kicking straps and a sharp bit until he had learned to obey his command. Now he used neither one, but he had a well-disciplined horse. Van always neighed at Paul when he came out to the barn to feed him. This was Van's way fo showing affection for his master and Paul had petted him in turn. Would the same principle have worked for his pupils?

Paul brought his gaze back to the typed sheets before him. He glanced over some of the sub-titles then folded the papers and stuffed them into his pocket for more meditation later that evening.

TEACHING AIDS

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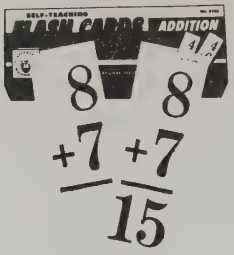

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by Teachers

Chapter One -- THE

ORPHA WENGERD OPENED HER EYES and stared into the darkness. Even in the inky blackness, she sensed she was in a strange place, but where? Was she starting another hired girl job? Then she remembered. The realization of what lay before her was like a dash of cold water and instantly she was wide awake. Her life as a hired girl was over and today she would begin a new role—teaching. Yesterday she had spent the day at the schoolhouse getting ready and had come "home" to the place where she was to board the next eight months. And that's where she was—at Jake Petersheims.

Excitement tingled through Orpha's body as she lay thinking about school. "I wonder what my children will be like?" she thought. She wished she would know at least some of them, but she didn't. All she knew were their names. She'd almost memorized those from the enrollment sheet last year's teacher had left for her. "Fourth grade won't be hard," she told herself. "Alvin Erb and Katie Helmuth. Won't be hard to know which is which. But the five boys in grade five, that'll be something else."

Somewhere in another part of the house an alarm went off and a short time later a clock struck five. "I might as well get up," Orpha thought to herself. "There's nothing like being well prepared on the first day. I'd like to go to school early." Mentally she went over the advice she had gathered from various books she had read during the past few months and from other teachers she had talked to. They all seemed to agree on one thing—planning ahead and being well prepared were important. That didn't seem hard to Orpha. She liked to plan ahead, carefully thinking out small details. Only thing, when a person worked as a hired girl, she didn't have the chance to make her own plans; she had to do as she was told to do.

Orpha used to be especially frustrated by women who insisted on explaining in long detail how every little thing was to be done. In her way of thinking, as long as something was done and done right, how it was done shouldn't have been so important. Orpha never admitted it to anyone, but this was one reason she had turned to teaching. Every grown-up girl needed the privilege of making her own decisions and being on her own. Teaching looked just like that opportunity.

Being on her feet now, Orpha stretched. Energy surged through her whole body. She had never known many sick days and the years of hard work had strengthened her. Orpha was twenty-two and full of life. She got an immense satisfaction out of completing a strenuous task and the faster she got it completed, the happier she was.

Orpha's strength went farther than merely physical strength. She was strong in character as well. She possessed a determination that had carried her through many discouragements and caused her to go on when others would have given up. This strong determination was the very thing that caused some people to say Orpha Wengerd would make an ideal teacher for Maple Creek, while others shook their heads and wondered if it was going to work out.

Orpha struck a match and lighted the lamp. She glanced around the room. It was a cheerful-looking place and already Orpha loved it. She visualized herself sitting at

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

ee

RST MORNING

the desk in the corner grading papers or relaxing on the rocking chair reading. This was her own private room and it was hers for eight long months. Since she was seventeen, Orpha had never stayed in one home for more than four or six weeks. Sometimes it had been only for a week or two. "That's another thing I'll like about teaching," Orpha told herself. "When I was a hired girl I had to change places so often. By the time I got attached to one family and had their hard work done, they no longer needed me and I had to go some place else and start over."

Orpha took her navy blue dress from the hanger. She dressed carefully, for she wanted to look her best for the first day of school. A short time later she glanced into the mirror. Most of her dark brown hair was hidden by her white covering. Her eyes were a shade darker than her hair and sparkled with enthusiasm. Her medium height and trim figure completed a picture of health and youth. "Well, I guess I'm ready," she said.

As soon as Orpha was dressed she went downstairs. Jake Petersheim's wife, Alta was frying bacon for breakfast. "Are you up already?" she asked with a smile. "I hope you could sleep well. I don't know what was wrong with Sporty. He barked for a long time."

Orpha looked surprised. "I never heard him," she said. "I slept well once I fell asleep, and then I awoke pretty early." She glanced around for the wash sink.

Alta saw her questioning glance. "Over here," she motioned. "I put out these towels for you. I told the children the light green ones are yours from now on. It might take them awhile before they remember, but just remind them if you have to."

"Thank you," said Orpha. "I had thought of bringing towels from home, but I had so many other things to bring that I gave it up."

"No, no," said Alta. "You'll just be like one of us. We have plenty of towels and bedding. And don't worry about doing your washing, either. We'll do that for you. You'll be busy enough without doing things like that." She pushed the frying pan to the back of the stove. "I guess you know our Katie taught school before she was married. Last week when she was here I asked her a little how she had it at her boarding places. She told me a few things she appreciated and I was glad for the advice. I never boarded a teacher, so I didn't know how to act."

"I don't think teachers are any different from other people, are they?" asked Orpha good-naturedly. Already she liked this motherly woman with whom she was to live.

"No, I don't think they are," laughed Alta. "But you'll find out we're just common people—nothing fancy. I said to Emma there's no use trying to pretend we're fancy, because we can't pretend for eight months and you might as well get used to us from the beginning."

"I'm sure it won't be hard," assured Orpha. "I grew up in a common home, too. I'm afraid it would be harder to get used to if you were fancy."

By the time Jake and the others came in for breakfast Alta and Orpha were fairly well acquainted with each other. As they ate the morning meal, Orpha learned to know more about the rest of the family. There were only two boys and one girl left from a family of eight. The rest were married. Roman was eighteen, Dan sixteen, and Emma fifteen.

"We had children in school for more than twenty years," said Jake. "This is the first year we don't have any."

"I said last spring when the term was over I'm afraid we won't hear much about school anymore," said Alta. "I would have missed it."

"Maybe Orpha's not planning on telling us about happenings at school," said Jake, smiling at his wife.

"At least I'm sure she won't tell as much as Emma used to," said Roman teasingly. "That's all she used to talk about."

Emma didn't answer. Orpha noticed her embarrassment and came to her rescue. "You don't know," she said to Roman. "I might not talk about anything else either."

Half an hour later family devotions were over and Orpha was on her way to school. She walked briskly along, once more rejoicing she was no longer a hired girl. No longer would she have to milk as many as four and five cows twice a day and put in long hours of work between the two "milking times." No longer would she have to hoe in the hot sun or hang out clothes when it was so cold the pieces were frozen stiff the minute they were on the line. Yes, those days were over now and she was a teacher.

The schoolhouse came into sight. Orpha's heart beat a little faster with each step she took. "I have to get ahold of myself," she scolded. "This will never do." Crossing the bridge of the little creek that flowed through the field next to the schoolhouse, Orpha stopped and gazed into the water. For a fleeting moment she wished she weren't a teacher. She longed to be a pupil so she could take of her shoes and stockings and go wadding in the water.

Orpha walked on. When she reached the schoolhouse she was surprised to find the door unlocked. "I'm sure I locked it last night," she thought. "I remember checking to make sure."

"Good morning," said a voice, startling Orpha. She tried to smile in a natural way at the man who had come to meet her in the doorway. He was carrying a hammer in one hand and a few nails in the other. "I'm Dan Burkholder. I live across the road and sorta act like the handyman around the place here. Noticed the other day the bottom shelf in the library was loose, so I came over to fix it."

"Thanks," said Orpha. "I noticed yesterday it was loose, but I couldn't find a hammer."

"Anytime you need something, don't be afraid to come ask for it. We're used to having the children come to borrow things to use at school. Last spring when school left we actually missed the children."

"Do you have any children in school?" asked Orpha.

"No, our oldest is only four," Dan said, "It'll be a few years." They talked a while longer, then Dan went home. Orpha stood at the back of the classroom trying to calm her feelings, but the very sight of the desks made her heart beat harder than ever. She knew that within a short time every one of those thirty-two desks would be filled with a pupil—one of her pupils. And every one of them would be a stranger. Probably this very minute they were headed for the schoolhouse, wondering how their new teacher looked and what she would be like. Orpha knew the first impression she made on her children would be an important one and time, and again she had mentally rehearsed what she was going to say on this first morning. But now when the time had actually come, she lost the confidence she had in herself. Could she do it?

Bowing her head, Orpha breathed a fervent prayer for guidance and support. Strengthened by the faith that God was with her, Orpha walked to the front of the room and sat down.

Her eyes swept over the room. Everything was ready. She had even taken a piece of chalk and written the children's names on the desks where she wanted each one to sit. She had read in TIPS FOR TEACHERS about marking each desk according to grade, but wouldn't the name be better yet? She wondered why no one had thought of that before.

Orpha heard voices outside. They sounded like young children, but there was a grown-up along. "Probably an eighth grade girl," she thought. "There is only one, so it must be Lizzie Mullet."

"Good morning," greeted the tall woman as she entered the classroom. Orpha saw at a glance that she wasn't a pupil. She was a mother, trailed by three children. "I'm Chriss Erb's wife, Betty," she said. "You know Chriss, I think. He's on the school-board."

"Oh, yes," said Orpha, encouraged by the friendliness of Chriss Betty. "I'm glad to know you."

"I just thought it couldn't be that we didn't get to know you before this," said Betty. "But the children were anxious to come,

Is Our Child Ready For School?

-by Wilma Miller

Preparing a child for school is not done in in a few weeks, or even in a few months or a year. It is more than merely buying a new lunch bucket, a box of crayons, a pencil and tablet, and a new set of clothes. Preparing a child for school starts in the cradle. To me it is but a step in the process of preparing him for the greater school of life. And who can tell how soon the atmosphere and the influence of the home begin to mold the child's character?

I once read (and am convinced it is true) that a great percent of a child's character is determined by the environment he grows up in. Can we then realize, in any measure, how much our attitude toward school will affect our child? If we are open minded and alert to learn something new, this will help our child become eager to learn. If we show our interest in school and talk of it as being a pleasant place, then our child should not dread his first day of school. And if we can be cheerful, happy, and unselfish, always hoping for the best, refusing to believe every bad rumor or to dwell on each foreboding cloud, this should go a long way in helping our child become a pleasant amiable student which his teacher and playmates will all appreciate.

One great characteristic a child should have learned before he goes to school is respect--respect for other people, their rights, and their property. This is taught in large measure by example and by instilling the right principles. But it also comes in a great percent by breaking the child's will— the human nature that lies in varying degrees in every child.

Many parents make their children mind, but they don't persevere until they mind willingly. They are like the daddy who forced his son to sit down. The child sat down, but he said, "Daddy, I'm still standing up inside." It pays to be keen and be observant of the child's spirit. If he is still "standing up on the inside" when he complies to the parents' orders, then he isn't ready for school yet. The child who has been fully broken of his stubborn will is one who looks to authority (parents and teacher) with awe and respect. He does not tend to be resentful when things don't go his way. The resentful child is the one who becomes a problem in school.

Over and above all, there must be the all-powerful influence of love in the child's environment if he is to develop into a well rounded-out personality that will help him get along well in school. Not only must there be love for the child, there must be love between the parents so that he may observe and feel a relationship of unity. This will help to make him peaceable and easy to work with at school.

These are a few of our thoughts and ideals. If we could carry them out as easily as we can put them on paper, then we could feel better assured that our beginner is ready for school this fall. But as it is, our teacher will perhaps be able to tell us later where we have fallen short. And by the way, let us by all means try to instill a deep respect in our pupils' minds for their teacher, both for their sake and the teacher's.

(Editor's note: This article was requested by the Bulletin staff.)

even if they didn't know their teacher. We heard you're a good hired girl, and I just said to Chriss this morning we're fortunate to be able to hire you for our teacher."

Orpha was embarrassed and didn't know quite what to say. "Would you like to find your seats?" she asked the children. "Your names are on the desks."

Chriss Betty glanced at the desks and then at Orpha. "Do you know the pupils?" she asked.

Orpha thought she detected a note of disapprovement in Betty's voice. "N-n-o-o," she said. "I haven't met any of them."

"Then how do you know which ones will fit into which desks?" asked Betty pointedly.

"Well I started with the smallest grades and the smallest desks," said Orpha.

"But some of the second graders are bigger than our Alvin here, and he's in grade four," said Betty. "But you can soon change that around. I'm sure you'll get along all right, as many ideas as you seem to have." Her sweeping glance took in the well-prepared classroom. "Well, I think I'll be going. Ah, ah, you wouldn't have a few minutes to talk with me alone, would you?" she asked Orpha.

"Sure," said Orpha, following her new acquaintance outside.

"Ah, I don't know if I should say something or not, but I thought maybe I should." She paused and glanced around as if to check that no one was listening. "You'll want to be careful. Those Hostetler children are sneaky, especially Levi. Our Martha can hardly wait until he is out of school. She thinks school would be so much more fun if he wasn't there. I've tried to tell her that was no way to talk, but then he is mean. He can put up a real good front, and last year's teacher never caught up with the tricks he pulled behind her back."

Orpha assured Chriss Betty she was glad to know about this, and resolved to herself that her pupils weren't going to play stunts around her back. Not Levi Hostetler, or anyone else. She thanked Betty for this helpful bit of information and went back into the schoolhouse. Checking to see where this boy would be seated, she was glad when she found his name at the front of the eighth grade row. "That's the place for him," she thought. "Won't he be surprised to find a seat up front. He'll probably wonder who told me he's a mischief maker."

By now more children were arriving. Some of them walked right in while others chose to stand at the door and peep into the classroom. Each time Orpha looked in their direction, they disappeared behind the wall. Orpha helped a few first graders find their seats. She told her pupils they didn't have to stay in their seats until the bell rang, but some of them sat there anyway, smiling bashful little smiles.

Soon the Helmuth twins arrived. Their names were Mary and Malinda and they were in the first grade. "Good morning, Mary and Malinda," said Orpha in her pleasantest voice. "You'll have to tell me which is which. This is Mary's desk and Malinda's is back here."

The little girls stood and said nothing. Then Mary whispered something into Malinda's ear. Her lips were quivering.

"Mary wants to sit beside me," said Malinda. "She's bashful."

Orpha did some fast thinking. Should she let them, or should she explain gently that Malinda wouldn't be far off? She decided to try it. Mary didn't waste any time bursting into tears. Orpha coaxed some more, but when she saw that Malinda was on the verge of tears, too, she gave in and let the girls sit next to each other.

"Aren't you going to ring the first bell?" asked Martha Erb. "Last year Lydia always rang it at eight o'clock and it's after eight now."

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Orpha. She hurried to the back of the room where the bell rope hung from the ceiling. With quick hard jerks Orpha rang the bell. "What's wrong with this thing," she wondered. "It doesn't sound right at all!"

"I'll show you how," offered a tall boy coming to her side. "I used to ring the bell for Lydia last year sometimes. You have to pull it steadily."

Orpha stood aside and watched the boy pull the rope all the way down, then let it go all the way up, then pulled it down again. Now the bell rang in a clear, loud tone. "What is your name?" she asked as she waited for him to finish.

"Levi Hostetler," he answered with a slow smile. "I'm in grade eight."

Orpha tried not to show her surprise. This sure didn't look like the Levi Hostetler Chriss Betty had described. But she didn't have much time to think about it, for another group of children had arrived. A little girl came up the steps leading a small frightened looking boy by the hand.

"What is your name?" asked Orpha, trying to make the little boy feel at home.

For a while the boy didn't say anything, then he squeaked out in a stammering voice, "Ich v-vill h-hame gay!"

"Now what will I do?" Orpha wondered. She didn't remember reading anything in TIPS FOR TEACHERS about what to do with a crying child. All she had read was how to keep them from crying, but she didn't have a chance with this one. He cried before he was barely inside the schoolhouse.

"Last year one of the children cried on the first day of school, and Lydia gave her a book to look," said Martha Erb.

To Orpha's surprise, Martha's suggestion proved to be a satisfactory one. Soon Joseph was sitting in his seat looking at the pictures in a grade-one reader. Orpha glanced at the clock. Ten minutes and school would begin. She hoped the children were all present. She thought there were supposed to be thirty-two, and it seemed to her as if there were a hundred and that many. And there were only a few whose names she remembered.

"Teacher, do I have to sit here?" a tall lanky fifth grader sat down in a seat marked "Danny Troyer." Orpha saw at a glance that the desk was too small, but she also saw that wasn't the real reason he didn't like the seat. He had turned around to see who his neighbor would be and frowned when he saw a girl's name on the desk. "Lizzie Mullet," he had sneered. "Who wants to sit next to her?"

Orpha wasn't sure who Lizzie Mullet was, but she guessed now she must be the over sized one standing beside the wall with the rest of the girls. She decided then and there the thing to do was to make Danny sit next to her and be sociable. She wasn't going to put up with any fun-making in her school. But what could she do? The desk Danny was in was too small; there was no question about it. Finally Orpha made a decision. "I know," she said cheerfully. "You may move into the desk behind Lizzie's. That desk is larger."

Reluctantly Danny obeyed. But all the time he kept glancing wistfully at the empty desk in the back row. "Last year we were allowed to choose our own seats," he mumbled.

Orpha wanted to tell him firmly that last year was past and this year he had a different teacher, but she kept herself from it. She had read someplace a beginning teacher had to be firm, but slow with criticism. There would be time later to straighten Dan-

Five Rules for a Beginner

-by D. L. Stutzman

1. Get into a school mood by attending a teachers' meeting and, if possible, visit several schools before your opening date.
2. Familiarize yourself with the course of studies, so as to get an idea of what is taught in which grades. A carpenter has to have an idea of how his finished product is to look and plans the building accordingly. A teacher must do the same thing. She should not go about her work in an aimless, shiftless way.
3. Plan and write down the standards of discipline you expect. Take it to an experienced teacher or two for comments and further suggestions.
4. Be on good terms with your school board. Learn to trust them and know that you can rely on them when you need help.
5. Have love and concern for your pupils. Realize you must have God's help in order to be a Christian teacher.

ny up if he didn't straighten up himself.

Orpha sank down into her chair. Already she felt exausted and the day hadn't even begun. And she had thought teaching would be an easier life than being a hired girl. Maybe she was wrong. Maybe she had a completely wrong picture of being a teacher. She remembered the smoothly-run classroom she had attended as a pupil. No, she wasn't going to give up yet. She had her goal set to have a classroom just like that, and she wasn't going to give up the very first morning. It would probably take her a few days to get things organized. Maybe even a whole week. But then after that teaching would be a joy. With this hope to comfort her she went to ring the bell.

TO BE CONTINUED

I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER

-by Amanda Hershberger

This year when school starts, I wish I could stay calm and not get excited over little things. I wish I could keep the love and unstanding in my heart. However, I know I am weak, and from former experiences I am afraid I will fall short of my ideals. Therefore I must ask much help from God and patience from my pupils and parents. I hope I can remember.......

This year when Jacob comes to school with his hair uncombed and Mattie has forgotten her reading book, and three other pupils come to my desk for paper hankies (they forgot theirs) I hope I can realize this must be one of those mornings." In Jacob's home, perhaps his mother wanted to get an early start with the washing and wasn't there when he left. Maybe Mattie was holping with the dishes until it was time to leave and her mother was rocking the baby and didn't think to remind her. In those other homes, maybe there was an unusual amount of colds and the hanky drawer was empty. I hope I can remember......

This year when certain problems arise and I take care of them as best I can, then get a note from a parent who is dissatisfied, I hope I can remember that often parents have only half of the details. And maybe my method wasn't the best one. Maybe I was too quick in acting, or let matters drag too long. I am only human and I do make mistakes. I hope I can remember......

This year when our school has a parent-teacher meeting and the attendance is slack, I hope I can be more understanding as to why the parents might not have come. Maybe there was a new-born calf and the chores were late. Maybe their child was sick and kept them up late last night. Maybe they forgot about the meeting. (I forget things, too, at times.) Of course, I feel now if I ever were a parent, I would attend the parent-teacher meetings whenever possible, but I am no better than the rest, and maybe I would become slack in this, too. I hope I can remember........

This year when the children start playing too noisily, or lose interest in their studies, I hope I can remember that it may be time to introduce a new game. Maybe I haven't been playing with the children as I should have.

And I wish I could remember that geography and history weren't very interesting to me when I went to school. (But they are now.) Maybe I am not doing my part in making these subjects interesting. Maybe I don't have my lessons prepared well enough. I hope I can remember......

This year if I have a day when nothing seems to go right, I wish I could remember the many days that do go smoothly. I wish I could remember the nice red apple I got from

Mary, the bright smile I recieved from a slow pupil, the sound of my children singing together, the thoughtfulness of the parents who visited school last week, the encouragement a board member gave me last week, the happy feeling I had after my pupils settled down to play a new game, the visits I've had with fellow teachers, and most of all, the promise we have from the Great Teacher—that He will help us in our time of need. Yes, I hope I can remember........ ◆

WELCOME, GRADE ONE!

With as much uncertainity as an inexperienced teacher on her first day of school, I entered first grade. Something I would have treasured would have been my teacher telling me he's glad to have me as a pupil. Especially would I have enjoyed hearing an older pupil say to me, "Come, let's go out and play until it is time for the bell." Instead, I remember the day started with an argument about which little girls would be included in which group. I don't mean to criticize our teacher, as he was probably unaware of this happening. He seldom joined us in playing. This taught me something I have never forgotten—the danger of children grouping off. I learned this by experience, which has always been my best teacher.

Questioning a first grader in the first conversation has never appealed to me. It is better to tell him something, making sure he understands.

To settle the uneasiness of a crying child, give him a seat next to an older brother or sister. In a few weeks you can change this without mentioning it to the pupil. This has proved successful for me in the past term.

If your pupils sit together to sing, make sure they know where to sit. Give them a book, for it is encouraging for the first graders to be able to follow the example of the older children.

As for lessons on the first day, I usually help them write their names. Also, I try to have a book on hand to give them when I pass out the books to the older pupils. We practice coming to class and going back, too. Last year I used the following way, and I liked it very well. When I called a class, the pupils arose and stood in the aisle until everyone was ready, then they came forward. This got the slow ones to come with the rest.

I have learned never to leave the first graders idle for a long period of time. It is just as boring to them as it is to grown-ups. Puzzles to put together, pictures to cut out of books and catalogs, and coloring help keep them busy. Also, during the first weeks, I've let my first graders go out for ten minutes occasionally. They like to claim the playground as their own for a change.

An interesting practice is to print each child's name on a card. They will soon be able to recognize their name and also their classmates'. This seems to create a special interest in learning more new words.

As I dismiss my first graders, I try to remember to tell them I'm looking forward to seeing them again the next day. And I am, too, for the first grade is my most interesting and special class. —Ohio

If my first-grade pupils haven't been in school previously, these are some of the things I usually do with them on the first day:

1. After morning devotions, pass out supplies, allowing them to examine some of the books they will be working with so as to create an interest in them.

2. Have a picture from a coloring book ready for them to color. Suggest possible colors to use on the picture.

3. Printing— usually sheets without lines are used the first day. I use 9 X 12 sheets marked off in twelve squares. They trace over dotted circles, squares, and sticks in each square, or make a row of objects like the one in the first square of each row.

4. Allow them to go to the toilet and get a drink before they get too restless. The second graders enjoy being responsible for

taking them and bringing them back as quickly and quietly as possible.

5. Number work—counting to ten (or farther, depending on the pupils). If this is easy, try counting objects. Have seatwork to teach the number one. Find one girl, one boy, one book, etc. Teach how the number is made and help the children recognize it among other numbers.

6. Blackboard exercises—On the board, have a large rectangle divided into four parts. In one part, have perhaps one apple, in another three balls, in another two houses, and leave the fourth blank. Give the children a sheet of paper also divided into four parts and see if they can fill in the proper squares so that it will be identical to the rectangle on the board.

7. Work with modeling clay. Show them that by rolling it they get a ball; by pressing harder they get a snake. Get them to make a simple object like an apple, a ball, or a banana.

8. Talking period—have the pupils come up around the desk and say their name, age, birthday (if they know), names of other members of the family, names of their pets, etc.

9. Have the children draw a picture of something in their home— mother, baby brother, toy, or house - and color it. Perhaps the others can guess what they drew.

10. Put books, pencils, crayons, and other supplies neatly away. Get today's sheets ready to take home. Discuss safety rules, and then dismiss orderly.

-Mary Kuepfer

These are eight things I feel should be done to first graders on the first day of school:

1. Greet each first grader personally and try to make him feel at ease. You might comment on a new pencil or some other possession you feel he treasures.

2. Go with them to the coat room and show them which is to be their hook (have the hooks marked with their names beforehand) and where their dinner buckets are to go.

3. Show each child where he is to sit, making sure the desk fits. It is tiresome for a child if his feet don't touch the floor.

4. Introduce yourself. Tell the children how they are to address you, by your first name or "Teacher."

5. Sing a song the first graders know, and if necessary, repeat the chorus a few times, encouraging the little ones to help.

6. Have a talking session. Tell the children some of the things they will learn in school, or invite the second graders to tell them. Also, see to it that they know each other's names. They might take turns saying the names of all the children in grade one. (Don't push the bashful ones; if they need to be pushed, there is time to do it later.)

7. Give them a simple outline picture to color. Encourage neat work and tell them they may take the pictures home.

8. Tell them something exciting they may do the next day, so that they will be eager to come. Make sure they know you are look-forward to seeing them, too.

—Martha Farmwald, Indiana

Do your first graders know:

1. the basic rules of your school, such as when they are permitted out of their seats, whether whispering is allowed, etc.

2. the areas they are allowed to play in, the places which are prohibited, such as rest rooms, furnace rooms, and off-play ground areas?

3. that recess is the time to get a drink and go to the rest room, but when the need arises, they are free to go in time of school? This will save frustrations and embarrassment, and could mean the difference between liking and disliking school.

4. that they are expected to respect the possessions of their teacher and fellow classmates, and those belonging to the school? This could be as simple a matter as writing in their textbooks. It is unfair to scold a child for something he did not realize was offensive.

5. that the rules of your school are to be obeyed, and that willful disobedience will merit a punishment?

—An ex-teacher, Ontario

to READ ALOUD

Dale wished for a miracle like those in Bible times, when people were healed instantly.

THE SLOW MIRACLE

-by Agnes Ranney

"WHAT A HODGE-PODGE," said Grandpa. He set the wooden box down on the picnic table under the locust tree. Dale and his sister and brother crowded around. It was fun to be at Grandpa's tiny farm at the edge of town any time. Early spring was best of all. The sun shining through the leaves made lacy patterns on the table. The children watched as Grandpa peered into the box.

"What's a hodge-podge?" little Jimmy wanted to know.

"A big bunch of stuff all mixed together," Amy said.

"Haven't straightened out this box for a long time," said Grandpa. "I should look over my seeds and get ready to make garden."

Amy and Dale helped him sort the packets of seed—vegetables here, flowers there, odd things like gourds and scarlet runner beans in a third pile. Dale sat on the bench to work. His brace made his leg tired when he stood too long.

"Your leg getting better, Dale?" asked Grandpa.

"A little," Dale said, "But it takes so long! I wish there were miracles like there were in Bible times, when people were healed all at once."

"Don't you think it is kind of a miracle to be healed, even if it is slow?" Grandpa asked. "The doctor said you'd be all right if you'd use your leg right along, and wear your brace when you walk."

"I do use it, and I do wear my brace," Dale said. "But I wish it didn't take such a long time."

"Patience," Grandpa said. "It does take patience. Anything worth having is worth waiting for."

Jimmie was poking in the bottom of the box. "What are these funny seeds?" he asked.

"What do you think?" Grandpa said.

"There's a sunflower seed," Jimmie said. "I like to eat those."

"So do the birds," said Grandpa. "What else?"

"Paint brush seeds," Jimmie giggled. "Don't these little ones look like paint brushes without handles?"

"Those are mariglods," said Amy. "We grew some last year."

"Would these seeds grow?" Dale asked.

"Some would, I guess," Grandpa said. "Look, why don't you children plant some? Then we'll know."

"Let's each choose a separate kind," Amy said.

"I want to plant sunflowers," Jimmie said. He picked out half a dozen of the plumpest sunflower seeds.

"What are those big flat ones?" Amy asked.

"Pumpkin," Grandpa said. "I saved some years ago."

"I'll plant those," Amy said. "I'll grow jack-o-lanterns!"

Dale couldn't make up his mind. Marigolds didn't appeal to him, nor radishes. Certainly not turnips! Then, at the bottom of the box he uncovered a single smooth, rather large brown seed.

"This looks different," he said. "What is it, Grandpa?"

"Why, that's the seed of a ponderosa pine tree. Some friends sent it to us from Oregon, years ago. I'd forgotten all about it."

"May I plant it?" Dale asked.

⇨

"Why sure," said Grandpa. "It may not grow, though."

"I'll take the chance," Dale said.

"Where can we plant our seeds?" Amy asked.

"Well, let me see-- how about the bottom of the garden for your sunflowers, Jimmie? Lots of sun there. And Amy, your pumpkins can go at the top of that little slope on the west side."

"And my pine tree?" Dale asked.

Grandpa thought hard. "That little open space there by the gate ought to be about right," he said at last.

The spring evenings were long and warm. Dale and Amy and Jimmie often walked to Grandpa's and Grandma's. Every day they ran to see about their seeds. Three days passed, four five, six—

"My flowers are up!" Jimmie shouted on the sixth day. "My sunflowers are growing!"

Amy looked disappointed when she did not find a single sprout in her garden bed. But the next day it was her turn.

"My pumpkins are up!" she announced. "Three of them!"

Dale went again to look in the smooth bed he had made beside the gate. But the ground was still unbroken.

After that it was a race between the pumpkins and the sunflowers.

"Mine are taller," Jimmie would say.

"But the leaves of mine are bigger!" Amy would answer. But in the little bed beside the gate, nothing at all was growing.

"Maybe the seed was too old," Grandpa said one day. "How about planting some honeysuckle."

"No, thanks, Grandpa," said Dale. "I'll wait on my pine tree." It looked like a long wait. Dale almost gave up. Then one morning he gave a shout.

"My pine tree," he cried. "Come and see my pine tree!"

A cluster of limber green needles had pushed out of the ground. The tips were still in the soil, so that they made a little arch. By the next day, they had freed themselves and the tree stood upright.

"It's awful small for a tree," Jimmie said.

"It'll grow!" Dale said. And it did. But not as fast as pumpkins and sunflowers. By midsummer, it was only a few inches tall.

"That's funny," said Jimmie. "My sunflowers are bigger than your pine tree."

"One of my pumpkin leaves could shade a whole forest of trees like that," Amy put in.

Summer went on. Sunflowers bloomed and grew round flat heads of seed. Pumpkins turned from green to gold. Still the pine tree was only six inches tall.

Early October brought a sharp frost. Dale and Amy and Jimmie couldn't wait to get to Grandpa's after school.

"My sunflowers! They're all dead!" Jimmie wailed, from the bottom of the garden.

"My pumpkin vines are frozen," Amy said sadly. "And what about the pumpkins?"

"Frost didn't hurt them any," said Grandpa. "We'll get them in soon and take them into the cellar. And Jimmie, we'll dry the sunflower heads for you and the birds."

"Will the sunflowers come up again next year?" Jimmie asked.

"No," answered Grandpa. "The sunflowers and pumpkins have done their work. You'll have to plant more seeds next year."

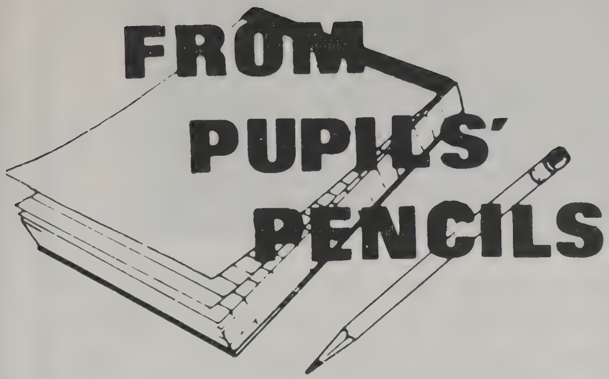
"My pine tree is all right!" Dale called.

"Of course," Grandpa said. "Pine trees don't mind frost. That little fellow has been getting roots down and growing a strong trunk, even if it is small. Next spring you'll see a new tuft of needles from that first cluster. It won't grow fast, at first. But one day it will begin to shoot up. First thing you know it will be taller than you are!"

"Really?" Dale said.

"Sure," said Grandpa. "There are fast miracles, like sunflowers and pumpkins. They grow and produce fruit and seeds, and then die, all in one summer. And there are slow miracles—like your pine tree, and your leg that has to get well slowly. They take more patience. But they're worth it, don't you think?"

Dale nodded slowly. The slow miracle--that's what was making his leg get strong. It was hard to be patient. But watching his sturdy little pine tree—that would live years longer than pumpkins or sunflowers— would make it easier to wait for God's time to work his own slow miracle.



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

GOOD BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Naomi Blank

In a very short time I will be leaving the schoolhouse for the last time as a pupil. It is with a feeling of deep regret that I leave the place of so many pleasant memories and so many happy times. They by far outnumber the unpleasant moments. I leave school with the sad realization that I will never again return as a pupil.

I will miss more than words can tell, the familiar routine, my teacher, all my classmates, and the place that has become so much a part of my life. I will miss the quiet busyness of a roomful of working individuals and the sound of a class reciting. I will miss the challenge of a difficult assignment and the glow of accomplishment that goes with completing it. I will miss working with my classmates and the happy times we had playing on the playground.

But I also look forward to a new, wide-open future with its many challenges in store. I will be broadening my education even more, but in a different way. I will try to put the knowledge I have to work in practical ways. After I am accustomed to the new challenges of life, I think I will enjoy them as much as I have enjoyed my eight years at school.

Still, it is with reluctance that I say, "Good by, school days!"

Grade 8, age 14
Narvon, Pennsylvania

Down By The Creek

-Jana Lynn Nisley

'Twas a quiet, peaceful summer day;
I went to the creek to pass my time away.
Barefoot feet dangling in the stream;
I sat enchanted— 'twas like a dream.

I sat quietly as I thought
Of the wonderous miracles God had wrought.
How every little thing seemed to fit;
All was perfect, each tiny bit.

The sun was reflecting its last lovely rays;
The water was beautiful— a brilliant blaze.
Then whispering, the wind gave a soft sweet sigh;
"Hush, a day has again passed by."

Reluctantly then I rose to my feet,
And said, "Thank you, God, for beauty complete;
And under the tree I knelt to pray,
"Thank you, God, for forming it this way!"

-Age 12
Abbyville, Kansas

SEEDS

--by Elva Miller

There was once a man called Simon. He had a little store in which he sold garden tools and seeds. He had a large garden and raised all the seeds he sold.

One night just after sundown Simon packaged and labeled some seeds. He mistook some muskmellon seeds for pickle seeds and gladioli bulbs for onions. There is quite a difference, but Simon had poor eyesight and it was almost dark.

The next spring a woman bought a package of seeds marked "Pickles" and another one bought some bulbs which she thought to be onions. Imagine their surprise that summer when they found they had not planted what they thought they did.

Are we like those seeds? Do we pretend to be someone we aren't? In the end we will be found out, just like the seeds in this story.

—Middlebury, Indiana

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Well, the summer vacation is almost over and in a few weeks you'll be going back to school again. This morning as I sat here thinking about boys and girls going back to school for another term, I thought of a parable I once read. A parable, as you might know, is a short story that teaches a lesson. Jesus often taught with parables.

This isn't one of Jesus' parables, but it does have a valuable lesson. It is about three men who were riding across the desert on camels. One evening as they were passing through a beautiful oasis, a man came to them and offered to take them to a valley of unusual riches. Of course, the three men were excited and agreed they wanted to go.

The leader told the travelers to follow him, and started out. On and on they traveled. Darkness came and they still traveled on. Just as the men started to wonder if they were being tricked, the leader stopped. "You are in the Valley of Riches," he said. "Scattered all around you are tiny pebbles. You may gather all you want. But I must warn you, this is the one and only time you will pass through this valley, so be sure you gather all you can. You will never return."

Eagerly the three men ordered their beasts to kneel so they could dismount. The first man set to work with zeal. Handful after handful of pebbles went into his leather bag. He soon found rocks and reeds in his way, but the man had told them to gather only the small pebbles, for they were the riches. Working around the large rocks, he picked up the pebbles one after another. He became tired, but that didn't stop him. This was his only opportunity, and he was determined to make the most of it. "If I have more than enough it won't matter," he thought. "I'd rather have more than I need than not enough."

The second man also gathered pebbles. He didn't work quite as fast, though, as the first man. He soon decided gathering pebbles was hard work— too hard for him. "Whatever these pebbles are, I don't need very many," he thought, and worked slower than ever. Finally he sat down and waited for the night to end so they could travel on.

The third man was still different from the other two. He was disgusted at the leader for bringing them out into the wilderness to pick up pebbles in the dark. The leader encouraged him to gather all he could and reminded him that he would never have the opportunity to come back for more. This man gathered some pebbles, but only a few— just enough to satisfy the leader.

Then their time was up. The leader told the men to guard their riches well and make good use of them. "Tomorrow when the sun is bright in the sky, you may open your bags," he told them as he bade them good-by.

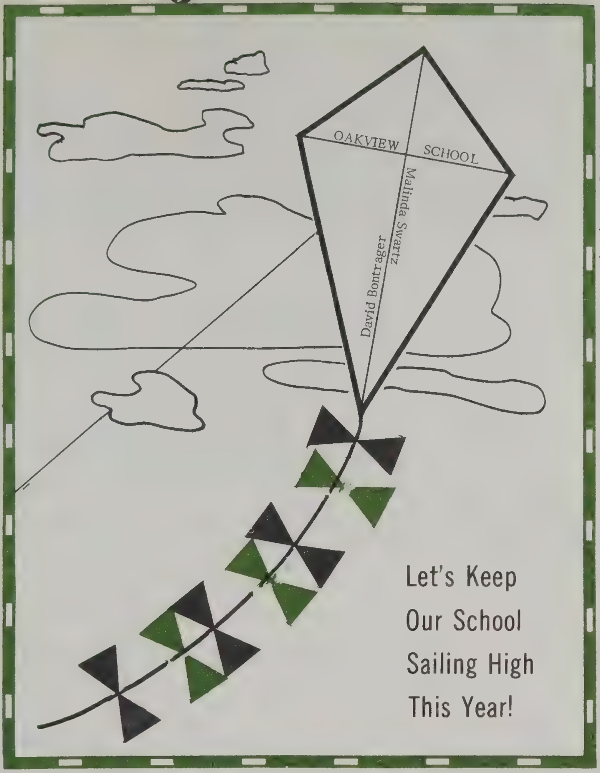
The men and their camels traveled on. They could hardly wait until the time came for them to open their bags. Imagine their surprise when they opened them and found the pebbles were sparkling bits of gold! The leader had been right; the men were both happy and sad— happy with what they had, and sad that they hadn't gathered more. Can you guess which man was the saddest of all?

You are passing through a valley fo riches yourself. You will never have another opportunity to pass through your school years again. Of course, you aren't gathering little nuggets of gold, but you are gathering something even more precious. The wise man Soloman said in Proverbs 16: 16, "How much better it is to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding to be chosen rather than silver."

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, be industrious gatherers of the pebbles called Wisdom.

Best Wishes,
Cousin Carrie

. .Projects. . . . . . .



If you want something to capture the interest of your pupils right when school begins and also something which doesn't require much time, why not make this simple bulletin board idea.

Using very light blue construction paper, cover your bulletin board, making "sky." Have some pupils make white clouds of various sizes and shapes. Construct a kite out of bright orange or red. Write the school's and teachers' names on it. Then let some pupils make paper bows to paste onto the kite's tail. There should be one bow for each grade, using a different color for each. Have each pupil write his name in large letters on his grade's bow. (If this project is done by only one side of the school, each pupil could have his own name bow.)

FOR THE JUNIORS:

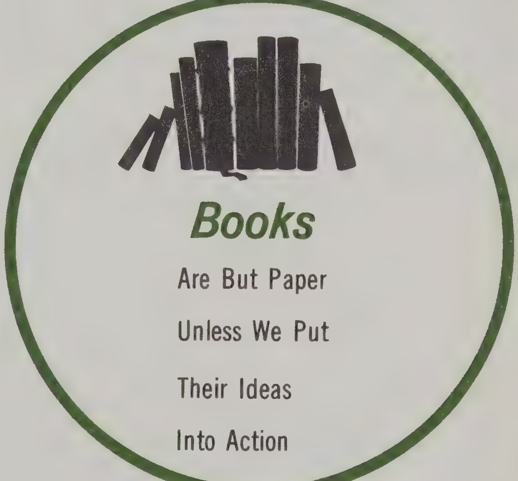
Bring suitable magazines to school, such as seed catalogs, farm magazines, or gardening magazines. Have the children hunt through them and find words (in large print) that they know. Let them cut them out and paste them on a sheet of paper. For a more complicated exercise with words, have them paste the words into simple sentences. This will be both educational and time consuming. Following is an example:

This **SCHOOL** *has* **a** **BIG** classroom

Perhaps the teacher could give the pupils sample sentences on the blackboard, and the children could hunt for specific words with which to match them.

Magazines can also be used for first graders who are just learning to recognize letters in the alphabet. The teacher could print large letters at the top of columns on the pupils' papers and give each pupil a few magazine pages from which to cut matching letters (large capitals only).

A Poster to Make



Books

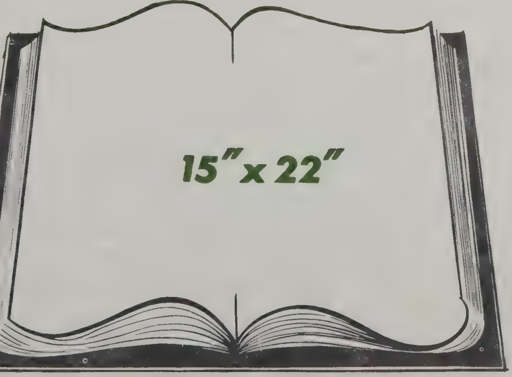
Are But Paper

Unless We Put

Their Ideas

Into Action

FREE TO SCHOOLS



This is a large blue open book printed on heavy white paper suitable for placing on the school wall. Nine copies will be sent FREE to each parochial school requesting them. Also included is a duplicated sheet of sayings which the pupils can print or paint inside the open book. Nine copies are being sent so that a new one can be placed on the wall every month. Write to: OPEN BOOK, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, R.R.4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

Sample saying: "There is no right way to do a wrong thing."

In this issue we are beginning a new feature, TEACHING AIDS. It is meant to help teachers(especially 1st and 2nd year teachers) find companies which sell classroom supplies that are useful in Amish schools.

These are not paid advertisements, but are printed free of charge to the companies as a means of bringing Amish teachers' attention to these sources of teaching aids. Please do not order any of the material from the Bulletin. Write direct to the address printed beside the complimentary advertisement.

During the coming school term we have several things we will be offering to teachers free of charge. One of these is the "Open Book," described on this month's project page. We have a generous supply of these on hand and will be glad to mail them to you for the asking.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED.
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In this issue we are beginning a serial, "There's Always Tomorrow." Even though the Bulletin has had articles that were continued for two or three months, this is the first time a story of this type is being printed in this publication. We hope you will look forward to reading about the expereinces of this beginning teacher each month. There are ten installments—one for each issue.

In the last two years, one of our most popular features has proven to be "Opinions Please."This is an opportunity for teachers or parents to ask a question, and anyone is invited to send in his opinion. If you were a Bulletin reader during the last two years, you will remember that some questions received a lot of answers, whereas others got only a few. We have never been able to explain this, but we would like to remind you that we must depend entirely on the readers to supply us with opinions. In this particular feature, a short and to-the-point reply is worth more than a page and a half or two pages.

Another feature we must depend on our readers for is "Dear Readers." These are letters written to the Bulletin readers, which relate an interesting happening at school, a lesson a teacher or parent learned, or any worthwhile school incident. We have had readers tell us this is their favorite feature in the Bulletin. In order to keep it alive and in existence, we need readers who write.

—E.M.

DEAR MOTHER,
Your friendly daughter
With a smile that's true,
Brought a bouquet of flowers
And a letter from you.
Nothing important....
You just wrote to say,
"Hello and Good Morning!
And have a good day."
"What a wonderful morning!"
Sings my heart in a tune,
For you've added, you'll see us
At school sometime soon.
--An Ontario Teacher

Blackboard Bulletin

September 1971

-by Joseph Stoll

Teacher, How Is Your A-Q?

SUMMER IS ON THE way out, and that means school days are just ahead. As the great Opening Day nears, pulses quicken and teachers get fidgety. For first-year teachers, especially, the Battle of Nerves is a long round of doubt and uncertainity and unanswered questions-- "Will I make a good teacher?", "Do I have what it takes?", "Am I smart enough?"

The final weeks of summer vacation is a a fine time for self-examination, and not only for beginning teachers, but experienced ones as well. Nobody is a perfect teacher. Nobody knows everything he needs to know. Nobody has had so much experience, he can't use more.

So it's just as good if we teachers don't feel too smug as the school season approaches. The person who looks into the mirror and is overly-fond of what he sees, seldom makes a good teacher. It's best to be honest and recognize our shortcomings, for then there is hope for improvement.

All of us have heard a lot about I-Q's— intelligence quotients. Some of us may have taken I-Q tests ourselves, and know just how we (supposedly) rate with the average person. We understand how the system works— that a score around 100 is considered the norm, and anyone having higher or lower is accordingly smarter or more slow-witted than the average.

Somehow most people figure a teacher should have a pretty decent I-Q. They are no doubt right, for an extra bit of intelligence comes in pretty handy in the classroom. But intellignece is not everything. I-Q can never substitute for devotion and hard work. It can never take the place of a hundred other qualities that are so necessary in good teaching.

As we examine ourselves, and ask, "Am I really fitted to be a teacher?", let us not put I-Q at the top of the list. That space should be reserved for something quite different, it seems to me. It should be reserved for our A-Q— our attitude quotient. "What is my attitude toward school, toward children, toward teaching? These are the things that really matter. This is what will come out in the wash. A well-balanced truly Christian attitude will go a lot farther toward making the coming school term a success than will any amount of surplus intelligence.

Attitudes rub off on the children. We wear them, like our clothes, on the outside. There is no use trying to put on a false front. A hundred and eighty days in the classroom will take the mask off any teacher. Attitudes, good and bad, make or break the school.

It is true that attitudes are usually deeply

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Coming next month!

TOO MANY VISITORS

There is a definite line where neighborliness ceases and nuisance begins. And the same is true concerning a problem which some of our Amish schools are experiencing — too many visitors. Read about it in next month's editorial and "Opinions Please."

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AN EDITORIAL

Of all the features in the Bulletin, the "Projects" page is probably the one we spend the most time on. First, a "Projects" idea must be discussed so as to combine the suggestions of three or four people. Then suitable pictures must either be found or drawn. Finally, the text and the illustrations must be fitted onto the page. This involves the knack of having just enough pictures and text to fill the page, and no more. Usually we try to leave space for "For the Juniors" and "A Poster to Make." All in all, an average "Projects" page is the result of many hours of work.

Even though "Projects" is a time-consuming feature, there are several reasons why we want to continue it. The first reason is that it fills a purpose. Every school needs, from time to time, something to break the monotony of day by day routine. Such breaks should be more than merely a change; they should be educational, they should be edifying, and most of all, they should be something that brings the teacher and her pupils closer together. One of the best tools for a project that fills these qualifications is the classroom's bulletin board.

The second major reason we spend time and effort on our "Projects" page is the lack of suitable bulletin board material available elsewhere. Any teacher who has spent money on bulletin board material available from secular companies will know what to expect. Often there are from twelve to fifteen (more or less, depending on the size and price of the book) suggestions, but of these only one or two are suitable for our schools. The others show holiday (witches and black cats for Halloween, Santa Clauses for Christmas, bunnies for Easter, ect.) and patriotic scenes that are out of place in the Amish classrooms. Of the few that are acceptable, some are merely for decorative purposes and therefore are more or less a waste of time. They keep the children busy coloring and cutting out the pictures, but that's as far as their value goes.

A more profitable bulletin board project is one where the pupils must do some researching, with various related subjects assigned to the different pupils. While some of the pupils are hunting up information and writing reports, others could be either finding pictures to illustrate the facts or drawing free-hand pictures. Often facts can be shown with line or bar graphs, and a pupil could be assigned to make these.

The teacher who is overly-conscious of the neatness of a project and does half of the work herself because she is able to do it better than her pupils, sacrifices a great deal of the potential value of such a project. When a project is undertaken, the teacher should be on hand to supervise and give the children a general idea of what the completed bulletin board is to look like. But she should be careful not to give all the little details, for part of the value of such a break of routine is to encourage the children to be creative, and they should be encouraged to use their own ideas. Besides giving suggestions of her own, the teacher should ask the children for their suggestions. Only by doing this can the pupils, when the project is finished, look at it and appreciate it for the fact that they played a part in planning and completing it.

The teacher will appreciate the finished project, too, for if it was a successful one, it will have had a three-fold purpose. (1) It will have been a break from ordinary lessons and therefore boosted new interest in school. (2) The children will have learned something by working on the project. (3) By planning and working together, the teacher and the pupils will have strengthened their relationship with each other. And there is a good possibility of a fringe benefit. If the teacher was successful in creating real interest in the project, the interest didn't stay in the classroom; it spread to the different homes which were represented by the children participating in the project, and several parents might make it a point to visit school in order to see the bulletin board project.

Like anything else that's worthwhile, too much of it ruins the purpose. The same is true of projects in school. We hope no teacher will try to do all the "Projects" the Bulletin prints each year. Two or three major projects and several smaller ones are all a teacher with eight grades should undertake in a term. Printing one each month gives each teacher a greater variety to choose from. If she sees one she likes, but feels she doesn't have time this year, she could file the page away for later use. (This is easier this year, since we plan to have the "Projects" page on the inside of the back cover each time.)

We do not feel the suggestions for each project featured are one-and-only methods—not at all. They are merely ideas gathered from various areas and are meant to be springboards to get teachers and pupils started on a project of their own—one that means a lot when it is completed, because it contains many of their own ideas.

—E. M.

Let's Not Pamper Grade One

-by Mary Weaver

Teaching the first graders is the joy of the majority of teachers. The innocence and eagerness of the little ones make them just a bit extra dear to their teacher. There is nothing wrong with this. After all, grade one is a very important group to work with. Great stress and extra efforts should be taken to give them a good start as they enter school life.

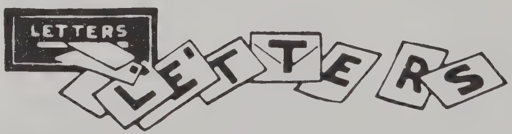
Another reason for a teacher's great interest in her first graders is that nowhere else in the classroom can more progress be readily noticed. Here lies proof that teaching is rewarding.

However dear as those trustful first graders are, let's not pamper them. Much emphasis is used in teachers' discussions for methods to keep this group busy. I think we should stress a little harder on teaching them to occupy themselves instead of merely keeping them busy. The first few weeks their work has to be pretty well laid out for them. However, as time goes on and they learn to know the numbers and the alphabet, plus a few words, other means should be used to teach the children to occupy themselves. They should be taught to do more than hurry through masses of duplicated work sheets which an overworked teacher has prepared the night before, probably using midnight oil for the purpose. Duplicated work is excellent in all the grades, but there has to be a limit as to how much is given. I have seen average first graders hurrying through a work sheet merely to see what Teacher has for them next. This is the same pattern a fussy child in church uses to see what toy Mother had available for him next.

Having too much duplicated seat work may cause a habit many of our schools are infested with and all teachers cry out against—the habit of relying too much on the teacher.

Asking the children to do more written work, where they have to copy a sentence rather than fill in a blank or underline the the right word, might be one way of keeping pupils busy longer. This is good practice for the child and it saves some of the teacher's midnight oil. In the meanwhile, she will have more time to think of ways of teaching her pupils to occupy themselves and she might also plan a class discussion on the subject.

Editor's note: See the next issue for "Teacher, What Can I Do Next?", a feature length article on this subject.



We receive all three of your publications and enjoy them. I will start a new occupation soon, teaching school. The Auguse issue covered a lot of things I had wondered about.

I especially liked the beginning of the continued story, but it makes it so hard to wait for the next issue.

—N. H., Pennsylvania

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Pupils' Desks - Private Property?

With a puzzled look Joseph Schlabach stared at the paper in his hand. It was nothing more than a little piece of tablet paper with a bunch of numbers on it. In fact, if he had not given it a second glance, Joseph would have tossed it into the wastebasket the moment he had picked it up. But when he really looked at the paper he became curious— suspiciously curious.

"At least I know it's not an arithmetic problem," mused Joseph. "I'm almost sure it's a note written in code. Looks like a girl's writing, but then I'm not sure. Amos and John both have neat writing, too, and number writing is harder to recognize than letters would be."

Joseph tossed the note aside and tried to dismiss it from his mind. After all, when he went to school he and his friends had tried that, too— sending messages written in code. "But if I remember right the teacher put a stop to it," said Joseph. "She said she was afraid it would lead to something she didn't want."

Joseph graded a few papers. "I'll have to remember to tell the children to stop passing notes," he thought. He graded a few more papers and tried to forget the note. But each time he looked up, there it was, teasing his curiosity with its unreadable message. "It's probably nothing to worry about," he tried to assure himself, but in the back of his mind he still wondered. There was that other time he had had trouble with a few children writing bad notes.

Suddenly Joseph had an idea, but he wasn't sure it was a good one. But then, maybe he should. After all, he was the teacher and he did have a right to know what the children had in their desks. And if he didn't find anything serious, the children would never need to know he looked. He'd try to put things back as they were.

Pushing back the doubts, Joseph set to work. He tried John's desk first. His heart beat rapidly as he paged through the notebook and then tried the textbooks. For a while he thought he'd not find anything, but then he remembered to look in the pencil box. There in a little drawer at the bottom were four notes similar to the one he had found on the floor, plus a map of the code. Without stopping to figure any out, Joseph worked on. When he left the schoolhouse his pocket was heavy with notes, but his heart was even heavier. He had discovered that three boys and two girls were involved in writing notes, and they were the kind no teacher likes to find in his classroom.

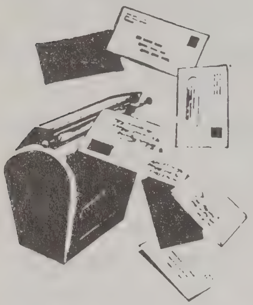
Joseph felt the problem was too big to solve by himself so he went to the schoolboard. It was decided that the parents of the guilty children would be asked to meet at the schoolhouse the next day after school. Joseph felt relieved that the board was so willing to help him and hoped the parents would be equally cooperative.

The next afternoon the parents who were asked to come were present at the special meeting. They discussed the problem with their teacher and showed that they were concerned. But there were a few of the parents who couldn't quite agree with Joseph on one point.

"Don't get us wrong," said one of the girls' father. "We don't want this kind of note passing in school any more than you do. But one thing wonders me, what are we going to tell Katie when she becomes upset about you having gone through her desk? Don't you have a rule forbidding the children to go into each other's desks, or in yours? Shouldn't the teacher obey the rules he makes for the children?"

Joseph was slow in answering. "To tell you the truth," he said finally, "I wondered about the same thing last night before I did it, but then I thought it would be all right. Since I'm the teacher, I should have the right to know what is in those desks. But maybe I am wrong about that. I wonder what others think about it."

OPINIONS PLEASE!



Reader Response

1. Too many pupils are pushed to the next grade before they are ready for the studies. It is very rewarding to a teacher to explain a lesson to a pupil when he can understand what the teacher is talking about. But when they are to do work that is advanced beyond their growing minds, then they lose interest. Wouldn't it be better to have them take a grade over than to have them lost all their school days.

If a child is pushed beyond his ability it might drive him to cheating in order to make better grades. This happened while I was teaching. I think it's better to have them in the same grade two years and be honest.

I know of several people who failed during their first years in school, and by the time they were in the upper grades, they were equal to or ahead of their classmates.

—Mrs. Emanuel Schmidt, Monroe, Indiana

2. I had to sympathize with Miss Byler in the "Opinions Please" section last month, and also with poor little Maryann. Mrs. Troyer doesn't realize how unfair she is to the teacher and to her own dear child. Yes, she thinks she is protecting her, but she is only putting a heavy load on both the teacher and the pupil. —Missouri

3. I think a teacher should have a right to put a child back a grade once she was promoted, as long as she sincerely feels it is for the child's good.

-- A father of ten, Pennsylvania

4. There are some places where the teacher knows better than the parents. It would seem sometimes the teacher must disregard the parents' opinion. However, if this causes the parents to work against the teacher, it will be to the child's disadvantage.

Is there an older, experienced teacher in the community whom the parents respect? She may be able to help the parents understand and allow the child to be put back where she can learn best. —Mrs. Levi Martin

5. Most parents are reasonable and will let the teacher decide what is best for their child. But when a parent is opposed to having his child put back a grade, the child will sense it and chances are, it will reflect in his attitude, too.

You could give this parent the choice of either putting her back into grade one, or having them spend a certain amount of time with her each day. Maybe after they'd have worked with her for a while, they'd see how hard the lessons are for her and agree that she is in the wrong grade. — Indiana

6. I wouldn't think a teacher has the right to put a pupil back against the parents' wishes, but then they should be willing. Surely, Maryann's mother doesn't really understand. I would rather have my child be put back now than have her go through the term and then fail. --I. W., Georgia

7. First let me say that since this is the Troyer's oldest child, I can understand why it would be hard to see her go back to the first grade. But for the child's own good, I think Miss Byler should ask the school board to stand behind her, then go ahead and put her back in the first grade. —Mississippi

8. There have been a lot of Maryann's in our Amish schools, which is another way of saying that many pupils have had a hard struggle through their school years — all because their parents wanted them to complete their education in eight years. A pupil who is detained actually does not fail; he simply gets another chance.

A child who is a grade ahead of his capabilities has an up-hill battle to fight, and is working harder and learning less than one who is in his "natural" grade, the grade that fits his God-given talents. Such a child does not enjoy school because of the disappointments he encounters in seeing his efforts end up in low grades, while his classmates are having much easier sailing.

In my opinion, if the parents do not agree with the teacher in putting her back, then there is little to be done but let the poor girl struggle along to the end of the term, and then if she has not improved, she will have to be detained. —Ex-teacher, Ohio

9. Just a few words of encouragement to Miss Byler and Mrs. Troyer. Thanks be unto the parents of slow learners I taught for their kindness and cooperation. After passing them on condition in the spring and giving them a chance for six weeks, five of my lower-grade pupils were put back a grade. I had the "go ahead" of the parents and can honestly say the students, parents, and teacher were happier than before.

To push a child above his capacity only to obtain his age and grade level is not educating him to the extent to what he needs.

Mrs. Troyer, please don't take it as a disgrace. Your teacher is concerned about your child and doing what she feels is best for her.

Miss Byler, don't forget to tell the other pupils Maryann will be put back and that any pupil who mocks her about it will be punished. —An ex-teacher who cares, Illinois

10. I'd like to tell Maryann's mother about our experience. When our oldest child started to school, we were sure he'd be exceptionally brilliant. He didn't perform as expected, so we drilled, scolded, and tried everything else to get him promoted. The results? A nervous unhappy school-hater. Sadly, it took several years for us parents to mature enough to let our eyes be opened. With God's help, we became humble enough to not mind one bit what we had thought would be a great humiliation. Today we have five scholars who are happy, relaxed, and eager for each new school day including the oldest one). Now I can fully agree with "Talents and Intelligence" by Joseph Stoll in the March, '71 issue.

Teacher, do your best to understand and feel for the mother. She is going through a serious struggle and should be remembered in your prayers every day. Perhaps you could put Maryann in a separate class which would make her a nominal second grader or put her back only in arithmetic. Then if you see she is not ready for third grade next year, gently but firmly prepare her mother for a demotion. It's unfair to the others to be held back and equally unkind to Maryann to be pushed or dragged.

--Concerned Parents

11. Two of our children have been in grade one two years and we felt it was for their good. If a child is a slow learner, then it is no disgrace to be in one grade two years. The teacher knows better in what grade the child should be, for the parents aren't in school to see how the child is learning.

Our children went to public school when they failed, and the teacher didn't ask us about it. Now our seven school-aged children go to parochial school, and enjoy it much better. — A mother of ten, Ontario

12. Since Miss Byler asked Mrs. Troyer about putting Maryann back, she might find herself in an unhappy situation if she put her back now. She might make herself the object of a lot of talk, pro and con. Maybe she could try a plan that has worked for others. Let her work with both first and second grades, doing only the second-grade work she is able to do. If Maryann can make an

improvement and be ready for third grade next year, then fine. If not, then she should have a head start in second grade.

I feel it was nice that Miss Byler stayed courteous to Maryann even if the situation was trying. --Pennsylvania

13. I really don't know what I'd do in Miss Byler's place, as hard feelings would probably result if Maryann were put back into the first grade. But it seems to me the parents might have selfish reasons for pushing her on. Maybe they think it's a disgrace to take a grade over, or they want her out of school as soon as possible to start earning money. Or maybe they are parents who think their children are smart, regardless of how others see them. I would say, though, that a teacher should decide in which grade a pupil should be. I am thankful for teachers who are as concerned about their children's well-being as Miss Byler is. —E. A. M., Ohio

14. Concerning "In the Wrong Grade," I feel the parents should copperate with the teacher as much as possible, since she is better qualified to determine the ability of the child. Why should one pupil require so much attention in trying to keep her caught up when shd could easily keep up with the previous grade? It is not being fair to the remaining scholars that this one student should require so much extra time.

--Mrs. John E. Schmidt, Monroe, Indiana

15. I feel sorry for the mother. Why is she being so difficult? Is she placing pride before the well-being of the child?

If this were in my room I'd consider the good of the pupil first. We teachers are in charge of giving the pupils an education to the best of their ability. To be fair to a slow learner, he should be put back and given another chance.

Failing to pass a grade doesn't mean your child is dull and ignorant. Maybe he'll discover himself this year and in future years he might even be a teacher. That's what happened to me. I flunked grade five and guess what— I am now

— A teacher from Pennsylvania

16. I don't know if a teacher has the right to put a pupil back after it has been promoted, but I do think those parents would do well to reconsider and give their consent. They would hardly ever regret it. Before school started for my fourth term, my mother decided it would be better for me to take grade three over again, even though I had been promoted to the fourth grade. I objected at the time, but afterwards I was glad, for the rest of my school days were much easier and I enjoyed them much more.

--Paul Weaver, Pennsylvania

17. Teaching school is a little like a farmer who feeds livestock. A good farmer doesn't expect a small animal to gain efficiently if he feeds it at the same feeder as a group of larger ones.

I think Miss Byler needs the advice of an experienced teacher Also, the school board should be informed of her problem. With everyone working together in a Christian attitude, the problem should not be a hard one. — New Wilmington, Pennsylvania

18. My sympathy goes out to Mrs. Troyer because I had a similar experience. Our oldest daughter also was a slow learner. It took her longer to see through things and she was below average in reading. Her teacher detected this, but passed her on to the next grade. Then the next year her teacher set her back into grade one again. It was hard for me to accept at first, but now I know it was the thing to do. .

I hope every parent will think twice when their teacher tells them of a difficulty their child is experiencing in school. I think the teacher has the right to put a child back, but she should consider the advice of the school board and the parents, as long as they are reasonable. —Hartville, Ohio

19. Nothing is more boring to a pupil or more time-consuming to a teacher than work that is too far advanced for the ability of the pupil. If the teacher can not get the parents to agree to putting the pupil back, she should try working through the school board.

Failing a grade is not a disgrace if a pupil is doing his best. Much of a pupil's attitude depends on the reaction of the parents. Most pupils do not like the idea of taking a grade over, but in time will be glad they were held back, because they were able to achieve more for their efforts than before. --Indiana

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TEACHER, HOW IS YOUR A-Q?

(con't from front cover)

ingrown, with their roots in our childhood. But this does not say bad ones cannot be rooted out. Attitudes, with the help of God, can be changed.

Therefore, it should be worthwhile to check ourselves against the following list of attitudes, and see how we rate. Everybody will have to score himself, and decide in which areas he needs the most improvement. A high A-Q is no cause for boasting and a low one is no cause for despair. In either case we need to pray God for added grace and the courage to climb ever higher.

Sorry, there is no such thing as a given number system so show whether you are "above average," or "below average." Even if there was, it wouldn't be wise to use it. How others rate makes you neither better nor worse. Your A-Q rating is a personal matter between you and God, and that is where the work must be done.

1. What is my attitude toward children?

The Bible says that children are born with a tendency to sin, yet this does not condemn them as long as they are in their childhood innocence. Moreover, they have many fine qualities that put older people to shame. Jesus Himself said that men must become as little children to possess the kingdom of heaven.

What, then, is my attitude? Do children make me nervous and grouchy? Am I a person who can't stand them?

Or, do I get along well with children and enjoy being with them? Do I understand their ways? Do I love children?

2. What is my attitude toward the children's parents?

Do I understand the way parents feel about their children, their deep love and concern? Parents, naturally, are placing a tremendous responsibility on my shoulder and trusting me a long ways, when they place their children under my care. Do I realize this as fully as I should?

Or is my attitude toward parents an overbearing one— I know more about teaching than they do, so I know what is best for their children? Do I resent their criticism of my methods?

Are parents something to be endured and humored, or are they my co-workers in the task of "bringing up children in the way they should go"?

3. What is my attitude toward teaching?

Why have I consented to teach? What are my motives? Is it just a job, something to do, a way to earn my living? Do I expect to "be looked up to" as a teacher?

Or am I going into teaching because I feel that is what God wants me to do, and I see the need for dedicated teachers in our schools? Am I willing to accept the great responsibility, not as a burden, but as a way of letting my talents be used humbly in God's service?

4. What is my attitude toward the church?

Do I respect and stand behind the church, not only in my speech, but in such down-to-earth things as being a good example to the children in my dress and behavior? Do the parents and the leaders of the church feel confident that the children are in good hands and under a good Christian influence when I am teaching them?

Or, am I critical of the church's teachings? Am I a person who likes to crowd the fence as far as I dare? Does a word of disrespect escape my lips now and then?

5. What is my attitude toward the state?

The scriptures teach us to pray for government authorities, and to obey them in everything that does not conflict with our higher loyalty to God. Is my attitude toward the president and the ruling party one of honor and respect, as toward rulers "ordained of God"? Or, do I take sides and enjoy talking politics? Do I encourage obedience to traffic laws, hunting laws, sanitation laws? Do I respect the government, and pray for it?

6. What is my attitude toward non-Amish?

Do I show a superior, holier-than-thou, Pharisee-like spirit toward those who are different than I am? Am I disrespectful and discourteous when someone comes to the door and asks about school? What tone of voice do I use when I speak of "outsiders", "English people", or "Yankees"?

Or, is my attitude the opposite extreme of admiring and imitating non-Amish people in about everything I do, meanwhile scorning my own upbringing and heritage?

The Bible says, "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without." It also says, "..Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." How does my attitude fit in with these verses?

7. What is my attitude toward discipline?

Do I realize that the word discipline means a lot more than punishing a child, and that what it really means in the classroom is a teacher leading and directing and controlling the pupils in a thousand different ways? Can I maintain order without being a dictator? Will the children respect me and love me? Will they obey?

Will I get nasty and mean when the going is rough, or resort to scorn and ridicule? Or, will I try and get to the bottom of things when a pupil rebels, and be understanding as well as firm? Will the measures I use draw me and the child closer together, or will it build a wall between us? Will I be brave enough to use the paddle when it becomes clearly necessary, and wise enough not to use it otherwise?

8. What is my attitude toward book-learning?

Do I enjoy hours of studying and reading? Do I like to explain things (sometimes for the third and fourth time in one day!) Do I recognize the importance of book-learning, and the need for learning what is in the textbooks?

Do I, however, also realize that book-learning is but a means to an end, and that what the children are doing in school is learning how to learn.

Knowledge is of value only as it relates to life and so arithmetic facts are worthless unless the child applies them to real problems. To know how to read avails little unless the child makes use of the skill, and reads. Do I know these things, and therefore take special pains to relate what is in the textbooks to the children's daily lives?

9. What is my attitude toward neatness and cleanliness?

Do messy papers and a cluttered schoolroom disturb me, or can I relax and never notice? In what ways can I help the pupils to plan their work schedule, to keep their possessions orderly, and to do neat work? Will I be a good example by planning my work schedule, by insisting on a tidy classroom, and by being a neat teacher?

How about dirty hands and faces, mud on the boots, paper in the yard, and gum wads stuck to the undersides of the desks?

10. What is my attitude toward myself?

Am I confident of my ability to teach, perhaps over-confident, so that I may trust too much in my own cleverness rather than upon the help of God? Am I a big-head, a know-it-all who is stuck on his own ways and no one else's? Do I know even before school starts that if I make a failure of it, it will be because of the school board, or the parents, or mis-trained children, and not my fault?

Or is my attitude too much the other way -- overly timid and fearful, afraid of expressing my honest opinion, easily discouraged by criticism, lacking self-confidence?

Or, is my attitude a healthy balance of humility and a confidence that it is indeed God's will that I should teach school; therefore I am willing to do my best, admit my mistakes, but go on faithfully laboring, trusting God for each new day, and seeking to co-operate with all the others, who like me, want to make my school a Christian school?

Editor's note: As the beginning of this article indicates, it was written for the August issue, but due to various circumstances, it was held over until this month.

SCHOOL MEETING. 1971

A Well-Planned Schedule

-by Amanda Hershberger

For a whole week there had been showers, showers, and more showers and it was still raining when we stepped off the bus in Lancaster, Pennsylvania on the evening of August 4th. Welcomed by old-time friends, we were soon dry and felt at home, in spite of the rain. "Yes, the teacher's meeting will probably have to be held inside this year." was a remark heard several times that evening.

However, Thursday morning dawned with a cleared-off atmosphere. The sun peeped through the remaining clouds and there were promises of a beautiful day. Undoubtedly, many hearts uttered a prayer of thanks.

By nine o'clock the yard at David Zooks was slowly filling up, and teachers, ministers, and board members were refreshing old acquaintances and making new ones. Here and there cooks were preparing food for the noon meal. At 11:30 a bell was rung and the crowd quieted for a song and silent prayer before lunch. In less than an hour, several hundred people had finished eating. (They served a tray lunch and had four tables.)

Soon after 1:00 everyone was seated in the barn, quiet and ready for the afternoon meeting to begin. Here we heard some interesting and inspiring talks given by bishops, ministers, board members, and a few men teachers and ex-teachers. Words cannot express what these bits of encouragement, advice, and criticism mean to us. We can also learn much from those who relate their own experiences. I feel this is one thing that helps teachers go on when the days are dark. Many times during the school term, things come up that take our thoughts back to these talks. Even then, we teachers can renew our courage and ambition by thinking of these words.

The afternoon was seemingly short, but very worthwhile. At 3:45 we were given a short outline for the meeting the next day and the meeting was dismissed. After supper they had a well-attended singing. The tunes and volume still ring in my ears!

August 6th was another nice day. In the forenoon the group was divided into three different parts and each smaller group was assigned to a certain schoolhouse. Here we witnessed some very interesting classes and teaching methods.

We all went back to David Zooks where we ate the pack-lunches the people with whom we had spent the night had prepared for us. After lunch we once more gathered in the barn where we heard two more talks, "The Opening Day of School" and "Starting First Graders." Next started the question and answer period, which is always so interesting. All too soon it was time to say farewell to our friends, and with hearts filled with renewed strength and encouragement, we sang our parting song. Although reluctant to go, we filed out of the barn, deeply grateful to God for His help during these two days. My only regret was that there weren't more teachers from Geauga attending.

Points to Improve

—by Sarah Beiler

The annual teachers' meeting is now history and as we ponder over the past, we can see where and how we could have made better plans. May I give a few points on how these meetings could be improved in future years?

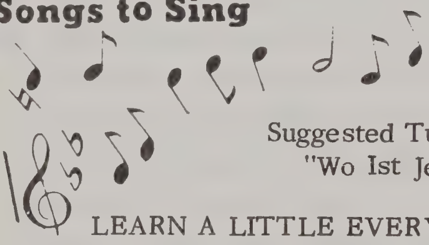
It seems mealtime is the greatest ordeal in these meetings. This is my only reason for thinking perhaps it would be better to divide the meeting. We took the suggestion given in "Reader Responses" about packing lunches. We tried this the second day, and after counseling over it, we can't see why it couldn't be done the first day, too. Then a group of women in the community could bring in the evening meal—just a simple soup-and-sandwich supper.

We do need the immediate community

present at these meetings, and we don't want to be a burden to them. Another person advised to not have so many people (outside the immediate community) present over mealtimes. There are usually a certain amount who come to visit and observe. Having packed-lunches instead of carry-in affairs would simplify matters a whole lot. We teachers would hate to see ministers quit attending these meetings.

We on the committee feel we had a very cooperative group to work with, and this is worth more than words can tell in conducting a meeting according to schedule. The best plans fail if the group does not cooperate.

Songs to Sing



Suggested Tune:
"Wo Ist Jesus?"

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY
8,7,8,7.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go.
Life is made of smallest fragments—
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we with greatest efforts,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make plenteous harvests;
Drops of rain compose the showers.
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours.
Let us hasten then to catch them,
As they pass us on our way;
And with honest true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us while we read or study,
Pick a flow'r from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence
'Gainst the lonely time of age.
At our work or by the wayside,
While we ponder, while we play,
Let us then with constant effort,
Learn a little every day.

Meeting Memories

— by Christian G. Esh

"Precious memories, how they linger..." These words best describe my thoughts of the 1971 teachers' meeting. How small and unworthy one feels for all the blessings: the beautiful day after a week of rainy weather, the safe journeys of the travelers, and the fine cooperation of the whole group are only a few.

I have never been at a meeting where the deep concern and the mutual enjoyment was more keenly felt. The teachers seemed aware that it may be the last time for the whole group to be together and before the two days were over, it may be decided to divide the teachers for future meetings. This question was debated, but no one seemed to have a suitable plan as to how it could be divided. Everyone seemed relieved when a bishop said, "You are united, so why try to divide."

We realize there is so much evil in the world today that we tremble to think of what the future holds for our children. But after attending such a meeting where so many people are assembled with deep concern for other people's children, then our faith is renewed.

It seems the older teachers feel responsible to learn from one another and help educate the younger ones. If only we could appreciate their efforts and sacrifices more. Never before did I realize so deeply what it means to have so many of the younger generation with us on such an occasion. Some

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came as strangers, but impressed us so much with their respect and concern that they left us as unforgettable friends. Old acquaintances were renewed and new ones were formed to be part of life and make our journey on earth brighter. They are like rainbows that cause us to look up and rejoice even though the clouds hang dark over us. Teachers, especially, need these lifts.

Gleaned from the Talks

—by Martha Helmuth

Suddenly the meeting was over and with a few hurried goodbyes, we were on our way to Lancaster to begin our homeward journey. With a sigh we settled back in our seats and relived the past two days. What is there about these meetings that stirs up the enthusiasm of teachers almost more than anything else? Even ex-teachers tingle as they remember the anticiptaion with which they used to look forward to the coming school term. With renewed hope we used to go home, already forming plans of putting the many new ideas to work and striving for a better school term than ever before.

At the meeting this year, approximately 150 teachers were present, plus a number of other people. In one of the talks, the remark was made that if the teachers averaged 30 pupils each, then the teachers of 4500 children were present at the meeting. A startling thought, isn't it?

Besides the inspiring talks of the ministers, we heard other men speak on the following subjects: "Our Aim In Education", "The Duty of the School Board", "Strength in Unity", "The Teacher of Teachers", "Preparing to Teach", "Why I'd Rather Be a Teacher Than a Director", "Why We Appreciate Our Teachers", "What We Expect of Our Teachers", "What Shall We Teach Our Children", "What Teachers Expect of Parents", and "What Teachers Expect of Directors."

Space does not permit us to repeat all that was said, but perhaps we can give a few of the points briefly. Our aim is to give our children a good solid eight-grade education, to prepare them to continue learning after they are through school, and to develop good citizens. Children need to be taught to be orderly, respectful, honest, thrifty, friendly, and to practice simplicity and cleanliness. This was in agreement with one speaker who said our schools have more to teach than public schools do, only we teach different things.

In order to reach this goal, teachers must: dress modestly, discipline themselves and their pupils, be quiet mannered, avoid self-pity, and be able to stay ahead of the children in lessons. In other words, they must be Christians who are dedicated to their task.

The parents were reminded of their duties and responsibilities, as were the directors. Good relationships were stressed and it was pointed out that each one should be willing to go the second mile in maintaining peace. Many times big misunderstandings and ill feelings develop from trivial happenings. One speaker pointed out that teachers are usually friendly people, especially when you stop in to visit with them after school.

These are only a few of the many worthwhile points that were brought out during this session, and also in the question and answer period which was held the second afternoon. As usual, we found it hard to tear ourselves away from the group.

The meeting was very well planned and managed. We wish to thank the Lancaster people for their efforts and their hospitality and for all the participants who cooperated with them and helped carry out their plans. May God bless each one of these teachers as they step into the classrooms this fall and the others as they return to their various homes and positions.

Note----

To date, approximately 150 teachers have taken advantage of the free "Open Book" offer. We were glad to fill requests from teachers from perhaps a dozen different states. The supply is now running alarmingly low and the requests are still coming in. (We had ten today.) We will hardly be able to fill all the orders we have, so please do not send for any after this.

GEOGRAPHY

How it can be taught

-by Elizabeth Miller

This "new" method of teaching geography might be the answer to some of the problems teachers encounter with this subject.

WHAT IS YOUR favorite subject?" I remember being asked this question towards the end of my first year of teaching. I found it hard to answer, for I wasn't sure whether it was reading or arithmetic. Had the question been which subject I liked the least, I would have had a ready answer. It was geography.

I wasn't teaching long until I found I had lots of company. There were plenty of other teachers who didn't like geography a bit better than I did. Why?

I don't know about the other teachers who didn't like geography, but I know why I didn't like it. One reason was because of the lack of maps at our school. But that wasn't the main reason. I didn't realize it at first, but my pupils weren't prepared to study geography; they didn't know their geographical terms. I could have told them a plateau is something to eat, and they wouldn't have known better.

It wasn't the children's fault they didn't know. I had to stop and think, "When and where did I learn these things?" I didn't remember. I had attended a public school and was surrounded with geography daily. Somewhere along the line I learned these things, so I took for granted other children should know them, too.

After a few weeks of fruitless, frustrating geography classes, I sensed where the trouble lay. Since the children didn't know their geographical terms, plus the fact that their reading comprehension was poor, trying to teach them geography was like trying to teach them a subject in a foreign language. They didn't know what I was talking about. (The first time I mentioned the mouth of a river, the boys snickered and the girls burst out giggling.)

I put away the geography books and we spent some time getting ready to study this subject. Plateaus, bays, peninsulas, islands, tributaries, growing season, relief maps, mouth and source of rivers—these were only a few of the terms we studied, We got along fairly well, for my pupils were great at memorizing. But the day I took out the geography texts again, I heard sighs and groans. (I think I gave the biggest sigh, but the pupils didn't hear it.) I had one or two "fair" pupils, but the rest of us, including myself, failed. I knew I didn't know how to teach geography.

During the summer I spent some time getting questions ready to go with each lesson. (The ones in the book were too hard for my pupils.) I started my second term with high hopes, but they were soon lowered again. I had to keep my questions very simple. The pupils could fill in blanks as long as I kept the wording much as it was in the textbooks. Often a boy would raise his hand and ask on which page a certain answer was to be found. To him and most of the others, these work sheets were nothing but a seek-and-find game. The test scores proved it.

I sent for easier geography textbooks and started teaching the subject in grade four instead of grade six. We played games with maps and flashcards. Geography gradually became a more comman and less detested subject, but it still wasn't anyone's favorite.

If I ever went back to teaching, I would try harder to make geography my favorite subject and the favorite of at least some of my pupils. The first thing I would have to change in order to reach this goal is the period in which geography is taught. As you might guess, I had it as the last class in the last period of the day. By this time the children were tired, the little ones restless, and I was in a hurry. Usually I had insisted on rushing the other classes so as to have a little time left for geography, "since we didn't have time yesterday." Now I would try to have the upper-graders spend their first period with geography—not every day, but at least two days a week.

Recently I discussed teaching geography with several girls who attended Canadian public school when they were pupils. Now their area has turned to parochial schools (Old Order Mennonite) and they are teachers. It is only natural that they use the methods which their teachers used when they went to school. Their "notebook" method of teaching geography sounds like the best one I ever heard, and it might be what some of our Amish teachers need to bring geography out of the grave.

This is not a new method; it is the old-fashioned copy book method used in schools at the time when many of our grandparents went to school. With a little supervision, such a notebook would really become a pupil's own creation, for daily he designs it, using his original ideas in it.

All that is needed is a ring binder notebook for each pupil, a generous amount of notebook paper, scissors, paste, colored pencils, (wax crayons tend to smear the facing pages) and old books and magazines from which pictures may be clipped. With these supplies and a teacher with enthusiasm that small smoldering interest in geography should soon be a cheerfully burning flame.

THE FIRST LESSONS

First, make sure your pupils know what geography is. The word itself comes from a Greek word meaning earth description. In other words, it is a study of the land, the people, the plants, and the resourses of the earth, The first few pages of the children's notebooks should show this. They might clip pictures of mountains, forests, farms, valleys, and bodies of water from magazines and paste them on the page labeled "Land." Or better yet, they could draw their own pictures. Make it plain to the class that this is not an art book and it won't be graded on artistic ability.)

The next page could show people and how they live (cities, farms, etc.). Go on with plants and resourses. Review the geographical terms. Give the pupils a blank map and ask them to label an island, a peninsula, a bay, and all the other features they should know. Whenever possible, have the pupils illustrate a lesson with a simple drawing or a picture from a magazine. The pupils will soon be on the lookout for suitable pictures.

These notebooks won't by any means be only picture books. Assign topics and have the pupils write reports on such topics as how location and altitude affect the weather and how weather in turn affects the work of the people. Encourage the children to do extra researching by using an encyclopedia and other source books, thus "branching out" their studies.

Since maps are the main tool in teaching and studying geography, a pupil must understand map reading. Give several exercises using the scale of miles. Distance is important and after a while, your pupils should be able to estimate distance without actually measuring it with a scale.

Do your pupils know that rivers always flow toward the sea? That in high elevations the air is cooler? That in the southern hemisphere the seasons are reversed from ours? That in some lands it is warm the year round and in others it is cold the year round? Maybe they should know, but reviewing these facts won't hurt. Until these fundamentals of geography are fresh in their minds, your pupils aren't ready to study the different sections of the earth.

REGIONAL GEOGRAPHY

Almost every geography textbook has map exercises in the beginning of a chapter. This is to introduce the pupils to the particular section that is to be studied. If a pupil does these and understands his maps, he has a good picture of what the land is like. He knows the location, the surface of the land, the amount of rainfall, the length of growing season, and what natural resourses are found in the region about to be studied. This should give him a good idea of what the region is like and what the people do for a living.

Their geography notebooks will help your pupils remember these facts. If they discover from their map studies that the New England States are known for logging and lumbering, they might remember. But if they drew a picture of a man sawing down a tree with a chain saw, or if they find a picture of a truckload of logs on the way to the saw mill to paste into the "New England" section of their notebooks, then the chance of remembering is much greater.

They can read in the textbook that **Akron**, Ohio, is famous for the manufacturing of rubber products, especially tires. But when they sit down and try to think of an original way of illustrating this fact, then decide to draw a huge tire on their page and add pictures of other rubber products the city manufactures, then there is very little chance they will forget.

Most teachers already have some kind of questions with which they quiz their pupils. A summary of a lesson can be made by selecting the main facts and asking questions about them, either writing them on the blackboard or on duplicated sheets. The questions might read as follows:

1. In what direction and into what river does the Missouri River flow?
2. Name the river that forms the boundary between the Unites States and Mexico.
3. In what direction does it flow and where does it deposit its waters?
4. Name the three largest rivers that flow through the Western Rockies."
5. In what direction do they flow and what body of water do they reach?
6. What is the name of the imaginary line that separates the eastern-flowing and the western-flowing rivers?

Instead of merely answering the questions with a word or two, the answers should be given in paragraph form, with extra bits of information added. The answering paragraph to the above questions might read:

"The Missouri River flows southeastward and pours its waters into the Mississippi River, which in turn carries it to the Gulf of Mexico. The Rio Grande River forms the boundary between the United States and Mexico. It flows eastward and also deposits its waters into the Gulf of Mexico. The three largest rivers of the Western Rockies are the Snake River, the Columbia River, and the Colorado River. They flow westward and deposit their waters into the Pacific Ocean. The imaginary line between the eastern-flowing rivers and the western-flowing rivers is called the Continental Divide. Rivers east of the divide flow into the Gulf of Mexice. Rivers west fo the Divide flow into the Pacific Ocean."

After the answers have been checked in class, a neat copy of a satisfactory paragraph should be filed in the notebook. Encourage the pupils to be original in illustrating each lesson and let them fill as many pages as they wish, as long as they stay with the lesson and keep their work meaningful.

When studying a certain region of the country, you might want to have the children pretend they are visiting there. Have them keep imaginary diaries or write imaginary letters home describing the places they are visiting and telling what they saw, then file a copy into the notebook. Having the children write to travel bureaus for information is another once-or-twice-a-year project you might use to add interest to these notebooks. Also, the Bulletin is planning to have two "Projects" pages this term that give ideas on how to boost interest in geography.

Writing brief facts inside the outline map of a state helps connect these facts to that particular state. Bringing labels from boxes and packages from their mothers" cupboards and pasting them into the geography notebooks will help the children remember which products come from which country.

Outlining facts under topics and subtopics is another way of remembering the main facts that are gleaned from a chapter in the textbook. This is good practice for any pupil and it serves as a lesson in English as well as a geography lesson. The same is true of writing compositions and reports.

Maps, pictures, artwork, reports, essays, diaries, letters—these are only a few of the many things you and your pupils can do with your notebooks. Each page will be a minature bulletin board project that is very meaningful to the pupil, because he did it himself, using his own ideas.

This might sound like a lot of work, and it probably is. But one of the teachers who told me about it said, "In the beginning of the year I give them ideas and supervise their work, but later on they use their own ideas. Many of the children have original ideas that go far beyond my own. I watch for them and compliment them for it, no matter how crude the drawing."

Like many other projects that take a lot of work, I'm guessing this would be a reward-one. At the end of the year the pupils would have a meaningful notebook to take along home and more then likely you'll hear at least a few pupils say, "Geography is my favorite subject." That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Two - THREE RAINBOWS

SIXTH GRADE ARITHMETIC," called Orpha Wengerd as she watched the raindrops chase each other down the window pane. She hoped the rain would stop before it was time for the noon recess so the children could play outdoors. She hadn't been teaching long — only four weeks. But even four weeks was long enough to find out that rainy-day recesses were hard on her nerves.

"Did you find your problems hard?" she asked the sixth graders when they were seated around the class table.

Each pupil shook his head. "I thought they were easy," said one of the girls.

"Good!" said Orpha. "Then your scores should be better than they were yesterday. Please follow carefully as I read the answers." As she was finding the right page in her answer book, Orpha's glance swept over the classroom for a final check before she got involved in reading answers. She sighed when she saw Danny, her fifth-grade problem boy, turned the wrong way in his seat. "Danny, are you finished with your arithmetic?" she asked sharply.

Instantly Danny jerked around and tried to find where he had left off. "Almost," he mumbled. "Only four more rows." He cringed under the steady gaze of Orpha's dark eyes.

"Four rows is pretty much, considering your class comes next," scolded Orpha. "Now you stay busy. I don't want to see you turned around one more time!" Then turning back to her class, Orpha read arithmetic answers with one eye on the clock. She was falling behind schedule again. It seemed she was never able to get through her classes like she thought she should. "If only I didn't have to stop every so often to remind the children to keep busy," she thought to herself. "That's where a lot of my time goes."

When sixth-grade arithmetic class was over Orpha went to check on her six first graders. They were practicing number writing. "You're doing real well," she encouraged, going down the aisle and glancing at each paper as she went. "Your work is improving every day. That's what I like to— " Orpha stopped short. She had come to Joseph's desk. "Joseph, you're going the wrong way again," she chided. "On which side of the paper did I tell you to start?"

"Here," said Joseph, pointing to the left-hand side of the paper.

"Then why didn't you?" asked Orpha.

"I meaned I did," said Joseph. "I start here." He pointed with his finger.

"You did for the first line, but then you came down on the next line and wrote backwards," said Orpha. She had explained this so many times before, yet Joseph still didn't seem to understand. "Which is your left hand, Joseph?" she asked.

Joseph held up his left hand.

"That's right," praised Orpha. "Here, you put your left hand here to help you remember to always come back here to start writing." She placed his left hand on the left side of his paper. "Can you remember?"

Joseph nodded, but there was a blank look on his face. Orpha had another idea. Joseph was a farm boy much more than he was a school boy. She knew he would much rather follow his daddy on the farm than go to school where he had to sit still for long periods at a time. Maybe she could play a little pretend game to help Joseph get the lesson. "When your Daddy plows, he plows over this way, turns around and comes back, then turns around and goes this way again, doesn't he?" she asked, "plowing" across the paper with her finger.

A smile broke out on Joseph's face. At last Teacher was talking his language! "Yes," he nodded eagerly. "And sometimes like this. Now Joseph was "plowing," going around the "field" instead of back and forth.

"That's right," said Orpha with a smile. "When you plow you can go back and forth or around the field and work both ways. But when you write, you can't work both ways. When you come over here, you have to lift your pencil and drive back here and start at this side again." Taking Joseph's hand, she guided it across the page, then lifted it and and guided back to the left side of the paper. "Do you think you can remember now?" she asked.

Joseph nodded eagerly. There was a glow of understanding on his face as he set to work. Orpha didn't doubt for a minute that the lesson had gone across this time and there was a similar glow in her heart. "Oh, the satisfaction of teaching," she thought happily as she went back to her desk.

Before she was ready for another class, she noticed the second graders frowning over their arithmetic books. "What's wrong?" she asked, looking in their direction.

"I can't get these problems," said the boy in the front seat.

"I can't either. I can't either," whispered the rest.

Orpha wondered what was wrong with the second graders. They were so far behind in their studies. Reading and arithmetic were worse than any of the other subjects and they were the subjects Orpha felt should be stressed the most in grade one. Didn't Lydia Mast, their teacher last year, spend enough time with them? "You might as well come back for another class," she told the second graders. She wished there were a simpier way of teaching number families, but at the moment she couldn't think of any, so she started repeating the same method. "Let's take six and two," she said, writing the problem on the board. "The next problem in this number family is—" She paused and waited for a suggestion.

"Six and two," said a little girl hesitantly.

"No, we already have six and two," said Orpha. "Next we turn the numbers around and get— "

"Two and six," chorused the class.

"Right!" praised Orpha. "Now, we learned when we have a number family we must have two adding problems and two subtraction problems. What are six and two?"

"Eight," answered Martha.

"Right," said Orpha. She wrote down the answer. "And two and six?"

"Eight," said Daniel.

"Good," praised Orpha. "Let's see who can make a subtraction problem using these three numbers."

There was no response.

"What's the rule? Which number must we use for the top number of our subtraction problems?" asked Orpha.

"The answers," said Martha.

"Yes, the answers," said Orpha. "Now, who can make a problem, using eight as the top number?"

"Eight take away eight," suggested Katie.

Orpha sighed. "No, not eight take away eight," she said, wondering how she could make the lesson plainer.

"Eight take away six," suggested Paul.

"There, that's better!" praised Orpha. She wrote it down. "And the other one is—"

"Eight take away two," came the answer.

Orpha spent fifteen minutes with the second graders, then sent them back to their seats. She still wasn't sure if the children understood the number family method of adding and subtracting. "Well, there's always tomorrow," she thought to herself. "That's one consolation in teaching. If the children don't understand today, maybe they will tomorrow. And even if they do understand today, maybe they won't tomorrow," she added grimly.

She glanced at Joseph. Just that minute he had reached the end of a line. With a bright smile in her direction he came to the left-hand side of the paper with his pencil and started over. "I think that's one pupil who will understand tomorrow," thought Orpha as she called the fifth graders to class.

It was still raining when the children had eaten their lunch. "Please try and play a quiet game indoors," said Orpha as she dismissed the pupils. Taking her place behind the desk she tried to grade a few papers. It wasn't long until she heard an outburst of laughter from the basement. She decided to see what was going on.

Just as she reached the bottom of the steps she heard a suggestion, "Let's take races to see who can hop to the other side of the basement on one foot."

Orpha turned around to go back up. Taking hopping races wasn't so bad. Then she heard another remark.

"All right, I'll race fat Lizzie Mullet. Only thing, I'm afraid she's going to beat me!" It was the laughing voice of Danny Troyer.

"I guess you won't race with Lizzie," announced Orpha, coming around the corner just then. "You'll race with me, right up to your seat." With her hand on his back, she marched a red-faced Danny up to his desk. "Just who do you think you are and what do you mean by talking like that to someone?" she demanded. "Suppose your sister Irene were overweight. Would you allow anyone to speak to her like that?"

⇨

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Sullenly Danny sat in his desk and muttered something under his breath.

"What did you say?" asked Orpha.

"I don't like school," Danny blurted out. "I hate it."

"This isn't the first time I heard you say that," said Orpha. "And whose fault do you think it is if you don't like school? If only you'd realize it was your fault. Hating school isn't going to help you, for you still are going to have to come to school. Do you think Lizzie likes school after the way you have talked to her?" She paused for a minute. "Well, you stay in your seat for the rest of the day, then tonight after school you and I will have a talk about what we can do to make school more pleasant for you." She paused. "O. K. ?"

Danny didn't answer. Orpha went back to her desk.

"Teacher, do you know what Levi did to me?" asked Martha Erb, coming up to her.

"No, what did he do?" asked Orpha half-heartedly. Ever since Chriss Betty had talked to her the morning before school started, Orpha sensed the Hostetler children and the Erb children weren't on the friendliest terms with each other.

He took my handkerchief and hung it on a high hook where I couldn't reach it," said Martha. "Mom said the next time he does something to me I shall tell you."

"Did he give it back to you?"asked Orpha.

"Yes, after a long time," said Martha. Her smile told Orpha she enjoyed tattling on Levi.

"Well, I'll talk to Levi sometime," said Orpha with a lopsided smile in Martha's direction.

"When?" asked the little girl eagerly.

"Never mind; sometime," was all Orpha would say.

That evening after Danny had gone home Orpha sat at her desk. There was the usual stack of papers to grade and the assignments to get ready for the next day, but Orpha wasn't interested in doing either. She was too busy thinking over the first few weeks. So many things had happened that she never dreamed would come up in a teacher's life. Why couldn't Danny cooperate with the other children and at least try to like school? Why could she never keep up with her schedule? Then there were the Erb children, Orpha couldn't understand why anyone as nice as Chriss Betty would have such fussy children. She thought of Levi. She had meant to talk to him, but she had forgotten all about it. Well, tomorrow—

Orpha opened her desk drawer to get out her grading pencil. A small folded paper caught her attention. Quickly she unfolded it and read.

"Teacher, I'm sorry I teased the little girls at noon. They were pestering me, but I still shouldn't have teased them like I did. -Levi P. S. I like school better this year than I ever did."

Orpha's heartbeat quickened. Then a puzzled look spread over her face. "But how did he know I knew about it?" she wondered. "Must be Martha told him," Orpha sat thinking for a long time. Chriss Betty had told her to watch Levi and she had watched him, too. So far he hadn't done anything seriously wrong that she could see. "I'll keep watching him," thought Orpha, folding the note. "And meanwhile I'll be watching the Erb children, too."

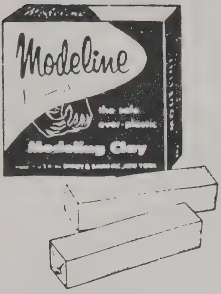
Suddenly a brightness filled the classroom. The sun was shining and it was still raining. "Oh, there'll be a rainbow," cried Orpha happily. She went to the window to check. Sure enough, there it was, bright and beautiful against the dark blue coulds. As Orpha stood and gazed at its beauty, she remembered the promise it symbolized. Bowing her head, she once more renewed her vow she had made with God years ago when she had been baptized.

Tears stood in her eyes as she looked at the rainbow again. "An all-day rain," she mused. "And it ended with a rainbow. That's just the way some of my days at school are — especially today. It was a trying day, but it ended with a nice note from an eight grade boy." She patted her pocket to make sure the note was still there.

As Orpha went back to her work she felt the silent beauty of three "rainbows"— one in the sky, one in her pocket, but the biggest rainbow of all was in her heart.

TO BE CONTINUED

TEACHING AIDS



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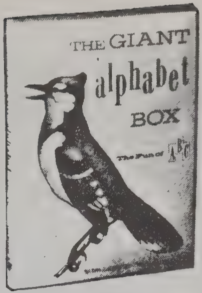

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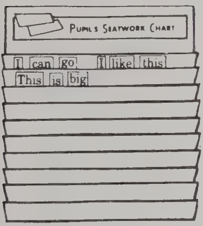

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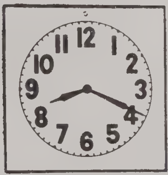

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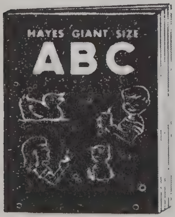

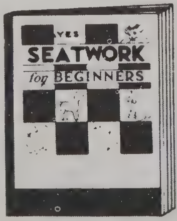

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THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID

-by Aunt Amy

IT WAS A WARM morning. The sun was just peeking over the horizon as Paul Kauffman opened the stable door to let the cows in to be milked. His father joined him and looked out towards the road where he heard hoof beats on the blacktop. A boy, riding a spotted pony, turned in the Kauffman's lane. He galloped up to the barnyard fence. "Good morning," he called. "Would it suit you to help thresh this morning at our place?"

"I guess it would," answered Mr. Kauffman. "I sorta expected you to say this afternoon."

"We had planned it that way at first," said the boy on the pony. "But we threshed a load yesterday and Dad had a sample tested at the elevator. It tested out good. Dad said there isn't any dew this morning and thought we could start now."

"All right," answered Mr. Kauffman. "We'll be there."

The boy turned his pony and rode down the lane. Mr. Kauffman and his son went inside the barn to start milking. Just then Wilma came to help. "What did he want?" she asked.

"Nissley's want to start threshing this morning," answered Paul. "Say, Dad, I wish they would have waited until this afternoon. I wanted to finish cultivating that front field of corn this morning."

"If threshing has started, we might as well forget the corn," said Dad. "It will soon be too big anyway."

"Why couldn't I finish cultivating it?" asked Wilma.

"You have enough work helping your mother," answered Dad.

"But Mom said yesterday that we're pretty well caught up with our work," said Wilma. I wish I could cultivate corn. I got to last year."

"We'll see," answered Dad.

At the breakfast table the family discussed it. "We aren't very busy right now," said Mother. "I could spare Wilma for a forenoon if she really wants to cultivate corn so much."

"Good," smiled Wilma. "Last summer I finally got to where I was tired of being in the field so much, now I'll like the change."

After breakfast Dad helped Wilma get started while Paul got the team ready to go threshing. "I don't think you'll have any trouble," said Dad. "But if anything should go wrong, don't lose your head— think."

"I'll try," answered Wilma. "Don and Daisy aren't anything to be afraid of."

The big sorrel team walked steadily back and forth across the field, the long green corn leaves brushing their legs. Wilma sang as they worked. It seemed good to be in the field again.

The sun rose higher and Wilma's back grew warmer. She stopped at the end of the row to let the horses rest and to wipe the sweat from her own forehead. Daisy rubbed her nose on the neck yoke and began to lift her head again, but the snap was caught in the ring. Daisy started foreward and the tongue of the cultivator caught in the fence.

"Back, whoa now," cried Wilma excitedly, jerking on the lines. The horses backed and something snapped. Wilma pulled harder on the lines and one line was loose and started to come back to her. The horses jerked forward and Wilma pulled on the one line. The horses started trotting in a circle, the corn stalks breaking off as they went. For one panicky moment Wilma felt like throwing the lines and jumping off. Then she remembered her father's words, "If anything goes wrong, don't loose your head— think!"

"Of course," thought Wilma. "If I stop pulling so hard, they will probably stop turning." She quit pulling on the one line and made her voice sound as calm as possible. "Whoa Daisy, whoa Don, whoa now," she said. The horses slowed and then stopped. "Whoa, Daisy, whoa," Wilma spoke gently as she climbed off the cultivator seat and walked to the horses' heads. Her knees shook and she felt her heart pounding.

"Wilma," called an anxious voice from the road which ran alongside the cornfield. "Are you hurt? Do you need help?"

Wilma looked toward the road. Her neighbor and friend, Susan Yoder, was climbing through the fence, while Mrs. Yoder waited on the buggy.

"I'm not hurt," called Wilma. "I'm just—I mean I was scared."

Wilma explained to Susan how Daisy had gotten her snap fast and it had broken. "There's really nothing wrong now," she assured her friend. "I can open the leather on the line and fasten it that way. And once all of us have caught our breath, I'll finish cultivating." Wilma glanced over the field. "But the corn sure looks a mess where it got broken off."

"Broken corn is better than a broken leg," comforted Susan. "Well, I've got to go. Mom and I are on our way to town. Anyway I'm glad you aren't hurt."

"I'm glad, too." said Wilma. "Thanks for stopping."

Susan returned to the buggy and told her mother what had happened. Later in town they were getting groceries at the IGA when Susan touched her mother's arm. "Look, Mom, that little boy has a cast on his wrist," she said, pointing to a little boy sitting in a grocery cart his mother was pushing,

"Yes," said Susan's mother. "It doesn't take much to get a broken arm when you live on a farm. Wilma should be mighty thankful."

"She sure should be," agreed Susan. "She could have landed in the hospital with a broken leg as easy as not."

In the next aisle from where Susan and her mother were standing looking at the canned soups, Mabel Eicher was getting some oatmeal from the shelf. "Who's that talking?" she wondered. "It sounded like Susan Yoder. Wasn't she saying someone was in the hospital with a broken leg, but who?" Mabel listened close beside the shelves.

"Wilma can be thankful, too, that the horses didn't act worse than they did," Mabel heard Mrs. Yoder say.

"Must be Wilma Kauffman," Mabel thought. She felt sick. She wondered if Wilma had lots of pain; maybe she was even in traction. Mabel knew Wilma when they had gone to school together.

Mabel wanted to quickly get the rest of the things on her grocery list so she could catch up with Susan and her mother to hear more about the accident. But where was the paraffin? Mabel scanned the shelves along one side of the aisle and then the other side. "Maybe it's by the certo and sure-jell," she thought. She pushed her grocery cart to the end of the aisle and rounded the corner. There it was, just where she thought it might be.

"But, oh, there go the Yoders out the check out place," thought Mabel. "Oh, well, maybe I don't need to know all the details, but it does spite me a little."

Mabel could hardly wait until she got home. "Mom," she said as she set the groceries on the kitchen table. "Wilma Kauffman is in the hospital with a broken leg."

"Oh," exclaimed Mother. "What happened?"

"I don't know for sure, but I believe the horses ran away. I overheard Susan Yoder and her mother talking about it in the IGA. You know, the Yoders live on the farm next to the Kauffman's, and that's what they said," answered Mabel.

"What was she doing?" asked Mother.

"That's what I don't know for sure," said Mabel. "I wanted to ask Susan before she left the store, but I didn't get a chance to. Can I go over to Reuben Smucker's house to find out? That's Wilma's grandparents, so surely they'll know about it."

"Well, I wonder if maybe you didn't misunderstand them," suggested Mother, "if they weren't really talking to you."

"In the hospital with a broken leg is what they said," defended Wilma. "Then Mrs. Yoder said, "Wilma can be thankful the horses didn't act worse than they did.'"

"I guess you can go," said Mother. "Maybe the Kauffmans are gone to the hospital and you can help chore."

It didn't take Mabel long to reach the Smucker home. Grandmother was canning applesause and Grandfather was just ready to take the peelings out to the pigs.

"How is Wilma?" asked Mabel, coming into the warm kitchen.

"Wilma?" asked Grandmother in a surprised tone of voice. "What do you mean?"

Grandfather stopped and set down his pail. "Something wrong with Wilma?" he asked.

Mabel explained what she had heard in the IGA.

"I wonder," said Grandfather. "Maybe you heard it wrong. Surely, they would have let us know."

"Well, that's what they said," answered Mabel with a slightly hurt tone of voice.

"You know, Dad," said Grandmother, "that hospital is in the opposite direction from here. Maybe they had no way to get word to us right away. Maybe the menfolks were away threshing or somewhere else. The men in our neighborhood are threshing now,"

"Well, maybe it is true," said Grandpa.

"I think we should go over and find out," suggested Grandmother.

"What about the applesause?" asked Grandfather.

"There isn't much to do. Just start timing it when it starts to boil, then in ten minutes turn out the burner and open the doors of the conservo. Or do you want to go along, too?"

"I'll stay," said Grandfather. "I'll get Tex ready for you."

"I have a horse here," interrupted Mabel. "She can go with me."

Meanwhile, Wilma Kauffman was busy cultivating corn. The sun was warm and the flies were getting thicker. She was glad when she had finished the last row. She drove the team to the barnyard and unhitched them. They walked to the watering trough and took long, slow gulps. Finally they walked to the stable door where first Daisy and then Don lowered their heads so Wilma could slip off their bridles. She tied them in their stalls and was just coming out the barn door when she saw a buggy coming in the lane.

As the buggy neared, Wilma could see Grandmother Smucker and Mabel Eicher. "What is Mabel doing with Grandmother?" she wondered.

"Wilma!" gasped Grandmother, as she saw her granddaughter standing beside the barn. "Wilma, a-are you a-all right?"

Wilma looked at her dusty dress and feet. She was sure her face must be streaked with dust and sweat. She laughed. "I'm hot and dirty, but soap and water will soon fix that. I feel fine otherwise. Why?"

Grandmother drew a long breath. "We heard you were in the hospital with a broken leg."

It was Wilma's turn to gasp. "A broken leg? How? Why?"

"Didn't your horses run away?" faltered Mabel, her face slightly red. "Susan Yoder said they did. They said you were in the hospital with a broken leg."

"Why would they say such a thing?" exclaimed Wilma. She was provoked that her friend Susan would tell people about her loosing control of the team. But a broken leg, why would Susan stretch the story like that? "Are you sure you heard right?" asked Wilma.

"Well, that's what they said," answered Mabel weakly.

"Who's they?" asked Wilma.

"Susan and her mother," explained Mabel. "I overheard them talking in the IGA..."

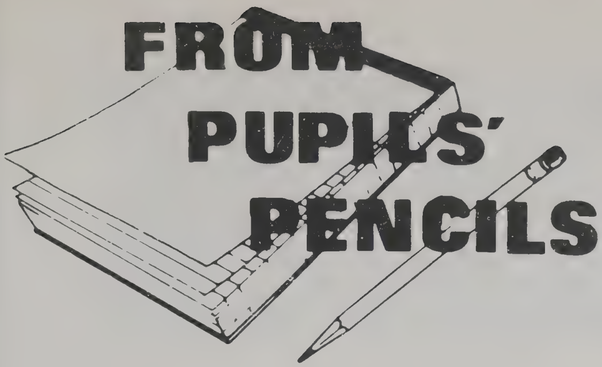
"Overheard them!" exclaimed Grandmother, interrupting Mabel. "You mean they didn't really tell you?"

"Oh," laughed Wilma. "They probably said that I could have landed in the hospital with a broken leg. There's a lot of difference between 'could' and 'did'."

"And there is a lot of difference between hearing something and overhearing it," said Grandmother.

Poor Mabel looked so shame-faced. She wished with all her heart she hadn't said a word to anyone. "I wish I had gone right over and asked Susan about it in the IGA instead of hunting for the paraffin," thought Mabel. "I— I'm s-sorry I c-caused all this trouble," she apologized to Grandmother Smucker and Wilma.

"This was a wild goose chase," Grandmother said. "But I'm thankful it wasn't true. We'd better go now and stop the rumor before it goes farther."



Learning Responsibility

—by Lucinda Schmidt

"I always have to stay home with the little ones, just because I'm the oldest," grumbled Anna to herself. Mother and Dad were going to town to do grocery shopping and Anna's sister Mary was allowed to go along. Anna was the oldest in the family and had to stay home with the four other children. And on top of that, she had to wash the dishes!

"Why could Mary go along and I had to stay home?" she muttered as she opened the faucet and let some water run into the sink. "All I get to do is stay home and wash dishes and baby sit!"

Suddenly Anna thought of something. She snapped her fingers. "I know. I'm not going to do them," she said firmly. "I'm going out to play and I'm not going to care about these old dishes!"

So Anna went out, forgetting that she had turned on the water. Soon three-year-old Susie came out of the house calling, "Anna, the baby is crying and wants his bottle." But Anna just said she didn't care, so poor Susie had to go in and try to give the baby his bottle herself.

A little later five-year-old Stevie called, "Anna, come here."

"Go away," said Anna. "Go do whatever you want to. I don't care if you tear the house down!"

A minute later Stevie and David came out of their dad's shop, carrying all kinds of tools. David was the oldest, so he was the boss. "Stevie, we have to get started," he said.

"Yes, I know," said his brother, getting to work.

Soon the boys were hammering around the house as if they had lost their minds. Hearing the noise, Anna ran about to see where it was coming from. When she saw the boys she shouted, "What are you doing?"

"Tearing the house down," they answered.

"But why should you do that?" asked Anna very sternly.

"You said you wouldn't care," answered Stevie.

"But I didn't really mean it," said Anna. "You stop right now. I'm going in to see what Susie is doing."

When Anna got inside the door, she gasped, "Where is all this water coming from?" Then she saw what had happened and remembered she had turned on the water and forgotten to turn it off again.

Anna set to work. Just as she finished mopping up the water, Mother stepped in. "What happened?" she asked, looking very surprised.

"Everything," sobbed Anna. She told her mother the whole story.

Mother patted Anna's shoulder. "I guess it's all right," she said. "Try to do better the next time."

Anna knew she would, for she had learned the meaning of the word "responsibility."

Monroe, Indiana

NOTICE......

We are going to have a contest for young writers again. The topic this time is, "An Experience I Will Never Forget." As before, we will have a small gift for the writers whose stories we choose for publication.

Here are a few rules to follow:

1. The story must be true.
2. Your name, full address, grade, age, and parents' name must be on the same paper as the story, or fastened to the paper.
3. From 200 to 500 words is the suggested length.
4. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 30th.
5. Mail your entry to Cousin Carrie, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

The other evening I was out in the garden pulling weeds and I was thinking about all you boys and girls who are going back to school and about your teachers. Then I remembered something our teacher told us years ago when I went to school.

He said there was once a man who had a garden, and like most other gardeners, he didn't like to see big weeds growing between his vegetables. So every few days he'd go out into the garden and pull the big weeds. One evening a neighbor walked past the garden. When he saw the man at work, he stopped to get a better look at the garden.

"Nice potatoes you have there," said the neighbor.

"Yes, the potatoes are growing nice," mumbled the man, "but so are the weeds. Just last week I was out here and pulled all the big weeds. Today you wouldn't see I pulled any. After the rain the other evening, the weeds sure grew fast."

Then the neighbor noticed what the man was doing. A puzzled look crossed his face. "Why do you pull only the big weeds?" he asked. "If you pulled the little weeds, too, then it—"

"No, no," interrupted the man. "It's the big weeds that bother me most. And besides, I'm so busy pulling big weeds that I don't have time to pull little weeds."

I wasn't quite sure what our teacher was going to say next, for I had a feeling he was talking about more than weeds in the garden. And I was right, too. He went on to explain that weeds in the garden are like mischief in the classroom. He said that by correcting us when we did a little something wrong, he was pulling a little "weed" that would soon grow big— so big that it would be hard to pull. This taught me a lesson, for up until then I sometimes thought our teacher was "picking" on us when he corrected us for little things.

One thing I remember that we were not allowed to do was come in late when the bell rang. We had to stop playing and go in right away. If we didn't, our teacher frowned at us, and if it happened more than once, he rebuked us. And if that didn't help, we had to stay in twice as long as we were late. We used to think he was pretty strict about it, but now I can see that if he had allowed me to be late a few times, I would have been more and more careless about coming in on time. Not only that, but other children would have been careless, too. Before long we might have wasted five minutes of our teacher's time, plus our own, too. But as it was, the "weed" of coming in late never grew that big, because our teacher pulled it while it was small. Usually a frown was enough to help us remember to come in on time.

Coming in late is only one of the "weeds" teachers try to keep out of the classrooms. Cheating and lying are two more. How many "weeds" can you think of? Maybe you and your teacher will want to make a list of as many as you can think of.

Can you imagine what a garden would look like if no weeds were ever pulled? Having such a garden wouldn't do much good, for the weeds would grow so thick and so big that they would smother most of the vegetables. The same is true with "weeds" in school. If a teacher never corrected her pupils, there would soon be so much mischief going on that the pupils couldn't learn much.

Well, I hope to see you again next month. Until then, help your teacher keep your school free of "weeds."

Best Wishes,
Cousin Carrie

. . Projects . . . .

VISITORS' BOOKLETS

During the school year many visitors will come to your school. They will take away memories and impressions of what they saw. But they could also take something else— a souvenir booklet.

This is a project in which all the pupils can participate. A teacher shouldn't do it by herself.

A duplicator is an easy way to make your pages, but the cover should be done separately out of construction paper and slightly larger than the pages so as to give the booklet a neat appearance. Staples work better than clasps to bind it all together.

(leaf design)

CONTENTS:

First page: This could be the title page on which you could write "Welcome To" and the name of the school. A sketch of the schoolhouse and the date (1971-1972) could also appear here.

Second page: A paragraph or two welcoming the visitors and signed with the teachers' signatures.

(state design)

Third page: A short history of the school, including the founding date, former teachers, etc.

Fourth page to eleventh page: A single page for each of the eight grades. An original poem by the pupils could tell about each grade. Each pupil's signature could appear on his class page.

Twelfth and thirteenth pages: Children listed by families under their fathers' names (alphabetically) and their grade next to their name.

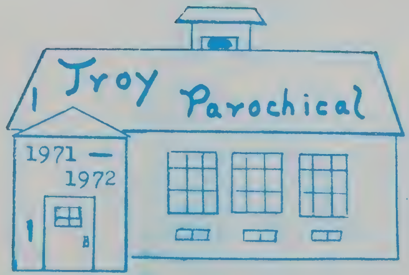
Fourteenth page: A map of the community showing the location of the school and the church district.

(bell design)

Fifteenth page: A favorite song which the children will sing for the visitors.

Sixteenth page: A space for the visitor to sign his name and write the date he visited the school. Such as: "Thanks to ____(name)____ who visited our school on ____(date)____.

Additional pages: Friendship poems, wise sayings, and illustrations could be included in the booklet.



(school design)

Size: 4" x 6" or larger.

Cover: the familiar shape of a school object such as an apple, bell, book; or you might want to make it in the shape of your schoolhouse or state, or a leaf if your school's name is that of a tree.

(Do you have any ideas for the projects' page? If you do, send them to: David Luthy, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.)

We were very well pleased with the response we got to the "Opinions Please" article, "In the Wrong Grade." There were twenty answers, which is more than we ever received before. In order to use a portion of each one, some had to be shortened. After all, there is really no point in printing the same thought six or seven times in the same issue. Usually there is something in each response that is a new thought or a thought stated in a different way. This is the portion that is selected for publication.

The number of responses we received was encouraging, but there was something else which was even more encouraging. That was the source and the contents of the responses. Several teachers wrote and said they think parents should let the teacher decide in which grade their child should be in. We were glad for these answers, for they were from teachers with many years of experiences. But we are glad we got answers from others besides teachers. We were especially glad for the parents who wrote and said the same thing. Some even admitted they had children who didn't pass and resented it at the time, but later on they were grateful to the teacher for making this decision, for the child made better grades and was happier in school. Then there was the third type of writers—the ones who said they themselves had taken a grade over, and gained by it.

All the answers seem to be in agreement with an ex-teacher who stated, "The child who does not get promoted to the next grade doesn't really fail. He is merely given another chance." If all parents and pupils and teachers could come to realize this, then there would be less humiliation and ill feelings when a teacher decides one of her pupils needs this "second chance."

In the last issue we had an article, "Is Our Child Ready For School?" The author, Mrs. Wilma (Roy) Miller, indicated they have a child who is to start to school this fall. However, when the other children in the family and the neighborhood gathered up their supplies and started out for school on that first day, six-year-old Bennie Miller was not among them. He had passed away about a week before, following a short illness. The evening before his death, his sickness was diagnosed to be acute leukemia.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to the family. Mail will reach them at Box 147, Route 2, Middlebury, IN 46540

One area where the Bulletin lacks material is the "Dear Readers" section. As was stated last month, this is the section in which readers write friendly letters to other readers.

We forgot to mention in the last issue that this is one section where we do not withhold the writer's name. Friendly letters need to be signed, and if the related incident is embarrassing to the writer or others, a separate short article will be made of it and it will be used in another section of the Bulletin. But we cannot see why a writer would tell an interesting account of a not-too-unusual incident, and ask to have his name withheld.

—E.M.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

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Blackboard Bulletin

October 1971

A TEACHER'S REWARDS

-by Issac F. Huyard

EVERY OCCUPATION HAS its rewards. When an airplane pilot takes his seat, takes ahold of the controls, and lifts a one-hundred ton jet plane from the ground and makes a successful flight and a safe landing, then he feels he has accomplished something. This is a reward.

When a carpenter cuts out lumber to make a building and the pieces fit together to make a good strong structure, he can stand back and look at his finished product and feel satisfied. This is a reward.

When a farmer labors and God blesses with sunshine and rain, so that he makes a profit and is able to pay another part of his debt, this is rewarding for him.

But the school teacher— where does she get her rewards? Are there any? Of course, there are the public teachers who are working for the money and if they don't get as much as they think they should have, they get together and strike for higher wages. They are more interested in the pay check than they are in the children they teach. But these are not the teachers I was going to write about. I don't think money - happy teachers are very plentiful in our parochial schools. There certainly would be an easier way to make money than teaching school.

Why, then, are there so many Amish teachers? There must be something that causes these people to teach school. First of all, the demand is here and each fall there are some last - minute vacancies to fill. There are young girls teaching because their parents encouraged them to do so. They already have a reward, for the Bible teaches obediance to parents. But we have many more older teachers who are on their own who choose to teach school.

Let's take a look at a teacher's situation. We've often heard parents of a large family say they don't have two children who are alike. When we think of a school made up of twelve families, averaging three children each, this makes thirty-six pupils, twenty-four parents, and five directors, plus their wives. What an assortment for a teacher to cope with! This could mean trials, for where is anyone who could please so many people?

Many teachers are teaching because they are willing to serve. This is the first step in being a good teacher. We find in the Bible and in history books that when someone was willing to serve others, he was a great influence. Jesus Himself served the people by making the lame walk, the blind see, and the deaf hear. Then He could teach them, for the people were anxious to learn from Him. The same way, the teacher who goes to school and is willing and eager to help her pupils will find her pupils eager to learn from her. This in itself is a reward.

Another reward teachers have is to see the daily progress of their pupils. A teacher will pronounce a word to her first graders, and they try their best to twist their tongues to pronounce it identically. It may be hard at first, but if the teacher keeps on

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READING -by Rob R. Schlabach

We must be careful we don't have "parrot" readers in school— readers who can rattle off page after page without making a mistake, yet when asked what they have read, return a blank stare.

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AN EDITORIAL

There is no substitute for a neighborly neighbor. When we need a hand lifting a heavy piece of farm machinery or loading a stubborn animal, a willing neighbor is really appreciated. And it is nice once-in-a-while to lean across a fence and have a neighborly chat when we happen to be plowing in adjoining fields. No one appreciates a neighbor who keeps entirely to himself with a "Cross Dog" or "No Tresspassing" sign staring you in the face at the end of his lane. Going back and forth occasionally with neighbors makes for a nice relationship. It keeps us from becoming islands unto ourselves.

There is a small percentage of neighbors who aren't neighborly, keeping entirely aloof and to themselves. And there are their opposites, too. I know of one such instance quite well. Two farms lie side by side as farms usually do, but in this case the buildings of each are very close, only a stone's throw apart. The owner of the east farm has often wished he lived at the end of a long, long lane, for the "English" neighbor to the west doesn't seem to know where his land stops and the other's begins. At chore time the farmer to the west's children are as likely to be in the east farmer's barn as their own. Anytime a truck stops at the east farm, the children from the west come running to see what it is all about. And anytime they get a notion to see the cute baby next door, it takes them but half a minute to be rapping at the east farmer's back door (they used to just walk in).

Most people will laugh at the above situation, for it is rare. Usually neighbors live so far apart on their farms that they long to see more of one another. But for people whose buildings are close together, a problem of too much "neighborliness" can develop. There is a definite line where neighborliness ceases and nuisance begins. And the same is true concerning a problem which some of our Amish schools are experiencing— too many visitors.

Most people will gasp at that statement, for they seldom visit school and feel guilty that they don't more often. But as in the case of the two farms above, we are talking here of an unusual situation rather than a typical one. The majority of Amish schools do not have a problem with too many visitors coming, rather they long for more. But there is one county which has way more than its share of visitors— Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania.

Every Amishman knows that Lancaster County is a tourist attraction. How it got to be that is the result of a number of circumstances. But be that as it may, the Amish schools in that county are faced each term with a steady stream of "English" visitors. Like any other Amish teachers in America, the ones in Lancaster County wouldn't mind an "English" visitor tapping on their schoolhouse doors once or twice a year. But like those "neighborly neighbors" the tourists don't come once or twice a year; they come all the time and often not with the best of manners.

The immediate reaction of some may be to post a "No Visitors" sign on the school playground. But like the "No Tresspassing" sign at a farm lane, this is a rather cold, unfriendly attitude. But if all the people who stopped were allowed to visit the school, it would soon cease to be a school, for what teacher has time to be a tour guide besides a teacher? Also, as one teacher comments, if you let too many people visit, "word would soon get around that tourists can visit such and such a school." There would be a steady stream of visitors to that school.

We shouldn't blame people for wanting to see our schools. Many of the tourists are sympathetic to our way of life. A grandmother from Wisconsin wishes to see the school for she went to one "just like this one" in 1910. Or a college student wants to see the school, for he feels this is what society needs today, smaller schools rather than consolidated giants. And there is the father who wants his children to visit a school where a paddle is yet part of the program of education. Should such visitors be told they may not step inside a few minutes?

This month in the Bulletin we are printing nine letters from Lancaster County teachers expressing how they feel about the tourist situation. The opinions are varied. No one has the perfect answer, and we on the Bulletin staff don't either. But we tend to agree with the teacher who wrote: "Like everything else this can be carried to extremes in either way—being so independent as not to allow any outsiders in our schools or allowing them by groups or busloads to show off our Amish children. Why not settle for a happy medium?"

The Amish in Lancaster County did not create the tourism in their county nor will they be able to abolish it. Thousands of people will tour the area each summer and one definite thing they will take away with them is impressions. Why not give them good ones? Perhaps the "happy medium" would be to offer tourists who stop at schools a free pamphlet. It could briefly tell when our schools began, why they began, and what course of studies is followed. There could be a short introductory paragraph explaining why it is impossible to allow visitors to go inside the schoolhouse. (Of course, depending on circumstances an occasional visitor could be allowed to visit the school.)

We on the Bulletin staff are willing to prepare such a pamphlet for free distribution and will send copies to any Amish schools faced with the problem of frequent visitors. But before we prepare the pamphlet we would like to hear what the people involved think of the idea, perhaps it isn't the solution to the problem. And we would like to hear from any people who have ideas on how our schools can remain neighborly without losing their privacy.

-D. L.

OPINIONS PLEASE!

What would you do if a car stopped at your farm and asked to see what an Amish house or barn looks like? You'd probably show it to them. But what if this happened every other day? So far private farms are safe from such a problem, but some Amish schools aren't. Here are nine letters written by teachers who are experiencing a problem with tourists.

1.

Tourists are people like anyone else. Some are very courteous and others will be rude. They very seldom come into the schoolhouse during school hours but often stop if the children are out playing. Some will take pictures even if we say not to, while others wouldn't think of doing it without permission.

Occasionally tourists will ask to see the inside of the schoolhouse and seem impressed by it. Older people will say, "Why, it looks just like the school I went to." Younger ones and especially teachers will ask, "How ever do you manage with so many grades?"

Most of the cars that stop or rather those we talk with are either teachers or parents of pupils. Occasionally a few buses will stop a few minutes just to stare, but no one will alight unless sometimes only a few. As a whole I guess they don't bother too much as there seem to be more nice ones than rude.

2.

Most times tourists seem a nuisance to

me, but I guess if I were traveling for pleasure I would like to travel slowly and ask a lot of questions, too. I do not like it when they take pictures of the children, and I often ask or motion for them to move on. Some do but others are determined to have a picture. I try not to allow the children to call out "No pictures" or to make faces, nor are they to run out to the fence when a car stops. But it seems that it is hard for the little ones just to keep on playing.

I did allow a nice decently dressed "granny" to visit school one period. She seemed to enjoy it and I did too. She was a former teacher. But there were other tourists who have asked already that I answered with a "No, Thank You!" Word would soon get around that tourists can visit at "such and such" a school.

At recess time or after school I have allowed some to come inside and look around and answered questions. I like it best when they keep moving, but I guess we should practice the Golden Rule with tourists too.

3.

Like everything else this can be carried to extremes in either way—being so independent as not to allow any outsiders in our schools or allowing them by groups or busloads to show off our Amish children. Why not settle for a happy medium?

Not until recently have I learned that many tourists have the impression that the Amish have their own schools only to "pass the time" for the children because by law they have to be at school. If we would not allow any outsiders to enter our schools, I'm afraid it would only add to these imaginations.

When anyone comes and kindly asks to visit my school for an afternoon I cannot refuse them if they come as company or friends. By seeing for themselves that our children are learning and gaining an education they'll have much better opinions of our people. On the other hand too much of this could be destructive to our schools, if we would allow any number or at any time. Any sincere tourist can well understand this. If they do not, this is one way of knowing when to say "no."

As for a large group or busload, I would not want it and hope never would allow it. As formerly stated, wouldn't this just be "showing" off our Amish children and making us a public example?

All in all if the parents would object to my allowing tourists to visit school at all, I would not feel free to continue to allow it. After all it's their children I'm dealing with!

4.

My opinion about tourists in school is the less we have the better off we are. I also feel if we would give them a start there would be no end to it.

5.

Why do I object to tourists stopping at school? First it is a distraction to pupils who are supposed to be studying, especially if they come up to the windows and peep in. Some are even bold enough to open the door without knocking. Some are polite enough to knock and ask for admittance, but are so hideously dressed you feel embarrassed at the expression on the pupils' faces when they come in. If they are allowed to come in they don't seem interested in the school more than for curiosity's sake. I just feel better without them around.

6.

I do not feel that tourists and Amish parochial schools make a very good combination, mainly because of the tremendous exploitation of the Amish by the outside world today. I feel that I would be helping along with this if I encouraged tourists to visit our school.

There have been times when one or two stopped and asked to see the school room. If this was after school hours I let them observe the room. I do not feel that we should be rude or disrespectful toward them. This would be defeating our purposes.

7.

My experiences with tourists have taught me several lessons. For one: Be friendly to them even though they are at times a nuisance. Second: I've learned to let them make the first move. After their move is made you can pretty well see what they really came to this community for.

In our school we have had many tourists stop. Many of them just wanted to look, or watch the children play outside, and I do believe they were fascinated by what they saw. These "just lookers" I don't mind. I suppose I would do the same thing if I were to pass by an Indian school or such. But that is only the one kind of tourist. Now for the other.

This other kind will not only stop and look but will disregard the "No Tourists" sign and will (if they have a chance) bring their cameras way in our lane and as close to the children as possible. Of course, they have already been told to stay out by the school children but will not leave until the teacher goes out and tells them that this is private property.

If you ask me what I think about tourists, here it is — it just depends on the tourist himself.

8.

I usually thought that tourists wouldn't bother so much if the schoolhouse wasn't located so close to the road and also had higher windows. Sometimes a car would stop when they were even with a window and they'd sit there watching us for a while. This was very annoying to the children. We stopped that by pasting cut-rite paper on the lower windows. Other times they would walk on the school ground taking pictures. We did have a "Private Property" sign posted which did help some. Then every 20 minutes these little tour buses would pass and we could hear the driver talking over a loud speaker. While the children were out playing, sometimes tourists stopped and asked them questions. One time a car drove in and talked with the children. I watched from a window a little before going out. They asked me a couple of questions about our way of keeping school. A couple of weeks later I received a letter from these people saying how glad they were they had talked with me instead of just taking pictures. They thought the atmosphere was filled with peacefulness and we're not to let the modern age cause us to ignore our blessings. The whole letter was just in that way. It gave me deep thoughts and made me realize more the responsibility we teachers have.

9.

I do not blame the tourists as much as the local people for urging them on with their endless advertising and attractions, not to mention the literature that is put out about our people, both true and untrue. I think tourism is very disrespectful to our people and to our schools and that it is mostly the local people's fault, for the buses don't go around without guides. The whole thing is mostly a money-making scheme.

As long as tourists keep moving and don't have cameras, I don't mind it too much. But the majority does have cameras and they will take any means of obtaining a picture even if they know we are opposed to it. Then there is the endless number of buses, first stopping with motors running, next starting off again with all the noise a big bus can and does make. What child is uncurious enough not to stretch his head up and see what's going on even if it is against the rules of the school?

But the brighter side of it is that, although fewer of them ask to be admitted into the schoolhouse than formerly did, I have yet to hear one that does not uphold and marvel at our accomplishments. Then there are those neighborhood tourists who may be staying at a camp or in a private home for a short duration. Many of these are kind, respectful people who would go out of their way to do something for a person. In that way they surpass many local folks.

But I would still rather live the quiet unpublicized life we used to live than the publicity we are living in today. There are just too many tourists for comfort. What could be done about it?

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Mail your opinion to:

Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Reader Response

PUPILS' DESKS — PRIVATE PROPERTY?

Surely a parent who is concerned about his child and knows that he has an evil hid would go through a dresser or closet to find it if necessary. A teacher is responsible for evils in school. Why wouldn't a teacher have the right to inspect a pupil's desk to find an evil?

--Ex-teacher, Lagrange, Indiana

In our household the children are forbidden to rummage in each other's belongings, but we parents retain this right until the children are perhaps 16 or 17 years old. It is understood that until then the child is completely under his parents' jurisdiction. Just as God knows all our innermost secrets and chastises His errant child; yes, and purgeth the fruitful one so he'll bear more fruit, so it is the parents' duty to his child. Explained in this way, children are quick to understand and more willing to accept and obey when they realize that parents are commanded in the Bible to do these things and that several times Jesus likened our Heavenly Father's love of His children to a parent's love of his child. In school the teacher assumes these tasks.

—Mrs. David Hoover, Pennsylvania

Should it be decided Jospeh was in the wrong for searching the desks of the children he had reason to be suspicious of, what is to become of the Katies and Johns in the time to come? The same spirit that is trying to take rights away from the teacher will also be ready to take rights away from the church when the children become old enough to be church members.

—A concerned bishop

If Katie becomes upset because you have gone through her desk, that is usually evidence that there is a guilty conscience and something there that should not be there.

Shouldn't the teacher obey the rules he makes for the children? The teacher must also obey the rules and be a good example; however, the rules are made for order in the school and also for spiritual guidance to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Therefore, not all the rules apply to the teacher, as he has a responsibility and duty which none of the pupils has. If the teacher dare not check to know what is going on, then we are shielding the devil to work underground corruption in our children, which no Christian parent wants. Thank God for teachers that work for Godliness and Christian order in our schools. May we never hinder but support them.

—Willis Steiner, Dalton, Ohio

Yes, I feel Joseph had the full right to search Katie's desk. I agree that pupils should stay out of each other's desks, but aren't we teachers responsible for what is in the school room same as parents are for what is in the home?

I'm far from the teacher I'd like to be, but I'd feel myself neglecting my duties if I would not search a desk on being suspicious of evil notes. Wouldn't this be helping them into dishonesty or deceitfulness? Explain it that God sees it too and we are trying to do it for the benefit of their souls.

I think all Christian parents who are concerned about their children and have any confidence in their teacher would appreciate having their teacher know what the pupils are doing.

— Lizzie Ann Nisley, Ohio

⇨

If somebody committed a crime and the officials were suspicious that the criminals were on my property, they would have the right to go through the barn and house. And if they were suspicious of stolen goods in my house, they could go through my personal belongings (but would be in danger of punishment if they would reveal anything that was of no concern to them.) If authority (whether school or government or what it may be) does not have this right to investigate, then somebody will suffer. The teacher also has no right to reveal what is of no concern to him.

-- I. R. M., Elmira, Ontario

* * *

I'm not a teacher, but a mother of six school-aged children, so I am concerned about our school. I think the teacher had a perfect right to look for notes in the children's desks, since he thought he might find some.

If the parents work with the teacher, then the children won't complain to them that the teacher went through their desks, but will feel guilty about having these notes. And if they were in public school, the teacher would punish them without consulting the parents.

I have a deep feeling of respect for all our teachers. If we would all spend more time praying for them instead of finding fault right away, there would be less trouble in our schools. —Mrs. Mike Kauffman

* * *

I feel a teacher should have the right to go through a pupil's desk, if the need arises, especially in a case like this one. How else is the teacher to prove that a child doesn't have anything in his desk which he is not supposed to have, if he is suspicious of it?

A concerned father also wants to know what is taken into his home by his children.

— A teacher, Ohio

* * *

It is definitely my opinion that a teacher should have the right to search the pupils' desks. To me the problem Joseph had with his pupils isn't as great as the problem of parents who didn't think it was right that he searched the desks.

When we, as parents, talk to our children, let's have a conviction (and try to get our children to have the same conviction) that the teacher and ministers are earnestly concerned in their moral and spiritual welfare, and this is why they see fit to take the action they do.

The spirit Katie's father has while she is going to school will cause church problems when she is older.

— A concerned parent, ex-board member, and deacon

A TEACHER'S REWARDS

(con't from front cover)

until they can do it successfully, this is a reward.

When the middle grades are confused with fractions and time tables, and the teacher must explain again and again, then all at once the children see through the problem and say they are easy, this certainly is a reward for the teacher. Or when the upper graders are struggling with decimals and feel like giving up, and the teacher takes a deep breath and explains it one more time, then sees the children smile understandingly and knows they see through it now, this is another reward.

When pupils bring a bouguet of flowers, a ripe apple, or even say they like school, all these are rewarding to the teacher. I once heard a mother on her death bed in the hospital introduce her visitor to a nurse say, "This is our teacher. She taught all our pupils." This certainly was a reward.

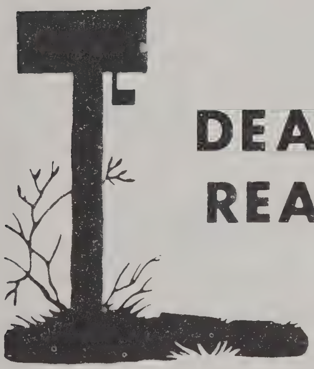
My grandfather used to be a school teacher. In later years at a farm sale a young man walked up to him, saying, "Hello, Ike. Do you still know me?" The old man was at a complete loss as to who the stranger might be. When the young man saw his confusion, he threw back his shoulders, stretched to his full height, and said in a husky voice, "You whipped me once. Try it today if you please." Another moment and he was recognized as one of his former school boys. They both had a good laugh and their friendship was renewed.

When an old gray-headed ex-teacher sits in her rocking chair and younger people come to visit her, reminding her of school days and good things she taught them, this certainly must be one of the biggest rewards a teacher can have on this earth. But there is yet a greater one in the life to come. If teachers, by their walk of life and by words fitly spoken and kind deeds, can help these precious souls to the gift of salvation and eternal life, then the greatest and richest reward is waiting for them on the other side of Jordan.

So we see the teacher as having a very important occupation. Like the hub of a wheel or the band of a wheat sheave, she serves those about her. Alone she cannot do it, but there is an Almighty Hand ever ready to help her. With this promise of help, plus the many rewards scattered throughout each term and the one they look forward to, we might understand why teachers choose to teach.

I wish all teachers their well-deserved rewards and God's blessings.

-New Holland, Pennsylvania



DEAR READERS,

ARTHUR, ILLINOIS

DEAR READERS,

Greetings to the publishers and all the readers.

I have a few questions which I have been thinking over quite a bit. We as a family are thankful that we can have our own school, but we feel it is well worth every minute and dollar spent for school purposes. In Proverbs 22:6 we read, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Training a child definitely starts in the home, but the task is hard enough without having our children go to public school where they are under the influence of the world. Yet I wonder if we are as concerned about our parochial schools as we should be. Do we take time to visit our school, or do we go only when we are asked to go? I think a visit to school will help the teacher more than we realize, and the children, too. They will get more interest in school when they see we are interested. This will also give the teacher a chance to talk to us concerning our children.

When our children come home with a story of some happening at school in which they were involved, do we just ignore it, or are we concerned enough to go and talk it over with the teacher? And are we willing to stand behind the teacher when we realize our children are in the wrong?

Are we willing to attend parent-teacher meetings, or do we go just because we have to, and then only once or twice a year? Let's attend regularly, for it is necessary that all the parents keep track of what is happening at school and help keep a school the way it should be kept. What about helping with the work at school, like cleaning the schoolhouse and the playground in the fall? Do we think this is the board members' job? Working together like this can be a blessing in more ways than one.

I have one more question which has caused a concern among some board members. Do we pay our tuition when it is due?

Let us imagine a teacher would not dismiss her pupils on time and they would come home just whenever she happened to be ready to dismiss. I believe we'd have some very dissatisfied parents and I would be one of them. So if we expect our teachers to be prompt, then we should be prompt, too, and not make them wait for their pay until it suits us to give it. I know it is hard to make ends meet at times, yet I feel if we place our trust in God and spend the money we have wisely, then there will be enough left over to pay our tuition when it is due.

Everything I have written is meant for me just as much as for anyone else. We ask to be remembered in your prayers.

Sincerely,
Omar A. Miller

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

DEAR READERS,

Tonight as I reminisce over the day's occurrences, my heart is filled with gratitude for being blessed with such a loving community. Little do parents and pupils realize what a few words spoken in the right way will do to lighten the teacher's heart.

Since this was the first day of the term, it was especially encouraging to be aware of the fact that the parents are concerned that school might be successful for the pupils as well as for the teacher. Also, most of the pupils seemed to be eager to start another new grade. This is another encouragement for the teacher.

A sixth - grade girl, upon arriving at school quite early, told me she could hardly keep herself from running all the way to school. How it thrilled me to know she was so eager to come back. I hope her enthusiasm will last throughout the term.

Soon a little beginner, who had been at school a few weeks last spring, came with a note from his mother. She mentioned that last night as Enos was getting ready for bed he had said he was so glad to go to school tomorrow. I would never have guessed it if she hadn't taken time to write it, for he was too shy to respond when I talked to him.

For a few months I had been looking forward to the time when I'd meet the new family which was coming from a public school to our one-room school. This morning the boys' father brought them. What a nice way of getting acquainted! He seemed very willing to cooperate with the teacher, saying they want their boys to be obedient, and if they prove otherwise, they want to know about it. It is encouraging to know we have one more cooperative family in the school district.

Yes, tonight my heart is full of thankfulness. The thoughtful remarks which I received this morning were greatly appreciated. So parents, don't think your words of encouragement were in vain. We teachers need them!

Saloma Rudy

THE YOUNG TEACHER

The teacher firmly made her rules
And trusted her pupils would heed;
She hoped all things would iron out,
And would not gain a lead.
She'd talk in no uncertain terms,
If disorder caused the need.

Ruth dwadled with her lessons;
She must work them at noon.
"If you do not improve, Ruth,
A whipping must follow soon."
Again and again Ruth got behind;
Again and again she worked at noon,
But no whipping followed soon.

She found the little ones talking,
And said, "Be quiet, please,"
Again and again she caught them,
Whispering on with ease.
So each day she told them
To be more quiet, please.
But they whispered on with ease.

Slow Freeman left his work undone;
Said Teacher, "Stay after school."
Dismissal came; he hurried out;
Said she, "Please heed my rule!"
He left, for he wasn't going to be
Seen staying after school.
He was not punished for breaking the rule.

This teacher was young; she did not know
That obedience must be taught,
And threats should not be meted out
Unless they can be wrought.
Let's not condemn, but meditate
The lesson this has taught.

-Jamesport, Missouri

TEACHER, WHAT CAN I DO NOW?

-by Martha Helmuth

Keeping all the pupils busy is a problem— one that is as old as our schools themselves. In order to cope with this problem, a teacher must learn when to give her pupils extra busy work and when to say, "Get busy!"

NOW WHEN YOU GET this page done in your number book," Irma Bontrager told her second-grade class, "you may write the numbers from one hundred to two hundred."

As the second grade left the classroom table, Irma looked up and saw Raymond, a first grader, turn around in his seat and make a face at Esther.

"Raymond," began Irma, "are you finished with that coloring I gave you?"

Raymond nodded his head.

"May I see it?" asked Irma as she walked back to his seat.

Reluctantly he held up his picture for her to see.

"Why, Raymond," rebuked Irma, "you used to color better than that the first week of school."

Raymond slumped in his seat, his face wilting as he did so, " I don't like to color," he complained.

"Well, find yourself something else to do until the others are finished," Irma told him.

Esther raised her hand.

"Yes, Esther?" Irma asked.

"Teacher, what can I do now?" she asked.

Irma thought a moment. "Go get a library book."

"May I have one too?" asked Raymond.

"Okay, you may get one as soon as Esther has hers," answered Irma.

As she walked back to her desk, she saw that Owen was slumped in his desk, playing with his pencils. His picture, only partly colored, was lying on his desk.

Taking hold of Owen's shoulder, Irma told him to sit up and get busy with his coloring.

Irma sighed as she picked up her third-grade arithmetic book. Everything seemed to be going wrong this morning. Glancing over her classroom, she saw that a number of the children were idle, waiting until she could give their new assignments. Sixth-grade Willis was staring out the window. Mary Ann was toying with her pencils and occasionally rolling one over the desk top. Jonas was reading a library book and Wilma was cleaning her finger nails. She gasped as her gaze fell on the clock. Frustration filled her as she called the third-grade class to the table.

Susie raised her hand.

"Yes, Susie?" asked Irma.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"Are you done writing those numbers already?" asked Irma with surprise.

Susie nodded her head.

"Would you like to have a picture to color, too?" Irma asked.

Susie frowned. "I'm tired of coloring," she told Irma.

"What about a library book, then?" suggested Irma.

Susie shrugged her shoulders then slowly got up to go to the library.

There was the sound of restlessness in the first-grade row and Irma turned just in time to see Esther and Raymond exchange their library books. Since there were very few books in the school library for younger children, they simply leafed through them and then were ready for something else.

Irma glanced at the second grade again and saw that they were all finished writing their numbers but Owen. What had seemed like just a few minutes had been enough time for them to write their numbers and now they were sitting there idle again. Would she ever be able to keep them all busy?

Irma continued with her classes. The day finally passed with each period bringing its two extremes— children who were done with their work and got into mischief because they had nothing else to do and those who had a constant struggle to keep up with the rest.

That evening after the children had left for home, Irma sat at her desk, filled with frustration and despair. The stack of papers that needed checking was left unnoticed as her mind went back over the day with its problems.

"What can I do to keep these children busy?" she asked herself for the hundredth time. "They are so tired of doing the same things over, but what can they do? Color? Write the numbers and A B C's? What else? I wish I wouldn't be so far away from other teachers so I could see them more often. Perhaps I could get some good ideas from them." Irma roused herself from her despair, picked up her pencil, and started checking papers, her mind still more on her problem than the papers she was checking.

Irma's problem is not a new or unusual one. Every experienced teacher knows that it is nearly impossible to gear the assignments to fit all the students. Some of them will always be done in plenty of time and others will always have a struggle to keep up. For a few, the less you give them to do the less they will get done.

What is the answer to the problem, then? Probably no one has really found all the answers, for it's a problem that's as old as the schools. The first and second grade are the most difficult to keep busy, but there are always a few of the older pupils who will also need something extra—something that will keep them busy and is educational at the same time.

For the lower grades many teachers have resorted to drawing pictures, coloring, and writing numbers or A B C's as busy work. They have their place in the classroom, but children can't thrive on that alone as busy work. How much of your busy work is merely busy work—just something to do, and nothing more? Or is your busy work also educational?

Many schools have Puzzle Books with cutting, pasting, and matching which are both enjoyable and educational for children.

Quite a few workbooks containing seatwork for early first grade are available from various school supply catalogs. Thinking Skills, Visual Motor Skills, and Visual Discrimination are three such duplicating books from Continental Press, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, which are valuable for first grade to use at the beginning of the year. Other workbooks in regular ink such as Reading and Thinking Skills, Phonics and Word analysis and others may be acquired at the same company.

During the first few months, first graders may need some meaningful excuse to get out of their desks. If you have a set of reference books, they will likely be numbered or alphabetically marked. Occasionally the older pupils carelessly allow these to get out of order. The younger ones feel quite important to be allowed to straighten them up. (One teacher says she sometimes mixes the books up herself when no one is looking.)

If you have a set of alphabet cards, set them up in jumbled order. Let a child, or even two, set them up in proper order. They could then copy the alphabet a number of times. You may also have small letter cards similar to anograms, but smaller and containing both upper and lower case letters. A teacher can give her child a number of similar exercises at the desk, such as arranging them in proper order, sorting the capital from the small letters and so on. Later they may also spell words with these.

For a variation for the above, the teacher may place a number of word cards, each beginning with a different letter, on a table or chalk tray and let a child arrange them alphabetically. Later, write three words on the board and have the children copy them, showing their alphabetical order.

Example: 2 apple
1 and
3 ate

A teacher can also make duplicating sheets for busy work. One type may have instructions to draw a given number of pictures and color them according to directions. For example: "Draw five dogs. Color three dogs brown. Color two dogs black." There may be as many as five or six similar exercises on the same page.

Another type of exercise may show four trees with the instructions, "Draw more trees to make eight trees."

After children have learned to add and subtract, teach them to copy simple problems from the board at the earliest possible time. Then you may write extra problems on the board and let them copy and work them. The first few times this will keep them busy for quite a while, but they will soon pick up speed.

An even quicker way for the teacher is to have one of the fast workers set up flash cards on the chalk tray and let them copy and work those problems. Arithmetic textbooks for first and second grade (and other grades) are also available from various companies which have proved valuable as a supplement to their regular workbooks. They contain many practice pages and also pages with simple story problems which are especially good to use during the second semester.

Many schools may have sets of small word cards. The children may be given these and told to compose sentences with them.

A teacher may also duplicate a sheet of simple sentences, leaving plenty of space between the sentences. Give the children this sheet and a magazine and tell them to cut words from the magazine to match the sample sentences. Have them paste these words in the correct order in the space provided on their papers.

As soon as they can, let them write sentences of their own. (This may be sooner than many teachers realize.) When first grade is introduced to their new spelling words on the board, let them use each word in an oral sentence. After they have done this several times, teach them to write sentences using their spelling words. (At first, it may be a good idea to let them use the words in oral sentences then also in written sentences.) In the beginning, this will be time consuming for the teacher, but it will soon pay off. Stress using capital letters and periods. Encourage them to sound out the words they don't know how to spell. If desired, an older pupil that is out of work may be asked to help them with the spelling of words. However, children tend to become too dependent on help if it's easily available all the time.

Second graders will also be able to write sentences using spelling words. It is a good idea to prepare lists of words other than spelling words that may be written on the board for them to use in sentences when they need extra work. Children might exchange papers when everyone is finished and check them for capital letters and periods, before handing them in to the teacher.

Simple sentences may be jumbled and written on the board for the children to

TEACHING AIDS

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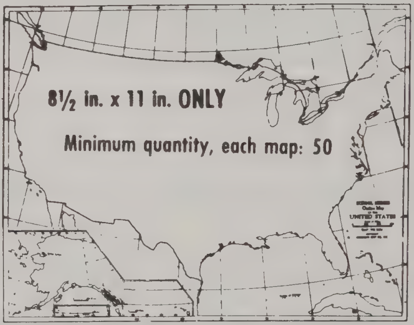

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copy correctly on their papers. Later simple stories with sentences out of order may be written on the board which children could copy in correct sequence.

A teacher may also have her second graders jumble some of their spelling words and then exchange papers and let them unjumble them again.

A long word may be written on the blackboard. Then ask the pupils to make as many words from it as they can. This is good for grade three and four but might work for more alert second graders too. A word such as dictionary or Thanksgiving or discipline might be the key word. (Having a key word containing an "e" makes it easier.) Words of two or more letters should be used. Encourage the pupils to look up any doubtful words in the dictionary. (Upper graders can also profit from this type of exercise.)

Memory work is beneficial for any pupils but especially for the young ones. A short poem, Bible verse or wise saying could be given to the non-busy pupil to memorize.

Have workbooks for each subject (one copy only) from a company whose workbook you aren't using. When a pupil has nothing to do, the teacher could hand this to him and have him work certain pages, either reviewing something or doing a page of the same type of problem that he is doing in his own workbook. The pupil should work his problems and write his answers, not in the workbook, but on a sheet of paper. This way the workbook can be used by many pupils for a number of years. An older pupil should be asked to check the work to see if it was done correctly.

If your school has a well-stocked library for younger children, let each one choose a book under teacher's supervision. After he has read it, have him write a short report on the story. It may consist of only a few sentences, telling what he learned from the book and why he liked it. Children might also draw a picture to go with the book they read, making material for an interesting bulletin board.

Children could write and illustrate their own story. Usually it is the better pupils who are done with their lessons before the others. He could write a short story, making a booklet out of it and illustrating it on every other page.

Something worthwhile is to have the pupil retell his reading lesson (story) in his own words in five or six sentences. This will train him to distinguish the plot.

Writing a letter to an invalid, or relatives and friends who live in distant communities is worthwhile to both the sender and the receiver. Have the pupils take the letters home to be mailed by the parents.

An older pupil who is done with his work could be used sometimes to drill first or second graders at a table in the back of the room providing it is done in a serious way and not so often as to give the pupil-teacher a superior feeling or opinion of herself. In the same way, pupils may do various things for the teacher which will keep him busy and help the teacher at the same time. Some such jobs might be checking simple first and second grade work or removing displays from bulletin boards.

Have older pupils hunt certain types of words in their reading story. For example: have them list all the action verbs and action verb phrases and see who finds the most. Or have them hunt nouns which have a descriptive adjective, circling the noun and underlining the adjective. Or they could make a list of the proper nouns they found in the story. This is very educational busy work that need not be done at one sitting but can be worked on in any free moments.

Library books, book reports, and themes are also good for older children. Other projects may be found in last year's Blackboard Bulletin or in new issues this year. Keep your busy-work ideas at your finger tips so you will have them handy when you need them.

Give the children credit for their extra work whenever suitable. One teacher says, "I like to have seals on hand for some of the longer written seat work, such as stories, which are done in the child's best efforts. These particular seals are never used for any other work so they stay special."

Children need seatwork, but some teachers have become slaves to the children who need busy work, always trying to supply them with something new and different. Instead of depending partly on their own resources for busy work, the children rely solely on seat work supplied by the teacher. Children should be taught to keep themselves busy until they are given something else to do. Teachers should remind them of various things they had been taught to do earlier, rather than always give them some specific assignment.

Even if children do keep themselves busy part of the time, they cannot be expected to keep themselves busy all the time without the teacher giving them other seatwork. It is this seatwork that gives them ideas for keeping themselves busy on their own later, but the teacher needs to know when to give them something else to do or when to say, "Get busy."

CRITICIZING THE TEACHER

Author's name withheld

The women and several girls were visiting one Sunday after church when suddenly my attention was drawn to a seventh-grade girl who attended a neighboring school. Her voice showed disapproval as she said, "Last year when Aunt Salina was our teacher we got to sing oftener than we do this year. We sang in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. This year we only sing twice a day. Sometimes Elaine makes me so angry!"

"Yes, I remember when Salina used to come to our place to learn songs from my husband," said the woman to whom Linda, the seventh grader, was talking. "He used to teach her songs from the Ausbund so she could teach them to the pupils."

"And when our teacher does sing slow hymns, she only sings them once," continued Linda. "We sure had a hard time singing that one song the other morning. When Aunt Salina was our teacher she used to sing a song over and over until we could sing it, too."

SHEPHERD OF SOULS

-by C. J. Sharp

If shepherds tending little lambs
Shall render record true
For every lamb within their care,
What means that fact to you—
Ye in whose care immortal souls
Are placed in care for One
Who trusts to you to keep them safe
'Til day and night are done?

If one lone lamb is lost betimes,
The Shepherd true is grieved.
Each one is precious in His sight;
Each one, a trust received.
Then how much more the children's souls
He trusts to you and me
To feed and guide and keep for Him
For all eternity?

Can any task on earth be found
More sacred to the Lord
Than shepherding of children's souls
And teaching them His Word?
No shepherd's task can half compare
With that wherein is given
The care of God's own little ones
To bring them safe to heaven.

"Yes, but not all teachers are alike," defended my cousin, who was also a teacher before she was married.

"I know," Linda hastened to say. "But our school this year doesn't even seem like school. Teacher is always saying things to make us laugh, then she tells us to be quiet. Aunt Salina wasn't so bossy either, like this teacher is."

"Some people say that "bossy" teachers are the best ones," stated my cousin mildly.

"But not that bossy," Linda insisted. "Aunt Salina was bossy, too, but not nearly like this teacher is."

I found it hard to keep quiet. I wondered why Linda's mother didn't tell her to stop talking like this, but she sat nearby and laughed as if her daughter were telling a funny joke. Soon the conversation drifted to other subjects, but my mind didn't. Green Valley was having a hard time of it this term. For several years before, Salina Miller had taught the school and taught it well. But she had an advantage this year's teacher, Elaine Stoll, didn't have. Most of the children had been her nieces and nephews and when the children went home complaining about their teacher they were told, "Now, hush! You know Aunt Salina is doing the best she knows how!" But this year was different, as the conversation I had overheard proved.

Several weeks before I had heard this same girl tell another girl how inconsiderate her new teacher was. "We have to raise our hand whenever we want to go take an assignment we finished to the teacher's desk. And even then if Elaine is having a class she says, 'No!' She makes me so angry!"

I just had to remember then how we used to lay our finished work on the corner of the desk and when recess time came someone carried the waste basket around and someone else gathered up the papers that were ready to hand in. And we never complained, for that was the rule and we soon got used to it. We had been taught at home to obey rules.

I always thought it was the parents' duty to stand behind a teacher and pray for her. How can they do this if they criticize her openly and let their children do the same?

- Missouri

*All names and situations have been changed.

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Three -- Encouraged or Discouraged

"WELL, WHAT A SURPRISE!" said Katie Lehman, coming to the door of her schoolhouse. "I can't believe that Aunt Alta has really come to visit my school."

"But she did," said Mrs. Jake Petersheim pleasantly. "And this is Orpha Wengerd, the teacher who boards at our place. We've been wanting to have her take a day off to visit schools, so we decided to plan it for this week so the children can help husk corn."

"Well, I'm sure glad you came," said Katie, shaking hands. "Come on in. We're just ready to start with our morning devotions."

"I'm glad," whispered Orpha softly. "I was hoping we'd be here in time for that."

"Yes, I thought we had plenty of time, but Prince must have thought so, too," said Alta. "He wasn't interested in hurrying very fast."

Katie smiled in a friendly way. "We'll go on with our schedule, and then maybe we can visit at recess." she said.

"Sure," said Orpha. She settled back into her chair to watch how Katie conducted the devotions. Then as classes began she marveled at the smoothness with which the teacher and pupils seemed to work together. Once in a while a pupil raised his hand and had a question, but for the most part everyone seemed to know what to do, when to do it, and how. Orpha felt a tinge of envy as she saw this well-run school.

"What's the use of trying?" she asked herself. "I'm not sure I was made to be a teacher. I wonder what ever made me think I was." As she sat in the classroom that morning, Orpha was no longer a teacher. She was a hired girl once more—a hired girl with more work than she could do, but she was free and happy. She remembered the amount of work she used to be able to accomplish in a day. She used to go to bed tired, but there was the satisfaction of knowing she had done something and done it right. Since she was teaching she wasn't sure whether she had accomplished something every day or not. She hoped she had, but on some days it was pretty slight. Never was there a satisfaction like the satisfaction of surveying a freshly painted room or putting away the last of a huge laundry. Orpha wondered if ever the time came when a teacher got to the point where she could sit down and say, "I'm done." No, it seemed teaching was like working in a long field. When you reached the end of one row, there was always another row to take, then another, and another.

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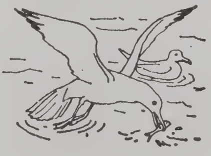

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"Now, if I could have a classroom like this," thought Orpha. "This is almost like the classroom I attended when I went to school, with all the extra projects they have on the wall, and the quiet orderliness. What I wouldn't give for a school like this! But then, I'll never have it, because I'm simply not really a teacher."

"Third grade arithmetic," called Katie, bringing Orpha back to reality. "How did you get along today? Did you remember to borrow?"

Was Orpha really hearing right? Did other teachers have trouble teaching subtraction, too? Her own third graders had been working on this for three days, and yesterday the scores had all been below sixty-five. Some of the children had borrowed and forgotten to make the number they borrowed from one less; others hadn't borrowed at all. Orpha was concentrating now. She wanted to see how Katie coped with third graders who couldn't understand borrowing in subtraction.

"First, let's review what we have learned," said Katie. "You may take turns answering these questions, Johnny, when do we borrow—when we add or when we subtract?"

"When we subtract," answered Johnny promptly.

"Do we always have to borrow?" Katie asked next.

"No, just when the top number is smaller than the bottom one." answered the next boy.

"And where do we go to borrow, once we are sure we have to borrow?"

"To the first number on the left," said Annie.

"Good," said Katie. "And when we have borrowed, what does that do to the number

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we borrowed from?" she asked.

"It makes it one smaller," answered the little girl on the end of the bench.

"Yes, it makes it one smaller, because that number gave one to the neighbor who came to borrow," said Katie. "Ah, what happens when we don't borrow?"

Every hand went up. It was plain to see everyone knew the answer. "Yes, Mary?" said Katie.

"It's like we were standing on our heads," she giggled turning around to see if the visitors had heard.

"Yes," chuckled Katie. Turning to the visitors she explained, "We had quite a hard time with borrowing this year. We worked at it for a whole week and still some of the children forgot to borrow and subtracted up-side-down. Then I told them that's like standing on our heads. And we can't get the right answer when we stand on our heads, can we?" Her glance shifted back to the class.

"No-o-o-o!" chorused the children, shaking their heads from side to side.

"One more question before we check," said Katie. "How can we make sure the answer is right?"

"By adding the answer and the bottom number of the problem," answered Johnny. "The answer is supposed to be the same as the top number."

"Very good," said Katie. "I think you have learned to borrow in subtraction now, but we'll find out for sure when we've checked." She paused. "Ah, Mary, do you have time to help the children check?" she asked.

A tall girl in the upper-grade section walked to the class table and took the answer book. Quickly Orpha wrote another note into her little book. She had picked up another time saving clue.

As Katie went on with the next class, this girl read the answers.

"Why didn't I think of that myself?" wondered Orpha. "Why, any upper-grade girl could read answers as well as I can. I'd have that extra time to explain new work to the next grade." As time went on Orpha found herself thinking of the questions Katie had asked the children in grade three arithmetic. Orpha determined to do the same thing. She had told her pupils these same facts, but children probably did remember better when they answered questions rather than listened to facts. She also remembered that Katie had said they had worked with borrowing in arithmetic for a whole week. Was that really true? Did it really take that long to teach a simple lesson like borrowing in arithmetic? Orpha made a note so she wouldn't forget to ask Katie at recess.

"How do you like teaching?" asked Kaite when recess time came. "I sure have been looking forward to meeting you. I guess I did meet you once last summer at a teacher's meeting, but there were so many teachers there, I didn't talk very much with you."

"I wouldn't have known you either," said Orpha, trying to avoid Katie's first question.

"Is it going all right?" Katie asked.

"Oh, I guess," said Orpha half-heartedly. "It's not going like I think it should. We're having a hard time with third grade arithmetic, too. The day before yesterday I thought I wasn't going to give up until those children understood. Finally I thought they knew how, but don't you know, yesterday in class not one score was above passing!"

"That's typical for beginning borrowers," said Katie. "Once in a while I have a group that catches on in a day or two, but usually it takes a week until they know well enough to always remember."

"A week!" said Orpha. "A whole week? If it takes a week to teach borrowing in subtraction, then how long does it take to teach long division? That's coming up in grade five before long."

"That won't take longer than borrowing in grade three," said Katie. "Remember you are dealing with older children there."

When it was time for the bell Katie went back to her work, leaving Orpha and Alta at the back of the room. Orpha was spellbound by the expressive reading she heard during the next period. Once more she was discouraged. Her pupils were so far behind, and they weren't catching up very fast either.

"How do you do it?" she asked Katie when the period was over and the women sat at the back of the room with their lunches. "It almost takes my teaching ambition away when I see how far behind my children are." The look on Orpha's face betrayed the discouragement she felt.

"You make me think of my first year of teaching," said Katie. "I felt the same way — that other teachers were so far ahead of me. I never stopped to realize, until another teacher told me, that every teacher has to go through her first year, and the sailing is bound to be rough at times. I still think my first year of teaching was my most challanging one though, for I had so many things to learn myself."

"I didn't think other teacher's felt that way," admitted Orpha.

Katie chuckled. "You haven't been around teachers very much, or you would have heard them tell about it," she said. "That's something you'll never grow out of, no matter how long you teach. Teaching will still have trials that tempt us to be discouraged and too often I yeild to the temptation. It is only through patience, trials, and help from God that we teachers can accomplish anything."

Orpha sat and watched Katie's earnest face as she talked. "But-but just look at all these things I saw here which I can never get done," she said hopelessly.

"Well, you simply can't expect to step into a classroom and teach as if you had five or seven or ten years of experience," said Katie. "I know, because I was another teacher who tried it. I used to get discouraged, too, when I visited schools. Only when I realized that the purpose of visiting schools is to gather tips and ideas did I gain anything out of it. Up until the time I realized that, I often came home more discouraged than encouraged." Her earnest voice lowered. "Excuse me, I didn't mean to lecture you," she added.

Orpha's sandwich was still in her hand. She wasn't interested in eating. She wanted to talk, or rather, listen. "It's all right," she said. "I know I needed it. I'll try hard to remember what you told me." She turned to Alta. "Do you think we should go on?"

"Any time you're ready," said Alta, glancing at the clock. "It'll take us only fifteen minutes or so to drive over to Oak Ridge from here."

"Then maybe we should go," said Orpha. "I'll eat on the way." Turning to Katie she said, "I'm sure glad I came to visit your school. I learned a lot this forenoon, but I learned even more at noon here. You're more than welcome to come visit us sometime, although you won't see anything compared to what I saw here." She grinned knowingly. "I'm a first year teacher, you know."

"Don't worry about that," answered Katie. "Usually I can learn from any school I'm visiting, whether the teacher is in her first year or in her tenth.

TO BE CONTINUED

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to READ ALOUD

One Unwilling Workman

-by Elizabeth Miller

LEVI MAST SLOWED DOWN to a walk, then he ran again. He was late this morning. Well, not really late, but later than he had wanted to be. The boys in the fifth grade at school had formed a carpenter crew and were putting up a little log cabin on the corner of the playground. Today it was Levi's turn to be foreman of the crew, and he wanted to be the first of the carpenters to be at work.

"Maybe I can still make it if I hurry," Levi told himself. He shifted the bundle of baler twines he was carrying to the other arm. "I didn't realize these things were this heavy." When he reached the top of the hill and was able to see the schoolhouse, he was relieved to see that the playground was still empty. Just then three boys came out of the schoolhouse and walked over to where the building project was. Levi broke into a run again. Before the other workers had started working, he was with them.

"G'morning," he greeted, trying to sound businesslike.

"G'morning," greeted the other boys,

"What's the twine for?" asked Wesley.

"I got an idea," Levi began. "Yesterday we were having trouble keeping the walls straight and the logs wanted to roll out of place. I thought we could use twine to tie the corners together." He looked at the other boys, hoping they would like his idea.

Daniel looked puzzled. "I don't know how you're going to do it so it would help any," he said.

"Like this," said Levi. He yanked a twine out of the bunch and demonstrated his idea. "By tying each joint, we'd have a stronger cabin when we're through," he concluded.

"But you mean we're going to have to start all over?" asked Albert.

"Sure," said Levi. "It won't take that long to redo what we've done so far. Besides, we should have used the thickest logs at the bottom and the thinner ones farther up." He reached out and shook one of the walls. "See, the way we have it now, this cabin's going to be so top-heavy it won't be able to hold its roof."

Just then Freeman and Raymond walked up, and the carpenter gang was complete. "What do you say, boys?" asked Daniel, turning to the latest arrivals. "Our foreman declares our cabin is going to be top-heavy the way we have it. He thinks we should start over, using the thickest logs at the bottom and save the thinner ones for the top. And he also thinks the corners should be reinforced with baler twine."

⇨

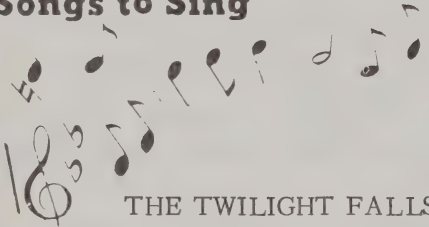
The six boyish carpenters stood and stared at the structure before them. Each of them thought of the time they had spent in the woods right next to the playground gathering fallen branches to use for logs. They remembered how they had tried to break them into the right lengths and then stacked them to form the four walls of their cabin. They had spent all their recess periods yesterday building the walls, and now Levi thought they should tear them down and start over.

"If we did start over and tied each joint as we went, it would be easier to fill in the cracks with leaves," said Daniel, breaking the silence.

"I agree," said Wesley. "We could do a much neater job if we started over."

Just when Levi thought the boys were all going to agree to follow his plan, Freeman spoke up. "But think of all the work we have in this thing already," he said. "I sure hate to tear it down just because the right sticks aren't in the right place."

Songs to Sing



THE TWILIGHT FALLS
6,8,6,8.

Suggested tune:
"Nun Sich der Tag"

The twilight falls, the night is near;
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.
'Tis an old story, yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
For cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

And He has loved me; all my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart,
Finds healing in His word.
So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who loves and cares for all.

"Logs—not sticks," corrected Daniel.

"They're sticks if you ask me," said Freeman disgustedly. "Just plain crooked old sticks."

"Yesterday when you were foreman you called them logs and corrected us if we didn't," said Levi, suddenly remembering his position of authority. "So you'd better call them logs today, too."

"We're not getting anyplace by standing here arguing," said Daniel. "Are we going to start over or aren't we?"

"Let's," said Wesley. I think it will be worth it."

Immediately the boys set to work—all except Freeman. He stood and watched with a sullen look on his face.

"Sort the logs as you take them down," ordered the foreman. "Put the thickest ones on a pile, the middle-sized ones on another, and the thinnest ones on a third." He saw Freeman standing by. "Come on, Freeman. You're loafing on the job."

A glint of anger came to Freeman's eyes. Without a word he walked up to the cabin and gave the one wall a kick that sent the pieces of wood flying.

"Stop it!" shouted Levi. "What do you think you're doing?"

"You wanted them torn down, didn't you?" asked Freeman. "Can you do it any faster?"

Levi didn't answer. He just helped the other boys pick up the scattered logs and sort them on the different piles. Before long Freeman was helping, too. They were almost done when the bell rang and the six carpenters had to become six school boys and go in for morning classes.

At recess they were back on the job. "You know, I think we should gather some more logs before we start building," said Levi. "Since we're going to use the thickest ones at the bottom, we'll have to gather plenty before we start. First thing we know, we won't have enough, then we'll have to use just thin ones. Thick ones fill up faster anyway."

"Think again if you think I'm going to gather a lot of old sticks we're not even going to use," said Freeman with a sneer. "I still think the cabin was good enough as it was."

"If you don't want to gather logs, then you can untangle these baler twines and get them ready," offered Levi. "Daniel can help. We are going to need a lot and it's going to be handy if they're ready to use."

Freeman didn't look very enthused about the job Levi gave him, but he set to work. Levi noticed he was talking to Daniel in an undertone all the time they worked.

"All right, I think we have enough," said Levi after a while. "Let's get started laying logs. Come on, Freeman and Daniel, we're going to need you, too." He stepped around, getting his workers organized. He stationed a boy with twine at each corner of where the building was to be erected. This left two boys to carry the logs and place them into position. It didn't take the boys long to catch on. One layer went into place and was tied, then another and another. They had five layers when the bell interrupted them once more.

"We've got a real good start," said Levi as the boys ran for the schoolhouse. "We're all set to really work at noon."

But at noon the work didn't go as fast as Levi had hoped it would, Freeman and Daniel failed to show up for work. When the boys went to find out why they didn't come, they told them they wanted to help the older boys play ball. The other four workers did the best they could, but they were short in helpers. The progress they made was slow, and none of the boys seemed quite as enthusiastic as before. When the bell rang the walls were only about half as high as they had been in the morning when they tore them down.

Levi had a hard time concentrating that afternoon. He sat in his desk with his geography book on his desk, waiting for class. His eyes were glued to the window, but he didn't see the scenery that lay outside. He was thinking about the building project. "It's all Freeman's fault," he thought bitterly. "He lost interest, and talked to Daniel until Daniel wasn't interested anymore either. He'll probably keep on until he has all the other boys quitting, too. One unwilling workman sure can make a mess of things."

"Levi, are you done with all your work?" Teacher Emma's voice brought Levi back to reality in a hurry. Without answering he sat up and stared into his geography book. He knew he hadn't finished his English assignment, and there was arithmetic he hadn't finished for tomorrow, and that project they were supposed to work on for the bulletin board. They were supposed to have that done by Friday morning and this was only Wednesday. There was plenty of time for that tomorrow. Today he didn't feel like working.

"I hope you fifth graders haven't forgotten about the bulletin board project," Teacher Emma said. "I'm planning to look at what you've done tonight. Then if there is anything that needs to be redone, you'll have tomorrow to work on it."

Levi frowned even deeper now. That meant he had to get to work and get to work today. "No matter what I do, I can expect to do it over," he grumbled under his breath. He got out his tablet and slammed it on top of his desk. They were supposed to pretend they were visiting the New England states and write a letter home telling about what they were seeing. And as if that weren't enough, they had to draw pictures showing scenes that were to resemble picture post cards. The letters and the pictures were to be displayed on the bulletin board. I wish our school didn't have a bulletin board," muttered Levi to himself.

Before he had even started with the letter it was time for geography class, then it was time for recess. "How are you coming on your geography picture?" asked Wesley, as they were on their way out to the cabin.

"I haven't even started with my letter," said Levi.

"Didn't you do your picture either?" asked Wesley.

"Nope," Levi shook his head. "Have you?"

"I've got it started, but I'm afraid I won't get it done this afternoon," he said.

"You've got tomorrow yet, too," said Levi.

"But Teacher said she wants to see it tonight," reminded Wesley.

"Well, I don't have it done and that's that," stated Levi. "And I think it's just as well, too, because Teacher said she wants to tell us how to do them over. If I'm not done, then I won't have to do mine over. She'll have to take what I've got tomorrow night."

"Say, that's an idea," said Wesley. "Why don't we just hold our pictures back, even if we have them done."

"Yes, let's," agreed Albert.

Levi's voice showed relief. "That way I won't be the only one who won't have a picture to show tonight. He picked up a log and placed it into position while Albert and Wesley got their twines ready to tie the corners. "I think bulletin board projects are for girls anyway."

"They're better drawers than we are," agreed Wesley. "Teacher's always bragging on them. Let them do the drawing."

Raymond's pretty good, though, too," said Albert.

The mention of Raymond's name reminded Levi of something. "Hey, where is Raymond anyhow?" he asked.

Albert shrugged. "I thought he was coming," he said. "He's usually behind and I didn't wait on him."

Wesley glanced over the ball diamond. "He's helping play ball," he announced. "Way out in left field."

Levi's heart sank. "I bet Freeman talked him into playing ball instead of helping us," he said to the other boys. "I don't think much of him for acting like he does today. Yesterday when it was his turn to be foreman he liked it well enough."

"He didn't like the idea of doing this thing over," said Albert. "To tell the truth, I didn't either at first."

"But look what we have now," said Levi, standing back to survey the work. "It's really going to be neat when we're done."

"I think so, too," said Wesley. "That is, if we ever get it done."

Levi looked at Wesley sharply. "You're not going to quit yet, too, are you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Not yet," answered Wesley. "Tomorrow is my day to be foreman."

"I sure hope the three of us stick together until we're done," said Levi. "We're not quitters like the others." He looked at Albert and waited for him to say something. Albert remained silent and Levi didn't like the look on his face. "It's all because of Freeman," Levi thought to himself. "If he had stuck to it, then the others would have, too. I know they would have."

The bell rang, calling the boys back to the classroom. After spelling class Levi got out his tablet again. He glanced at the clock. He had forty minutes to write his letter. He paged through the textbook and glanced at the pictures. "How am I supposed to know what it's like in the New England States if I've never been there?" he wondered with a frown.

When Teacher Emma asked the fifth graders to get out their work so she could look at it, Levi had written only two short paragraphs. Sullenly he sat and waited while the teacher commented on the other pupils' work and gave suggestions for improvement. Then Teacher came to Albert's desk. "Where is your picture?" she asked.

"It's not done," said Albert.

"Your letter is very neat," said Emma. "I hope your picture will be, too." She went on to Levi's desk. "And where's yours?"

"It's not done either," stated Levi.

"Have you started on it?" asked Emma.

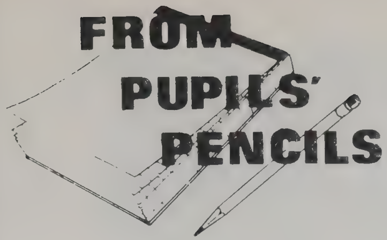
Levi shook his head.

Emma glanced at Levi's short letter and sighed. "Levi, you could do much better if you only tried," she said. "If only you realized how much your attitude is affecting the whole class." Without another word she went on to the next fifth grader.

Half an hour later Levi was on his way home from school. His head hung lower than usual. Today sure had been different from what he had expected it to be. He was disappointed in the building project. But that wasn't what bothered him most. He knew he wasn't the only disappointed person in school that evening. Teacher was disappointed in him.

"At noon I blamed Freeman for being an unwilling workman and spoiling my project," he thought. "I guess I should blame myself for doing the same thing. I spoiled Teacher's project."

Suddenly Levi knew what he was going to do. He quickened his steps. "I know it's going to keep me busy to have it finished by tomorrow night, but maybe if I hurry I can start on my share of the bulletin board project after supper tonight," he thought.



A SUDDEN STOP

—by Esther Kuhns

The school I go to is anything but pretty, speaking of the schoolhouse itself. The walls are cracked and we have no basement.

But nature all around the schoolhouse is beautiful. On every side are big hills and many tall trees which seem to surround our little red schoolhouse as though it were a nest. Every winter we have great fun coasting down those huge hills with our sleds.

Last winter one day I took a ride which was not so pleasant. It happened during the noon hour. Taking my sled, I offered to give one of the fourth-grade girls a ride. Eagerly we started off, not suspecting we'd stop so suddenly. All at once the iron swing set was right in front of me. CRASH! We rammed into it. I was knocked out.

"My nose is falling off," I kept saying, although I don't remember saying it.

The first I remember I was back in the schoolhouse sitting in a big chair with all the children around me, looking very anxious.

My brother hurried home to tell my parents, but when he came home, they had gone to the hospital. My mother had suddenly become sick that morning and had to have an operation.

Grandma was there, so she got a neighbor to bring me home. My leg and hip were badly bruised, and I couldn't walk for a week so I did my lessons at home.

Even though this happened, I'm anxious to go sled riding this winter.

Applecreek, Ohio
Age 12, Grade 6

BITTEN BY A SNAKE

-by Paul Yutzy

"Wait for me," hollered Glen as he tried to catch up with me.

"Hurry up. I want to reach that old junk pile before dark," I called back.

Crossing the creek and jumping the fence, we soon neared the woods where the junk pile was.

In the twilight I scanned over the pile of junk to see if I could find a five-gallon pail. "I can't find what I want, so we might as well go on home," I told Glen after a while.

We were just turning to leave when suddenly I felt a sharp sting go through my left foot. By giving my foot a vigorous shake, I loosened the firm grip of a vicious snake's fangs.

"What happened?" asked Glen excitedly.

"A snake bit me!" I exclaimed. "Let's go home."

Qucikly we ran the 1/4 mile up to the house.

When Dad found out he told me to put my foot in a tub of water. Then he took a new razor-blade and made a deep cut right behind the bite above the big toe.

"Do you know what kind of snake bit you?" asked the doctor as soon as we got to the hospital.

"A copperhead I think," I replied wincing with pain as he gave me two shots of anti-serum in my foot.

By this time my toe was black and blue and my foot had begun to swell.

"By tomorrow your whole foot will be black and blue, and you will probably stay here a week," stated the doctor as they prepared to take me to my room.

But the healing power of God was present because by the next morning my toes weren't even black and blue. I was able to leave the hospital after two long and tiresome days.

The scar remains. We never saw the copperhead snake again, although we killed one a year later.

Ellsinore, Missouri
Age 12, Grade 7

DANGEROUS CORNBLOWERS

–by Bernice Keupfer

My best friend, Miriam Wagler, met me at the school door a year ago with an expression I'll never forget, and told me that a boy in their silo gang got part of his foot off in the cornblower. Immediately I wanted to know who this was because some children in our school have a father with that very name and was told it was our schoolmate's brother. It was quite a shock, for I had never considered cornblowers to be such dangerous machinery. His brothers and sisters seemed to be in a daze that day, and I guess it had been quite a shock to them. Since then I respect cornblowers a lot more.

This afternoon we were filling silo and the silo was pretty full already. I was copying out of my memory book when I heard a man's voice yell, "Whoa!" This was repeated frenziedly about half a dozen times. My oldest sister and mother ran for the door, oh-ohing as they went. I ran into the bedroom and screamed, holding my mouth shut as I went. I didn't want the others to hear me. I imagined Dad, half through the blower, yelling for the boys to shut off the power. I dreaded to find out what all really had happened, but all the same, I soon found myself running out toward the silo.

I found out that the corn had plugged up the blower and my brother had shouted for Dad to stop unloading, and Dad hadn't heard him because of the loud drone of the blower.

Very much relieved, I went in. My knees were still trembling and Mom picked up the socks she wore under her boots and had shed in her flight.

Now it seems all right to laugh about this, but at the time it was anything but humerous. Now I realize more than ever that silo fillers can be dangerous. So take care while filling silo!

Millbank, Ontario
Age 13, Grade 8

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

Well, the deadline for the writers' contest is here, and I'm happy with the response we had. Eighty-four pupils (55 girls and 29 boys) wrote stories about experiences they have had. And such experiences— it's no wonder they won't forget. We had stories of anything from being bitten by a copperhead to hanging onto a triple tree during a runaway. There were also stories of broken bones, operations, fractured skulls, tornados, fires, spankings, sicknesses in the family, trips to distant places, and incidents of being stopped by strangers on the road.

As story after story came in, we began to wonder. How were we ever going to decide which were the best ones? As is usually the case in any contest, some entries were good in one way, but weak in another. Perhaps a person wrote about a very unusual experience, but he used poor English. Then there was another who had written an interesting story, but he was careless with his margain and in a few places he had crossed out a few words, giving his paper an unneat appearance. The question was, how were they to be judged?

I started out by putting them on three different stacks— good, better, best. But I ran into a problem, for each one had something I liked, so I put them on the "best" pile.

Then I went through and picked out what I thought were the best of the best. Later another person went through and picked out the best of the best best. And so it went until we had them down to what we could get onto one page. (See "Pupils' Pencils Page next month for more unforgettable experience stories.)

In a way, such a contest makes us happy, for we enjoy hearing from all the different boys and girls. But on the other hand, they make us feel bad, because we hate to disappoint so many of you. I know you all worked hard and did your best to write the story. Then you waited and hoped and wished until the day the Bulletin came. It hurts me to think that only three of the eighty-four entries will find their stories printed. The other eighty-four will wait hopefully until next month. My, a lot of boys and girls are going to be disappointed!

Let me tell you something. Notice that not once in this letter did I refer to the pupils whose stories got printed as "winners." In a way maybe they are winners, but in another way they aren't. Maybe it would be better to say they are winners, but they aren't the only winners. The "Poster to Make" on the "Projects" page this month (see inside of the back cover) will tell you who the true winners are. Are you one of them?

While I'm talking about writers and winners and things like that, I have something else I would like to say. Once in a while we get letters from boys and girls who say, "Please withhold my name." So far, this is something we haven't done, because we feel it hasn't been necessary. We've had enough material from writers who agree to have their names signed.

Maybe this isn't the fair thing to do, because we've never even told you this rule exists. But from now on you know— on "Pupils' Page" the name, age, and grade will accompany the story.

I hope this rule doesn't scare you out of writing. We are going to need material in order to keep this page filled, and I'm hoping to hear from lots of you in the months to come. Don't wait to write until we have another contest. The chances that your story will be used are much smaller, because there will be so many stories then.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, be a true winner and keep those "pupils' pencils" moving!

Best Wishes,
Cousin Carrie

. . Projects . . . .

It Happened This Month. . . . . . . October

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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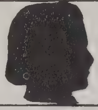
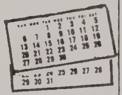
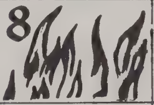
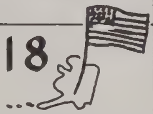
3	4 	5 	6	7	8 	9
10	11 THANKSGIVING DAY	12	13	14	15	16
17	18 	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

October 4, 1822 President Rutherford B. Hayes, America's 19th president, was born.
October 5, 1582 The Gregorian calendar (which we use today) was introduced.
October 8, 1871 The Great Chicago Fire began and burned for thirty hours.
October 12, 1492 Columbus discovered America.
October 13, 1792 The White House's cornerstone was laid in our nation's capital.
October 14, 1644 William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, was born.
October 16, 1758 Noah Webster, editor of Webster's Dictionary was born.
October 18, 1867 The US flag was raised over the nation's new territory-- Alaska.
October 24, 1861 The first transcontinental telegram was sent.
October 26, 1825 New York's Erie Canal opened for boats.
October 28, 1886 The Statue of Liberty was dedicated.
October 31, 1864 Nevada entered the Union as the 36th state.

Make a large calendar on the bulletin-board. Have some pupils do art work to represent the historical events. Other pupils should write reports about the events and these could be tacked along the border of the calendar with a colored string reaching from the report to a pin in the proper date.

Any of the 12 months could be done this way. If you have a World Book set, look up the name of the month you wish to do and you will find a page or two of historical events which happened in that particular month.

A Poster to Make

THE
TRUE
WINNER
IN ANY
GAME
IS HE
WHO
ACCEPTS
DEFEAT
WITH A
SMILE.

(Do you have any ideas for the projects' page? If you do, send them to: David Luthy, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.)

Since last month's Bulletin was mailed, I took a trip to Holmes County, Ohio to visit my mother and other relatives and friends. On the return trip to Canada I stopped off in Stark County to visit Emma Coblentz who does typesetting for the Bulletin and had the opportunity of seeing two schools in session.

With monthly deadlines to meet, we try to plan our trips during the time of the month when our work is the lightest. Even so, it usually takes quite a bit of working ahead before leaving and catching up when we get back. When I came home this time, I was told that our printer, Jake Eicher, was planning to leave on the 12th for Marshfield, Missouri. That meant that the Bulletin was to go to press early. With the press deadline moved up and 84 contest stories to help judge, this meant a bit of rushing and cutting of corners. But with the help of others on the staff, things worked out nicely.

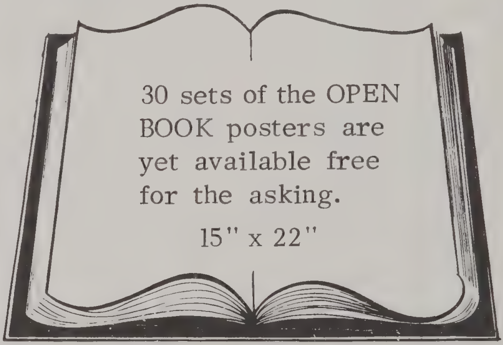
Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U. S. A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED.
FORWARDING AND RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

Have you ever received a Bulletin with blank pages? Almost every month, two or three people write us saying they were disappointed to find a few blank pages. We're sorry this happens and are glad to hear from the people who receive these papers. (We send them a new one.)

Someone who has never visited a printing place might find it hard to understand how this happens. It is simply that the press sometimes picks up two sheets at a time, only one of which is printed. The person who runs the sheets through the folder tries to watch for blank pages, as do the workers when they assemble the magazines. But even so, a few slip through. When we think of the thousands of sheets that make up the 6,000 copies of the Bulletin each month, we think the percentage of blank pages is very small.

We received so many orders for the "Open Book" posters after our stock was exhausted that we went to press again:


30 sets of the OPEN BOOK posters are yet available free for the asking.

15" x 22"

Information for the teachers' directory is coming in daily. Most of the areas with only one or two schools have sent theirs in. We realize that reporters who are asked to gather information from a dozen or even more schools will need more time to complete theirs. Could it be that the reporter in your area is waiting on you to return your form?

If for any reason you have not been asked for the information about your school (Amish and Old Order Mennonite), please send it direct to our office here at Aylmer. We need the name of the school, the teacher's name, the founding date and enrollment.

We hope to have the teachers' directory in the November Bulletin.

- E. M.
Blackboard Bulletin

Blackboard Bulletin

November 1971

The Helpful Parents

-by "Ellen"

Dusk was just beginning to settle and the stars were coming out when Ellen went outside for a breath of fresh air. Sitting on the steps, she thought back over the past four days. "Four days of school are past already," she thought. "Time surely flies in the classroom. Why, only one more day and a week will be over!"

Her thoughts turned to Lloyd Weaver, one of her second graders. He was a friendly little boy and seemed willing to learn. But he was behind in getting things accomplished. "Maybe he's just a little shy," Ellen thought. "This is his first year in a parochial school and maybe it will take him a while to get acquainted. Besides, the other second graders have forgotten some of the things they had learned last year, too."

As Ellen was trying to think her way through her problem at school, she saw someone come in the lane, but it was too dark to see who it was. Quickly she walked out to greet whoever was coming. To her surprise, it was Lloyd's parents. "Hello," she said pleasantly. "Come right on in."

"No, we can't stay long," said Mrs. Weaver. "We just thought we should come over and find out how you are getting along with our boys."

"I have nothing to complain," assured Ellen. "They haven't made any trouble so far."

"How are you making out with Lloyd and his lessons?" asked Mrs. Weaver.

"Well," said Ellen, hesitating a little. "He seems willing to learn, but he's behind. I was hoping he would catch up sometime."

"His teacher last year said he wasn't ready for second grade reading, and had considered keeping him back, but then they decided to promote him and put him into a special reading class where they can spend more time with him," explained Mrs. Weaver. Meanwhile, we decided to send the boys to a parochial school, so he won't be in this special class. Tonight he had his reading book at home and I wanted to help him and he said, 'Mom, I can't. The words are too hard.' And I saw that they were too hard, too."

"I've noticed too," said Ellen. "He does not seem to like to read and I think that's the reason."

"Well, John and I talked it over and we feel it would be better for him to take the first grade over. Another one of our boys took a grade over and we feel it was the thing to do."

"I had considered the same thing," said Ellen, "But then I thought it takes more than a week to decide, since he's new and I don't know what he was like last year. And then I didn't know how you would feel about having two boys in the same grade."

"We talked about that, too," said Mrs. Weaver. "We feel the two could learn together and from each other. And if I help them with their reading at home, I can help

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Coming next month!

"GEOGRAPHY ISN'T IMPORTANT" by an Indiana teacher

The teacher hoped Melvin's geography would average out to a "B" instead of the usual "C" he got other times. Things looked hopeful until someone put Melvin under the impression that geography isn't important.

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AN EDITORIAL

Usually when I think of children going to school, I like to picture a group of children who eagerly grab their dinner buckets in the morning and hurry down the road to school. There the friendly pupils meet their friendly teacher and start a happy day of school. Except for an occasional interruption of the schedule, things go well, and all too soon it is time for the children to go home. They smile as they wave to their teacher, then are gone. The teacher gives a tired but satisfied sigh and settles down to another hour or so of school work, then goes home, too.

A pleasant picture of a well-run school, isn't it? Anyone who has ever taught school or has had any children in school knows that the picture is as unrealistic as it is pleasant. I'm not saying that a happy, well-run school can't be found, but they don't just happen. It takes ceaseless effort on both the teacher's and the parents' part to make school anywhere nearly as pleasant as it was pictured above.

Children are happy by nature, but so many things come up that are obstacles to this childish happiness. In almost every school we find pupils who frown while others smile, who scoot down in their seats and stare blankly into their open books, who resent the teacher's authority and rebell inwardly when she makes a new rule or tells her pupils to sit up and get to work. In short words, there are pupils who don't like school. To pupils like this, school is something to be endured rather than to be enjoyed. For some reason or other, they haven't found learning to be an enriching experience. Instead of reaching out and helping themselves to the food of knowledge, they have to be spoon-fed —coaxed or threatened with each bite they take.

Such a case is a sad one, for the whole school suffers. The "I hate school" spirit is contagious and before long even small children come to think school is less pleasant than it had been. A teacher suffers, too, for she has to put forth extra efforts to instill an interest in such a child and to keep lack of interest from spreading. Day after day she has a feeling of defeat. "What can I do to reach Eli?" she may ask. "Sometimes I feel like giving up."

The case of the school-hater is not only sad, but it is serious as well. As was stated, both the school and the teacher suffer, but the pupil who doesn't like school suffers even more. He is wasting the best part of his "learning period" of his life brooding over what should be a pleasant experience for him.

Before a teacher or parent becomes too alarmed over what appears to be a school-hater, they should observe the child's attitude closely. Some pupils think it is sissyish to admit they like school and smart to deny that they do like it. I have seen pupils declare they don't like scnool and at the same time, took an interest in their work and made good grades. Such pupils are best ignored, for this is their way of seeking attention.

The symptoms of genuine dislike for school are easily detected. Misbehavior, scores that are below the child's true ability, failing to complete work on time, lack of interest in school activities, willingness to stay out of school, and failing to get along with fellow students are only a few of the signs an alert teacher should be looking for.

Once a teacher is sure that what looks like a problem is a real one, then she should take steps in correcting it. Are the parents aware that their child doesn't like school? Do they have any idea as to the reason for his attitude?

It is hard for a teacher to keep the right feelings toward such a problem pupil. It is easy to think, "He's the source of all my school problems. If only he weren't in school, the others would like it much better." Soon her thoughts are betrayed by her actions, and the pupil has all the more reasons for disliking school. A pupil who doesn't like school isn't going to be nagged into liking it. Taking an extra interest in such a student, searching for his special interests, and encouragement and praise given at the right time and in the right way will make it hard for the pupil to go on hating school.

In some cases the parents might be aware that their child isn't happy in school before the teacher is seemingly conscious of the fact. Perhaps the child complains how the teacher has treated him. It is wrong for the parent to take the child's part without finding out what the facts are, but it is just as wrong for the parents to take the teacher's side without considering what the child has to say. Maybe the child is right; the teacher might have a "pick" on him. To tell a child to go to school and mind the teacher, plus threatening him with a whipping if he doesn't, isn't going to help him like school.

There is a good chance that the pupil is in the wrong, and when the parents have talked to the teacher and are convinced of this, then there is time to work toward correcting the problem. But insisting that a teacher is 100% right without looking into the problem could well make the problem pupil rebellious, not only toward the teacher, but toward his parents as well. Children need someone to listen to their problems in an understanding way.

Sometimes teachers are too rash with the parents of their school children. Instead of jumping to the conclusion that they are taking their children's part when they come to find out about things that have taken place in school, they should put themselves into the parent's place. The same way, the parents should try to put themselves into the teacher's place and realize that the teacher has the welfare of many children to consider, not just that of his own children.

By working together, the teacher and the parents can go a long ways in making school an enjoyable place for the children. For this reason it is very important that they do work together. Then, hopefully, there will be few children who can truthfully say, "I don't like school."

--E. M.

THE BOOKSHELF

AN OTTER'S STORY

There are many creatures which live in America's streams and forests, but perhaps the most good-natured of them all is the otter. The author points out what likeable animals the otters are and how misunderstood they are by their greatest enemy— man. The author is an ex-trapper who is now devoting his efforts to save his rapidly vanishing otter friends.

This is a full-length book, having 191 pages. No pupil will finish reading it without better understanding otters and their home in the North Woods.

Written on an upper-grade level. This book is guaranteed to hold the pupils' interest, for it is filled with action, suspense, and vivid detail.

(Hardbound. 191 pages.)

PRICE: $3.77 / SCHOOL PRICE: $3.22

SNOWSHOE PAWS

Young readers will be delighted with this kitten story. It is about a cat, Lanny, and a dog, Impy, who have a hard time getting along but in the end become good friends.

This sixty-three page book is written on an early grade-school level. An excellent book for children who are just beginning to really read. Plenty of illustrations yet plenty of text.

(Hardbound. 63 pages.)

PRICE: $3.78 / SCHOOL PRICE: $3.20

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Here is the story of Columbus from the time he was a boy until he set foot on the New World. Third-grade level.

(Library binding. 29 pages.)

PRICE: $1.68 / SCHOOL PRICE: $1.40

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Skip Some Stories?

Lizzie Beiler motioned to her fifth-grade boys to be quiet and study, then turning to the seventh grade she said, "Okay, come up for reading class now."

The seventh graders cleared their desks and went to the front of the schoolroom and sat on two small benches.

"Who can tell me what type of story we are to read today?" asked Lizzie.

A hand shot up. "A martyr story," volunteered Andy Lapp.

"That's right," nodded Lizzie. "And where does the story take place?"

The pupils sat thinking. A few of them began turning the pages of their books.

"Was it in the United States?" asked Lizzie, breaking the silence.

"No," answered Sarah Fisher who was sitting closest to Lizzie. "It was somewhere in Europe, but I don't remember which country."

The teacher then told the pupils that the story had taken place in Holland. She opened her book and asked Andy to begin reading. Each student took a turn reading and then a second turn. Finally there was only the last page of the story to read and it was Sarah Fisher's turn. Instead of reading, she hesitated.

"Sarah, it's your turn," reminded Lizzie.

"I know," said Sarah weakly. "But couldn't I maybe skip a turn?"

"Skip a turn?" wondered Lizzie. "What do you mean?"

Sarah didn't answer right away. Nervously she played with the corner of her textbook. Lizzie didn't know what to do about the matter, but seeing that Sarah was about to cry, she asked Andy to do the reading.

Andy began the final page:

> The executioner bowed obediently. He went to fetch extra chains. It would take more to hold the bodies tight to the posts, if they were to be burned alive. While he was gone on his errand the officer decided he would have some sport with the prisoners.
>
> "Go up there," he called to a handful of his men, "and give them a sound beating."
>
> The soldiers obeyed with glee in their eyes and beat the four saints so dreadfully that one man's eye was dislodged. But they bore all the pains without having spite for the torturers. They lifted up their voices, "We call upon Thee, O Heavenly Father. May our souls be with you even this very hour."
>
> The fire was soon kindled beneath their feet. The four courageous martyrs met death with the blessed name of God on their lips. Thus, four young men who were on their way one evening to be baptized with water went to heaven baptized instead by fire.

When Andy finished reading, Lizzie assigned the next lesson and dismissed the class. She wished she could talk with Sarah but she didn't want to embarrass her in front of the other pupils. "Maybe after school," she told herself. But when 3:30 came, Lizzie was so busy explaining fractions to her pupils that Sarah and the skipped turn in reading class was forgotten.

The next day Lizzie was surprised when she came to school and found a note on her desk. "Wonder what this is about?" she mused. "Probably an invitation for supper somewhere." Hurriedly she opened it. Her eager expression turned to bewilderment. The note was from Sarah Fisher's mother and asked that Sarah be excused from any reading class where martyrs' stories were to be read. "It makes her nervous to read such things and it gives her dreams," wrote Mrs. Fisher. "Martyrs' stories don't belong in children's books anyway."

Lizzie sat down with a sigh. She didn't know what to think of the note. She had always appreciated martyr stories and admired the lives the martyrs had lived. She reached for the seventh-grade reading book and glanced at the story again. "Maybe I should have the entire class skip the martyr stories, but I hate to do that if the parents think they should read them. How do parents feel about martyr stories? I wish I knew."

—OPINIONS PLEASE!

Reader Response

1. It is easy to see why the "Garden Spot of America," "The land of shoofly pie," and "America's Amishland" should be a prime target for school visitors to the extent that they become a nuisance. We here in northeastern Ohio are very content without these visitors, and sympathize with the teachers of the over-visited schools.

Our community's schools have been fortunate, although it is also changing somewhat. Some of our schools get quite a few visitors the last few years, but all have been polite and respectful. It is an ordeal to go through when a chartered bus load of people from all over the country stops in. This happened a few weeks ago, fortunately to one of our veteran teachers rather than to a beginner. Even then, this no doubt caused a sudden rise in the teacher's blood pressure.

What can a teacher do when a group of people ask to step inside the classroom for a few minutes? If the thing gets out of hands as it has in some places, why not contact the tourist agencies and explain the situation?

One more suggestion: the pupils should be taught to be respectful and to go on with their work as usual. If they don't, they will make a bad impression on the visitors. For after all, what leaves a worse taste than to go visit school and have the children stare and smirk at you? --Ohio

2. I read with interest about the tourists that visit Amish schools and am anxious to read the answers that come in. I thought I would tell about my experience just recently.

It was Friday, the day we have spelling. After the first recess while I was pronouncing the fourth-grade words, I heard a rap, rap, rap on the door. I opened the door and there stood two elderly strange ladies.

"Would you mind if we visited your school for just a few minutes?" one of them asked.

"Where are you from?" I asked, quite surprised.

One was from about seven miles from our school and the other, being her sister, lived thirty miles away. They had been teachers at one time and didn't want to bother us but "wished to step inside for only five minutes."

I let them in. I would have liked to talk with them about their days of teaching, but didn't want to leave the impression that the doors of our school are open to tourists.

They stayed ten minutes and as they left they said they hoped they hadn't disturbed us and that this had "brought back old memories."

No, they hadn't disturbed us, and the "old memories"— how I wished we could talk about them! After they left I thought it over, trying to put myself into their place. Since they had taught school, things have changed very much. What had brought these ex-teachers to our door? Maybe they felt that "empty spot" teachers sometimes feel. Or maybe they were lonesome for the type of school they used to teach. I could not have said "no" to them if I wanted to practice the Golden Rule. —Juniata County

3. I am an "English" teacher teaching in a nonparochial Amish school in western Pennsylvania. As this is a one-room school for Amish only, we have quite a few visitors stop to observe the students. I would like to share our solution to this problem with you.

As long as the observers stay off the school property and just watch, we go about our business as usual. I do ask them to leave if they start taking pictures or bothering the children while they are playing.

Our policy is that anyone who wants to come inside must first contact the principal.

Then an appointment is set up which is agreeable with the teacher. This permits those who are really interested to observe, and at the same time, discourages the curiosity seekers. This arrangement has worked quite well in the past two years.

Of course, this does not eliminate those people who are rude enough to enter the building without permission. I am courteous with these people but at the same time, remind them of our policy and tell them they are welcome to come back after they have received permission from the principal.

—Alcie R. Clapper, Volant, Pennsylvania

4. "A happy medium" is my reply to "Opinions Please." This goes for other things in life, too. We need to have our lives balanced.

I once talked to a tour guide who said you can tell by the way the pupils act towards the tourists whether the teacher has any respect for them herself. At some places they stick out their tongues at them. She said she tells the tourists the children don't all act like that and they should just ignore them. This is the best way for us, too, when we pull off the road to let a car pass and the people stop in front of you, climb out, and take your picture. Just ignore them; they aren't all like that. —Pennsylvania

5. We have a new school and as there has been quite a bit of controversy about the Amish schools in Iowa, the reporters keep coming out to get a write-up about our school and take pictures of it. We don't want to be rude, for most of them are sincere and want to write a story that is true to facts. If we just ordered them off the place they could write a story about that and do us more harm than good.

I wish we had a pamphlet we could hand out to such visitors. If you do print one, I think it should state why we have our own schools and why we don't send our children to public school. Also why we don't want our pictures taken and perhaps a report on how many Amish schools there are.

—David Yutzy, Bloomfield, Iowa

THE HELPFUL PARENTS (Con't from cover)

them both at the same time."

"Have you talked to Lloyd about it?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, we have," answered Mrs. Weaver. "He didn't like the idea at first, but I think he'll understand. And after a while he'll be able to forget about it." She paused. "We just wanted you to know that if you think this is the thing to do, then you can go ahead and do it."

Ellen thanked the Weavers sincerely and they visited a few minutes longer, then the guests declared it was time to go home and left. With a light and grateful heart Ellen returned into the house. Her thoughts went to Miss Byler. (See "Opinions Please," August issue.) What a difference between the Weavers' opinions and that of Mrs. Troyer! Ellen breathed a prayer of thankfulness for parents as helpful as the Weavers. -Missouri

THRIFT

Save your temper, it will pay
Compound interest every day.
Holds your friends and keeps your health,
Both will count to you as wealth.

Wealth is not of but one kind.
Some things gold can't buy, we find.
Naught buys back an angry word
That some loving heart has stirred.

Two investments that will pay
Dividends to life's last day
Are a good name and good friends;
Happiness on both depends.

Counterfeits in anything
Never lasting pleasure bring.
Stand for truth, and come what will,
Life's best gift is with you still.

Dare to save your self-respect.
Fear not what men may expect.
Thoughts of either friend or foe
Cannot alter facts, you know.

READING

Rob R. Schlabach

READING IS THE FOUNDATION of every school subject and in every excellant school you will find good reading classes. There must be a concentrated effort made by the teacher to follow a good reading system or reading will be under par. If there is no specific goal set in teaching reading, then there will be less than satisfactory accomplishments.

Goals of reading may vary somewhat but I think we all agree that the main goal is to prepare each child to be able to read for himself after leaving school. Not only to pronounce the words properly, but to understand, analyze, and read with a weighing mind. Only a very small per cent of the literature on the market today can be accepted as sound and reasonable reading material. Therefore it is important that our school graduates have the skill of not only reading, but discriminating between sound and unsound literature. To do this they must be taught to understand fully what they read.

Parrots are birds that repeat sounds they hear others say. They have little, if any, idea of what these sounds mean. We must be careful that we don't have "parrot" readers in school — pupils who can rattle off page after page of words, yet when asked what they have read, return merely a blank stare. They pronounce the words correctly, which is commendable, but the idea of the story is missed. Proper reading is understanding the printed page, not just repeating a system of sounds. Pennsylvania German children are especially susceptible to this. Because English is not their native tongue, it takes special effort to teach word meanings, comprehension, and pronunciation skills.

Pronunciation is the first step to conquer when a child is learning to read. Rudolf Flesch in Why Johnny Can't Read contends that a definite phonetic approach should be made to teach reading. He thinks (and he is a noted authority in this area) that once a child has mastered phonics he is on his way to becoming an excellent reader. In this way, pronunciation is simplified and once understood, with reasonable usage, will become a lifetime asset. Any teacher who has tried teaching phonics will agree that trying to teach phonics once a week is of no gain. Unless repeated regularly, the roles of pronunciation will be forgotten. Once these rules are fully established in their minds, children learn to sound out new words on their own.

The second step in reading is comprehension. Pupils who have mastered pronunciation and not comprehension are like children trying to play ball with a bat only. First comes word comprehension, then sentence comprehension, and finally story comprehension. When these three are mastered, the pupil will be able to read a story and form a picture in his mind of what the story was about. In other words, he should be able to read for the purpose of learning something from what he reads.

Primary grades need much oral reading practice. Their actual understanding of vocabulary is greater than their reading vocabulary. In other words, they recognize more words they hear others use than they are actually able to read. Also, when speaking to one another, they use words they do not recognize when they see them in print. But as the children gain in reading skill this may be reversed. They will be able to read words they will not use in everyday conversations with one another.

If simple oral reading is recited day after day, reading might become a tiresome subject. One evidence is the lack of willingness to read an assignment before class. That sparkle of first-grade joy in reading becomes a push-push affair. Then it is time to step into another field of teaching reading.

I feel oral reading is necessary. It is good. But too often it is overdone. Silent reading should be stressed, for when a child leaves school, how does he read? Orally at all times? It would be a little nerve-racking to be in a home where all the family read orally all the time. No, chances are 80 to 90% of the reading he does will be done in silence. Also, in upper-grade studying, it is necessary that the pupils be able to study a text in silence and comprehend what they are reading.

How does one conduct classes that emphasize and improve silent reading? Before a child gets full value out of reading silently, he must be taught word-meanings in a definite manner. Not just a word here and another one there, and perhaps one tomorrow or the next day. Here again a systematic way is needed. Word roots, prefixes, words with different meanings, and homonyms are only a few of the branches of word study pupils will encounter in the intermediate grades. Usually reading workbooks teach these thoroughly.

Reading to oneself is a complicated process. The eyes see a group of letters bunched together to form words. They are transmitted to the brain which, remembering the phonetic rules, gives pronunciation and meaning. These words have to be stored in the memory until a whole sentence is read, giving the intended meaning. Then it must stay there (the idea rather than the sentence word for word) until a whole story is read and the lesson formed. Yes, comprehension takes practice!

Quiz your pupils after a story. Give their memories plenty of exercise in remembering. This also helps them take note of important facts as they read the story. One way of improving comprehension is to assign a whole chapter at a time. Have them read silently at one sitting, then close their books and write the main idea of the story in their own words. Another way would be to give them a quiz on the story, having them answer the questions without going back to the story.

No, you won't get through your reading textbook sooner this way, but that's not what you need to be worried about. Have silent reading one day, oral the next, and then character analysis. Have the children give oral or written reports why they liked or disliked certain characters. And then the next day you might study word meanings and review phonics. Don't forget to use the blackboard. It can be a very effective aid in teaching reading. Have the children draw a picture of the highlight of a story occasionally. See if they can write a different ending to certain stories.

When reading gets dull, try skimming exercises. Give a page or two to skim for a certain word. Have a race to find it. Next

The Courtis-Watters

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gull (GUL) *n. gulls.* A large, web-footed sea bird. *Gulls* are gray or white. *Gulls* often follow a boat and eat bits of food thrown from it. They eat fish, also. They are also known as sea *gulls.*

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try skimming and comprehension combined. For this you have to have books that are unfamiliar to the pupils. Stress during silent reading class that it is unnecessary to read each word, but to skim the sentence for the main idea. Discourage lip moving in the very first grades.

If a teacher is enthused about reading it is bound to rub off on the children. Fringe benefits are better understanding in arithmetic thought problems, better grades in writing essays, loving geography and history, and better spellers. Remember, pupils grow up to be men and women and the goal has been reached if, after graduating, they are able to appreciate a good book, understand instructions on a label, and best of all, ably read and understand the Word of God.

The Parents' Point Of View

I have just finished talking to a school teacher who boards here concerning one of her problems. A first grader in her school stutters so badly he can hardly read. No, he has not always done this; the problem just started since Christmas. Now after talking with his father she discovered that he reads page after page at home without stuttering. The question is, what is the best way to handle the situation?

My heart goes out to the teacher for I, too, was once a teacher. I know how heavily it presses on her heart. And the little boy — how my heart aches for him. I hope whatever it is that he seems afraid of can be conquered before he becomes a permanent stutterer.

Now, if I were still a teacher, this is probably as far as my thoughts would go. But they go out into another area — one I would not really have considered seriously when I was a teacher — the area of the parents. Since I am a mother of four little girls (none in school yet) I can realize how these parents must feel. They have to send their little boy to a place where he doesn't want to go. All day they have to wonder and wonder how it is going for him. How it must hurt them to know that maybe some other children are making fun of him! Or isn't that why he chooses to stand to a side rather than join the other children in their play?

Can we blame the parents if they sometimes wonder if the teacher really does have enough love and patience in her heart for their little boy? Does she really understand him to protect him rather than to scold him? It must be hard for the parents to send this child to school when they would rather keep him at home until he has overcome his fear of this cold, cruel world.

We parents know this cannot always be done. Our children grow up and must leave our shielding, yearning love. They must learn to face the world on their own. I wonder if the teachers can really begin to realize how important it is to us parents what kind of persons they are. Do they realize the great responsibility that is placed on them? Every one of their pupils has parents who care deeply how he is being taught and treated in school. And it is up to the teacher to not only see that their children are treated fairly, but also that they treat others fairly, too. Each parent wants the teacher to help the child live up to the standards he was taught at home.

A teacher will never realize how very much it means to the parents if they are free to discuss any problems that come up. I feel confident that any parent who can feel their teacher sincerely wants to work for the good of the pupils and the school will stand behind her and cooperate with her. Perhaps teachers should be encouraged to try harder to see the parents' side of view, instead of begging the parents to see their side constantly.

In closing I wish to add, please love and take care of our children in school. We are depending on you!

- A Mother, Pennsylvania

A Memory Book's Story

-by Clara Yoder

Once upon a time I was a new book with many nice clean pages. But not anymore, for from the very first day I became a part of Meadow Grove School; the children and the teacher have taken a special interest in me. As my pages began to fill up, they looked through me again and again. And then, of course, there were the times they wrote on my pages with their sharp pencils and smudgy pens. Some pressed down very hard when they wrote and wrinkled my pages. Others wrote so scribbly that I'm almost ashamed to let you have a look. But then I have some very neat pages, too, so I guess as a whole, I'm about average.

There is also some poor grammer on my pages and some words are misspelled. Yet in spite of all this my owner, the teacher, treasures me very highly. She says I bring back fond memories of her former pupils whenever she pages through me. I guess that's why she sometimes smiles when she sees me and at other times there is a longing look on her face.

Take a look at some of my pages and you'll see what I really am. Some pages are filled with school events. A diary is what the teacher and the children call it. The different handwritings will tell you that each week a different pupil wrote the diray part of me.

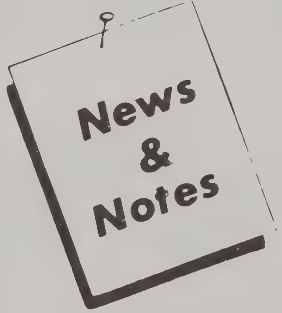
And just look at my pictures! The first ones are the ones the little children made and colored. Then there are the pretty autumn pictures the upper-grade children drew. Some of my art pages are very nice and others... Well, my owner explained that some children don't have a talent for this kind of work, but she is glad they tried anyway.

I also have some interesting stories. One is about a little boy feeding the birds in winter. Another one tells the life story of a pupil's pencil. There are many more stories and each one was written by a pupil as an English assignment.

One page has amusing sentences the children said or wrote. And I have poems, too. Some are about autumn, others are about Christmas, winter, pets, spring, and school. One boy illustrated his poem about a dog chasing a cat.

I also have a record of all the children, their grades, ages, and birthdays. I'm important to have around so that no one's birthday is forgotten.

As I said, I started out an emtpy notebook. But as the time went on the teacher and the pupils added to me until now I'm no longer so new and pretty. But I am something special, much more so than I was when I was new. I heard my owner say she is very glad she took time to make me. And it is no wonder she calls me a great big memory book, for that indeed is what I am! -Jamesport, Missouri



On October 3rd the Valley Road School in Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania, was burned to the ground. Cause of the fire has been ruled to be arson. School is being held in a shop on the Israel Beiler farm until a new school can be built. Fannie S. Miller is the teacher there.

John J. Miller, Jr., teacher at New Bunker Hill in Holmes County, was recently married to Katie Schrock. John is from Geauga County, but is in Holmes County serving his two years on the farm plan.

The November issue of Family Life contains the new 1972 book catalog. Bulletin subscribers who do not get Family Life may send for their free copy.

1971 TEACHERS' DIRECTORY 1971

School	1st year	Teacher	Pupils	Address
DELAWARE				
KENT CO.				
Apple Grove	1925	Esther Swartzentruber	27	R. 2, Dover
Green Hill	1933	Emma L. Yoder	30	R. 2, Dover
Oak Point	1969	Mrs. Joe Byler	36	R. 1, Wyoming
Rose Valley	1969	Lydia J. Yoder	23	R. 2, Dover
		Barbara Ann Detweiler	29	R. 2, Dover
West Center	1970	Mary Ann Miller	29	R. 1, Hartly
Wileys	1969	Atlee J. Hershberger	37	R. 2, Dover
HONDURAS				
GUIAMACA				
Grapefruit Grove	1969	Joseph Stoll	49	Guiamaca, F.M.
ILLINOIS				
MOULTRIE CO.				
Jonathan Creek	1968	Barbara Ann Miller	30	R. 2, Sullivan
		Verna Miller		R. 2, Sullivan
Plainview	1966	Fannie Miller	58	R. 1, Arthur
		Lovina Miller		R. 1, Arthur
Prairie Lane	1967	Nancy Kaufman	53	R. 1, Arthur
		Susanna J. Otto		R. 1, Arthur
South Prairie	1970	Lydia Otto	39	R. 1, Arcola
		Katie Miller		R. 1, Arcola
INDIANA				
ADAMS CO.				
Lincoln	1962	Lizzie T. Schwartz	62	R. 2, Berne
		Katie K. Schwartz		R. 2, Berne
Plain View	1967	Mrs. Joe E. Eicher	41	R. 2, Berne
		Mrs. Jonas Schwartz		R. 2, Berne
Pleasant Valley	1967	Elmer N. Schwartz	43	R. 2, Berne
Sunnyside	1962	Mr. & Mrs. John Wickey	49	R. 2, Berne
		Caroline E. Wickey		R. 2, Berne
Swiss Valley	1970	Martha M. Hilty	60	R. 1, Monroe
		Nancy Jones		R. 1, Monroe
Winchester	1962	Clara N. Schwartz	49	R. 1, Monroe
Cottonwood Grove	1962	Clara Bontrager	41	R. 2, Topeka
		Levi N. Eash		
County Line	1962	Ada Miller	38	R. 2, Topeka
		Wilma Miller		
East Yoder	1966	LeAnna Graber	56	R. 1, Topeka
		LeAnna Lambright		
Elmview	1968	Katie Schrock	32	R. 2, Topeka
Hawpatch	1967	Mrs. Joe L. Bontrager	44	R. 1, LaGrange
		Mary Anna Hochstetler		
Honey Brook	1968	Elizabeth Ann Miller	50	R. 1, Topeka
		Mrs. Edna Mae Miller		
Little Acorn	1964	Mrs. Mary Miller	40	R. 4, LaGrange
		Susie Schmucker		
Maple Grove	1962	Barbara Lehman	38	R. 4, LaGrange
		Miriam Hochstetler		
Meadow Lane	1967	Elizabeth Mast	38	R. 4, LaGrange
		Katie Miller		
Middle Barrens	1967	Wilma Kuhns	21	R. 1, LaGrange
		Alice Yoder (part time)		
North Side	1967	Sam E. Gingerich	39	R. 2, Shipshewana
		Harvey L. Miller		
Pleasant Ridge	1957	Naomi Wagler	31	R. 2, Shipshewana
		Magdalena Eicher		
Southwest	1966	Anna Lehman	18	R. 1, Millersburg
Spring Hill	1964	Mrs. Amanda Miller	58	R. 2, Topeka
		Fannie Miller		
Sunny Ridge	1967	Carolyn Miller	26	R. 1, Topeka
		Jonas Beachy		
Sunnyside	1967	Magdalena Mae Miller	46	R. 2, Topeka
		Neal Troyer		
West Yoder	1967	Amanda E. Miller	42	R. 1, Shipshewana
		Elsie Rebecca Miller		
Woodside	1964	Wilma Miller	41	R. 4, LaGrange
		Miriam Lambright		
MARSHALL CO.				
Burkholder	1951	Martha Raber	21	R. 3, Nappanee
		Amanda Kay Hochstetler		R. 3, Nappanee
New Burlington	1967	Anna Mast	44	R. 3, Nappanee
		Mattie Mast		R. 3, Nappanee

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ALLEN CO.				
Amish Center	1966	Edwin E. Espenshade	30	New Haven
		Anna Espenshade	38	New Haven
Amish Parochial	1959	John Zehr	53	R.1, Grabill
		Sarah Mae Eicher	23	R.1, Grabill
		Emma Steury	30	R.1, Grabill
Cedar Creek	1969	Christian Schwartz	39	R.9, Ft. Wayne
		Joan Steury	24	R.1, Grabill
DAVISS CO.				
Green Acres	1969	Lester Marner	37	R. 1, Montgomery
Hickory Ridge	1969	Josephine Yoder	23	R.1, Montgomery
North Bogard	1965	Mary Miller	33	R.1, Odon
		Lowell Woolbright		
Parsons Amish	1963	Verna Knepp	33	R.1, Montgomery
		Sara Catherine Wagler	43	
South Bogard	1966	Miriam Graber	39	R.1, Montgomery
		Ben Weaver		
Southeast Center	1965	Dorothy Graber	79	R.2, Loogootee
		Rosanna Graber		
DE KALB CO.				
Newville Amish	1968	Rosie Graber	18	R.1, Hicksville, OH
ELKHART CO.				
Clinton Center	1971	Menno Graber	30	R.1, Box 143, Goshen
Eight Square	1967	Alma Hershberger	35	R.1, Box 30, Middlebury
		Bertha Bontrager		
Fish Lake	1967	Mary Lou Graber	35	R.1, Goshen
Hillside	1970	Harvey Kauffman	24	R.1, Goshen
Plain View	1948	Lizzie Ellen Yoder	43	R.1, Middlebury
		Fannie Bontrager		R.1, Middlebury
Weldy	1953	Willis Miller	40	R.1, Nappanee
HOWARD CO.				
Millerview	1965	Wilma Miller	26	R.4, Box 202, Kokomo
KOSCIUSKO CO.				
Maple Grove	1968	LaMar Hochstetler	39	R.2, Milford
		Susan Upton		R.2, Milford
Pleasant Valley	1964	Ervin Gingerich	27	R.2, Nappanee
Sunny Meadow	1968	Irma Troyer	42	R.2, Nappanee
		Wilma Bontrager		R.1, Middlebury
LAGRANGE CO.				
Blue Ridge	1965	Martha Farmward	39	R.2, Shipshewana
		Susie Hochstetler		
Brookside	1968	Polly Yoder	34	R.1, Middlebury
		Ada Miller		
Cable Line	1970	Fannie Mae Mast	31	R.4, LaGrange
		Carolyn Yoder		
Sandy Ridge	1969	Barbara Ellen Miller	42	R.3, Nappanee
		Mrs. Ray Burkholder		R.3, Nappanee
South Beech	1968	Everett Yoder	36	R.2, Nappanee
		Mary Chupp		R.1, Bremen
RUSH CO.				
Flat Rock	1970	Joe Miller	32	R.1, Milroy
STEUBEN CO.				
Alvardo Amish	1964	(No report)		

IOWA

BUCHANAN CO.				
Charity Flat	1962	Glen U. Yoder	20	R.1, Hazelton
Hazelton # 1	1962	Lizzie D. Bontrager	17	R.1, Hazelton
Hilltop View	1970	Lizzie Ann Shetler	17	R.1, Hazelton
JOHNSON CO.				
Friendship	1966	Irene Kauffman	21	Kalona
Glenbrook	1969	Ida C. Miller	16	Kalona
Maple Grove	1969	Emma Yoder	20	Kalona
VAN BUREN CO.				
Lebandon Private	1971	Lavina E. Hochstetler	15	Milton
Plain View	1969	Eva Amanda Mullet	26	Miltin
WASHINGTON CO.				
Pleasant Valley	1969	Amanda Hochstetler	22	Kalona

KENTUCKY

TODD CO.				
Guthrie Christian	1969	Rhoda Yoder	39	Guthrie
		Sarah Yoder	28	Guthrie

MARYLAND

ST. MARY'S CO.				
Meadow View	1967	Hannah Beiler	32	Mechanicsville
Ryceville	1967	Lydia Byler	25	Mechanicsville
Woodburn Hill	1967	Anna Swarey	35	Mechanicsville

MICHIGAN

BRANCH CO.				
Amish Parochial	1962	Mary Ann Schwartz	26	R.1, Reading
HILLDALE CO.				
East School	1958	Martha Eicher	26	R.2, Camden
West School	1960	Rosina Graber	28	R.1, Camden
OSCODA CO.				
Maple Grove	1971	Emma Miller	7	R.1, Box 236, Mio

MISSOURI				
AUDRAIN CO.				
Ash Grove	1957	Lena M. Bontrager	24	R.1, Clark
Haven Hill	1962	Marie B. Bontrager	26	R.1, Clark
Macedonia	1957	Barbara Gingerich	29	R.1, Clark
Plain View	1957	Clara E. Miller	30	R.1, Clark
Pleasant Ridge	1961	Anna T. Miller	27	R.1, Clark
DAVIS CO.				
Hickory Hill	1967	(No report)		
Meadow View	1966	(No report)		
Oak Grove	1966	(No report)		
Pleasant Hill	1966	(No report)		
MACON CO.				
Billybranch Valley	1967	Mattie Bontrager	15	R.2, Macon
Hillside	1967	Esther Lee	20	R.1, Anabel
Locust Grove	1967	Mattie Petersheim	19	R.1, Clark
MONITEAU CO.				
County Line	1968	Menno S. Bontrager Mrs. Reuben S. Bontrager	25	Fortuna
Ozark Prairie	1968	Mary Bontrager	16	Fortuna
Yoder's Corner	1968	Savilla Gingerich	21	Latham
MONROE CO.				
Garrett Private	1960	Ada E. Bontrager	27	R.1, Clark
PIKE CO.				
Hickory Grove	1968	Jacob Girod	24	Curryville
Maple Branch	1948	Verena S. Schwartz	28	Bowling Green
Meadow View	1950	Johnny Eicher	18	Bowling Green
Pleasant View	1967	Monroe D. Miller	27	Bowling Green
West School	1970	Amanda Burkholder	15	Curryville
WEBSTER CO.				
Marshfield Amish	1971	Esther Graber	7	R.2, Marshfield
NEW YORK				
CATTARAUGUS CO.				
Axeville	1962	Emanuel N. Shetler	39	Conewango Valley
Flat Iron	1951	Amos J. Yoder	43	Conewango Valley
Gardner	1949	Esther N. Shetler	39	Conewango Valley
Seager Hill	1951	Andy A. Mast	30	Conewango Valley
West Road	1965	Eli Borkholder	51	Conewango Valley
OHIO				
ASHLAND CO.				
Dividing Ridge	1962		35	
⇩				
Fairview (east)	1966	Andy J.H. Yoder	31	Star Rt., Millersburg
Fairview (west)	1955	Katie E. Miller		
Fryburg Parochial	1971	Mrs. Wyman Coblentz	17	R.1, Fredericksburg
Green Ridge	1956	Elizabeth E. Miller	35	R.3, Fresno
Hickory Ridge	1965	Katie L. Hershberger	26	R.1, Big Prairie
Hill Crest	1965	Mary Ann Beachy	36	R.1, Holmesville
Knob View	1965	Levi P. Miller	24	R.3, Fresno
Lakeville Private	1962	Eli A. Troyer	21	R.1, Lakeville
Leepers	1958	Esther Barkman Anna M. Yoder	40	R.2, Fredericksburg
Maple Grove	1958	Elizabeth L. Raber Fannie E. Miller	35	R.3, Fresno
New Bunker Hill	1958	John Miller, Jr.	38	R.5, Millersburg
North Bunker Hill	1956	Ada J. Miller	33	R.5, Millersburg
Oak Grove	1959	Sylvia Schrock	27	R.2, Fredericksburg
Oak Ridge	1967	Mary Ann R. Miller	26	R.2, Sugarcreek
Pleasant View	1960	Sara Swartzentruber	21	R.2, Fredericksburg
Rock Ridge	1958	Dena J. Troyer Edna D. Troyer	36	R.1, Baltic
Shady Grove	1967	Sarah Schrock	29	R.2, Shreve
South Bunker Hill	1964	Ada A. Miller Verna J. Miller	38	R.5, Millersburg
South Mt. Hope	1959	Oma D. Schlabach Mary D. Hochstetler	32	R.5, Millersburg
South Sidling Hill	1954	Lydia A. Yoder	24	R.1, Dundee
Stony Point	1960	Clara I. Miller	22	R.2, Sugarcreek
Sunny Slope	1960	Susie Mast	16	R.1, Shreve
Troyer Ridge	1966	Mary J. Schrock Elma Mae Yoder	35	R.4, Millersburg
Valley View	1966	Rachel Miller	16	R.1, Millersburg
Walnut Grove	1966	Fannie A. Miller Eli A. Yoder	45	R.2, Millersburg
Weavers	1961	Fannie Nisley	24	R.5, Millersburg
West Beidlers	1971	Atlee Weaver Anna Beachy	25	R.1, Wilmot R.1, Dundee
West Mt. Hope	1969	Fannie J. Mast	28	Star Rt., Millersburg
White Oak	1966	Fannie E. Yoder	20	R.1, Baltic
KNOX CO.				
Locust Grove	1970	Ruby Yoder Ruth Ann Miller	47	R.1, Utica
West View	1969	Enos Yoder	34	R.2, Butler
MADISON CO.				
Oak Grove	1963	Mary Troyer	20	R.1, Plain City
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Meadow Brook	1958	Emanuel R. Coblentz	21	R.5, Ashland
Meadow View	1969	Katie Troyer	30	R.5, Ashland
Pine Grove	1965	Amanda J. Keim	25	R.1, Shiloh
GEAUGA CO.				
Bundysburg	1954	Lovina E. Wengerd	35	R.2, Middlefield
Fox Run	1954	Ida Miller	39	R.2, Middlefield
Hosmer Road	1962	Barbara E. Mullet Nancy J. Troyer	41	R.3, Middlefield
Meadow Glow	1965	Ellen J. Hershberger Barbara Yoder	64	R.2, Burton
Meadowlark	1952	Dan J. Miller Edna Miller	42	R.1, Middlefield
Nash Road	1965	Bill J. Byler	24	R.2, Burton
Nauvoo Country	1963	Bill J. Stutzman	43	R.R. Middlefield
Newcomb Road	1963	John S. Fisher Mrs. Elmina Bender	54	R.R. Middlefield
Orchard Knob	1971	John E. Miller Saloma S. Miller		R.1, Middlefield
Parkman Parochial	1950	Mrs. Mary Byler Elma Yoder	66	R.R. Middlefield
Pleasant Valley	1952	Saloma S. Yoder Emma J. Miller	61	R.1, Middlefield
South Hayes	1954	Katie E. Miller Sara D. Miller	51	R.2, Middlefield
Troy Parochial	1958	Neil E. Miller Amanda N. Hershberger	50	R.2, Burton
Valley View	1964	Jonas J. Byler Mrs. Jonas Byler	58	R.1, Middlefield
HARDIN CO.				
Kenton Amish	(2 schools, no report)			
HARRISON CO.				
Newcomerstown	(1 school, no report)			
HOLMES CO.				
Barrs Mills	1959	Mose L. Yoder	33	R.2, Sugarcreek
Breezeway	1962	Anna E. Miller	33	R.2, Fredericksburg
Brush Run	1960	Susie W. Yoder	36	R.1, Baltic
Buckeye	1961	Jonas A. Nisley Verna J. Mast	57	R.1, Baltic
Buena Vista	1971	Ada E. Mast	9	R.4, Millersburg
Center Ridge	1967	Katie D. Miller Elizabeth S. Troyer	38	R.3, Fresno
Doughty Valley	1965	Lovina A. Nisley Amanda A. Nisley	46	R.2, Millersburg
Dublin	1955	Ivan Coblentz	27	R.2, Fredericksburg
East Saltcreek	1960	Amanda Wengerd	26	R.2, Fredericksburg
East Valley	1971	Clara Keim	26	R.1, Wilmot

MEDINA CO.				
Lodi North	1967	(No report)		
Lodi South	1955	(No report)		
STARK CO.				
Kimmel Christian	1950	Joyce Wagler Wallace Sommers	43	Market St., Hartville Edison St., Hartville
Walnut Grove	1952	Leon Troyer Emma Miller	41	King Ch. Ave., Hartville
WAYNE CO.				
Anderson	1959	Lizzie Ann Nisley	45	R.1, Apple Creek
Beech Grove	1951	Anna Yoder	26	R.2, Apple Creek
Brown	1959	Henry H. Hostetler	29	R.2, Fredericksburg
Cherry Ridge	1954	Katie H. Miller Anna Mae Weaver	40	R.2, Dalton
Cunningham	1959	Emma J. Swartzentruber	36	R.2, Apple Creek
Fountain Nook	1948	Priscilla H. Miller	38	R.2, Apple Creek
Frease	1959	Mary R. Miller	44	R.2, Fredericksburg
Green Valley	1959	Fannie M. Troyer Katie P. Troyer	44	R.2, Apple Creek
Johnson	1959	Katie Y. Hershberger	27	R.2, Apple Creek
Maple Grove	1944	Eli E. Stutzman	30	R.2, Apple Creek
Meadow Valley	1956	Andy J. Miller	30	R.3, Navarre
Nebo Valley	1970	Joe A. Miller	27	R.2, Fredericksburg
North Sidling Hill	1959	Samuel R. Yoder	24	R.2, Navarre
Oak Grove	1960	Dan G. Gingerich	42	R.2, Apple Creek
Paint Valley	1970	Mary D. Hershberger	34	R.2, Apple Creek
Pleasant View	1947	Harvey Hershberger	31	R.2, Apple Creek
Spring Brook	1959	Dennis Mullet	41	R.1, Dundee
Stone Hill	1967	(No report)		
Sunny View	1960	Katie Wengerd	23	R.2, Apple Creek
Sunny Slope (East)	1971	Mattie L. Swartzentruber	6	R.2, Navarre
Woodland	1961	Mary J. Miller Amanda M. Troyer	20	R.2, Fredericksburg

ONTARIO

ELGIN CO.				
Aylmer Parochial	1953	Sarah Wagler	16	R.4, Aylmer
GREY CO.				
Hillcrest	1967	Amos Gingerich	30	R.4, Chesley
Lakedale	1967	Roman D. Yoder	39	R.1, Desboro
OXFORD CO.				
Brookside	1970	Catherine Troyer	12	R.4, St. Mary's
Clearview	1970	Ida Petersheim	19	Mossley
Maple Dell	1961	Ella L. Miller Ella M. Miller	50	R.1, Norwich

Maple Lane	1970	Elizabeth Yoder	13	Mt. Elgin
Maplewood	1968	Emma Hertzler	5	Tavistock
Millers	1960	Lovina J. Stutzman Ada J. Stutzman	42	R.1, Mt. Elgin
PERTH CO.				
Parochial # 1	1966	Judith Keupfer Adeline Kuepfer (forenoons)	42	R.1, Millbank
Parochial # 2	1969	Mary Keupfer	30	R.1, Millbank
Parochial # 3	1968	Catherine Wagler	30	R.1, Millbank
Parochial # 4	1968	Nancy Wagler	21	R.2, Millbank

PENNSYLVANIA

ADAMS CO.				
Fairview Amish	1964	Mrs. Jonathan Stoltzfus Barbara F. Fisher	50	R.2, Littlestown
BRADFORD CO.				
Valley View	1968	Andy A. Byler Elizabeth Yoder	52	LeRaysville
CENTRE CO.				
Elk Creek	1967	Katie Beiler	26	R.R., Millheim
Mountain View	1971	Rachel Stoltzfus	26	R.R., Millheim
CHESTER CO.				
Fairview	1960	Lydia E. King	29	Honeybrook
W. Brandywine	1967	Sarah A. Stoltzfus	42	R.2, Coatesville
CRAWFORD CO.				
Amish Private	1950	Anna Mary Byler	20	Atlantic
Rundell	1970	David Marner	23	R.2, Conneautville
Shadeland	1971	Barbara Marner	11	R.1, Springboro
INDIANA CO.				
Dry Knob	1968	Sara Schlabach	29	R.1, Smicksburg
Hickory Hollow	1967	Mrs. Fannie Byler	29	R.R., Home
Oak Grove	1965	Sara Yoder	29	R.1, Smicksburg
Owl Hollow	1969	Mary Troyer	28	R.1, Smicksburg
Stony Acres	1971	Laura Byler	21	R.1, Dayton
Walnut Hollow	1971	Clara Ann Miller	16	Marion Center
JEFFERSON CO.				
Allegheny Parochial	1970	Catherine Schrock	9	R.3, Punxsutwaney
JUNIATA CO.				
Black Rock	1964	Sara Renno	29	R.2, Mifflintown
Kurtz Valley	1954	Fannie R. Yoder	33	R.2, Mifflintown
Laurel Run	1961	Lizzie R. Yoder	27	R.1, Mifflintown
LANCASTER CO.				
Bartville	1966	Emma Stoltzfus	44	R.1, Kirkwood
Beaver Dam	1969	Mildred Emery	40	Honeybrook

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Stony Hill	1965	Annie King	33	R.3, Quarryville
Stumptown	1968	Sadie Stoltzfus	38	R.1, Bird-in-Hand
Union	1960	Rebecca K. Fisher	18	R.1, Oxford
Valley Rd.	1958	Fannie S. Miller	43	R.1, Bird-in-Hand
Witmer	1969	Lydia S. Beiler	41	R.R., Leola
LEBANON CO.				
Cherry Lane	1949	Fannie M. Lapp	20	R.2, Myerstown
Rocky Ledge	1964	Marlene Nolt	19	R.3, Myerstown
MERCER CO.				
Indian Run	1962	Anna C. Byler	15	R.2, New Wilmington
Little Beaver	1952	Mrs. Anna Y. Hostetler	15	Enon Valley
Woodlawn	1970	Katie D. Kurtz	37	R.2, New Wilmington
Zuvor	1953	Ella J. Byler	32	R.2, New Wilmington
MIFFLIN CO.				
Clearview	1952	Lydia Wengerd	35	Belleville
Mt. View	1960	Ella Peachy	36	Belleville
Sunnyside	1965	Katie Bender	36	Belleville
Waynesboro	1952	Catherine Swarey	35	Belleville
White Hall	1954	Mary Peachy	27	Belleville
MIFFLIN CO.	(Plainest of Old Order)			
Barville	1959	Mattie Z. Speicher	22	Reedsville
Church Lane	1959	Mary E. Hostetler	31	Reedsville
Cross Grove	1970	Katie A. Speicher	5	McClure
Penn's Valley	1959	Emma Hostetler	25	Reedsville
Winfield	1959	Annie E. Yoder	21	Reedsville
Woodland	1959	Rachel Zook	23	Milroy
Zook Corner	1959	Nancy B. Yoder	18	Reedsville
SOMERSET CO.				
Crossroad	1966	Nancy Brenneman	10	Springs
Summit Mills	1966	Sadie Summy	4	Meyersdale
SNYDER CO.				
Krouse		(No report)		
Perry Township	1955	Edna D. Troyer	22	R.1, Mt. Pleasant Mills
WARREN CO.				
Little Ash	1969	(No report)		

TENNESSEE

LAWRANCE CO.				
Ethridge # 1	(No report)			
Ethridge # 2	(No report)			

Beilers	1969	Rebecca K. Lantz	37	R.1, Gordonville
Belmont	1955	Susie King	29	R.1, Ronks
Brick Parochial	1948	Lizzie S. Stoltzfus	38	R.1, Christiana
Buena Vista	1967	Mary B. Zook	32	R.1, Gap
Bunker Hill	1970	Barbara Lantz	26	R.1, Strasburg
Byerstown	1967	Mary F. Esh	38	R.1, Gordonville
Cambridge	1969	Anna Brubacher	37	Narvon
Centerville	1967	Susie L. Petersheim	42	R.1, Gordonville
Cherry Lane	1964	Mary H. Fisher	33	R.1, Ronks
Chestnut Hill	1965	Barbara Esh	28	R.1, Christiana
Clear View	1956	Saloma F. Lapp	34	R.1, Ronks
Compass	1970	Annie F. Stoltzfus	33	R.2, Gap
Deer Hollow	1967	Lean Beiler	33	R.3, Quarryville
Farview	1953	Katie F. Beiler	34	R.R., Lancaster
Fishers	1957	Lizzie Zook	25	R.1, Christiana
Georgetown	1971	Mary E. King	29	R.1, Strasburg
Green Tree	1963	Emma S. Stoltzfus	44	R.1, Kirkwood
Groffdale	1971	Rebecca Huyard	31	R.1, New Holland
Harrison	1955	Mattie S. Renno	35	R.1, Gordonville
Hawkesville	1962	Mary K. Stoltzfus	41	R.3, Quarryville
Hickory Grove	1969	Emma Mae Esh	34	R.1, Gordonville
Hollow	1966	Lydia Fisher	40	R.1, Honeybrook
Iva	1955	Bena Stoltzfus	26	R.3, Quarryville
Limeville	1969	Annie L. Esh	38	R.1, Gordonville
Meadow Creek	1970	Lydia B. King	34	R.2, Now Holland
Meadow View	1969	Benjamin K. Beiler	29	R.1, Ronks
Meetinghouse Rd.	1970	Katie Blank	30	R.1, Gap
Millcreek	1969	Sarah K. Fisher	26	R.1, Bird-in-Hand
Millroad	1968	Mary A. Stoltzfus	51	R.2, Elverson
Millwood	1969	Naomi King Rebecca Zook Sarah L. Diener	45	R.1, Kinzers
Muddy Run	1967	Ida Z. Beiler	36	R.1, Bird-in-Hand
Mussers	1971	Moses K. Lapp	26	R.1, Gordonville
Myers	1971	Lydia S. Stoltzfus	36	R. 1, Ronks
New Milltown	1965	Bertha S. Miller	39	R.1, Bird-in-Hand
Newport	1961	Nancy Beiler	35	R. 1, Ronks
Nickel Mines	1957	Emma K. Miller	32	R.1, Paradise
Oak Grove	1939	Nancy Eash	42	R.R., Lancaster
Oak Shade	1970	Barbara K. Fisher	37	R.1, Kirkwood
Pine Crest	1961	Naomi Lapp	39	R.1, Gap
Pine Grove	1966	Emma King	28	R.1, Strasburg
Pleasant View	1938	Lydia F. Beiler	30	Box 245, Ronks
Salem	1970	Annie E. Beiler	36	R.1, Kirkwood
Snake Hill	1968	Mary F. Huyard	39	R.1, Now Holland
Spring Garden	1968	Sarah Beiler	32	R.1, Ronks

WISCONSIN

CLARK CO.				
Catnip Ridge	1967	(No report)		
Golden Willows	1960	(No report)		
Green Meadows	1968	(No report)		
Hillside	1960	(No report)		
Poplar Grove	1964	(No report)		
DANE CO.				
Pleasant View	1968	Wilma Plank	27	New Glarus
MONROE CO.				
East Ridgeville	1970	Ida Borntrager	30	Wilton
Number 2	1971	Mary P. Hostetler	7	Wilton
PORTAGE CO.				
Fair View	1971	Susie Mast	10	R.2, Amherst
Pleasant View	1966	Barbara Bontrager	20	R.1, Amherst
Stony Ridge	1968	Tillie Borntrager	15	R.2, Amherst
TREMPELEAU CO.				
Pine Hill	1967	Ida Mast	24	R.1, Blair
Riverside	1967	Millie Mast	18	R.1, Blair
VERNON CO.				
Grove View	1969	Katie G. Miller	27	Cashton
North Clinton	1966	Maryann Schmucker	31	Cashton
South Clinton	1966	Barbara Miller	26	Cashton
Sugar Grove	1970	Noah G. Kauffman	27	Cashton

Following is a short summary of the school directory. In order to complete this summary it was estimated that the schools which did not report each have one teacher and an average of 20 pupils.

	Schools	Teachers	Pupils	Pupils per school	Pupils per teacher
Pennsylvania	93	96	2813	30	29
Ohio	86	115	2833	33	25
Indiana	53	92	2165	41	23
Missouri	22	23	474	22	21
Others combined	67	74	1903	28	26
	321	400	10,192	31	25
Last year	302	365	9,542	31	26

Interesting facts about the teachers.

1. Lancaster County has five sets of sisters teaching.
2. In Holmes County there are five from one family teaching, Jonas Nisley and his four sisters, Lizzie Ann, Fannie, Amanda, and Lovina. The five combined have taught a total of more than forty terms.
3. Last year Conewango Valley, New York, had no men teachers. This year they have all men teachers but one.

DEAR READERS,

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

Christian greetings to all!

The first weeks of school are history to the teachers and the many pupils who attend school. By now the teachers have a fairly good idea how their pupils rank in intelligence and ability.

This term finds my sister Lovina and me at a different school, Doughty Valley. Lovina has found the six first graders about on the same degree of knowledge, but sometimes they make a change in the weeks ahead.

When working among our people in homes of pre-school children, one gets a pretty good idea of what kind of first graders will be sent to school in the future. I have seen many incidents that were a good lesson to me as to how to conduct a classroom, while others were a bad influence to all who were in hearing distance. I also regret that I have displayed a bad example for the ones round about me. There are times when there is a complete loss of words when one wants to say the appropriate thing before so many listeners.

It seems some children forget or aren't taught the meaning of the little word, "No." Recently while working in a home of preschool children, a small incident took place that gave me courage for the school term ahead. A child had asked for more toys. The mother said "No," but the child pleaded for a few more times. Then this reply was given in a moderate tone, "You are asking again and again. You want me to change the meaning of the word no, and that can't be done."

Was a fit of anger shown? No. Without a doubt, this child was being taught since early childhood that "yes" means "yes" and "no" means "no." If more mothers would pracice this, they would make it much easier for their future first graders. It is sad to say that a remark of the opposite nature has been heard, too: "I can't handle this child if his father isn't in sight." How will the child they will be sending to school be natured? Wouldn't it be wise to consider that his teacher might be a woman rather than a man?

There have been times when a shy first grader turned into an extra bold one. It may have been the teacher's fault, but being one of a crowd of some forty children on a rainy day, the timid one must either get over his shyness or slip away into a corner for safety. It has wondered me why more parents don't visit school on rainy days. Maybe they fear the corners would be the only place for their safety, too.

But then, it takes the rainy days to make us apprecaite the pleasant ones, both naturally and spiritually.

-A teacher,
Amanda A. Nisley

LERAYSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR READERS,

"Ding dong!"

"Oh, do I have to go into that achoolhouse and study for another 180 days? Will I ever be glad when I get out of that jail for good!"

How many teachers have to hear remarks like that on the first day of school? Or do the children go in and sit down as if they couldn't wait for school to begin? That is what happened at Valley View this year. On the first morning the children all seemed eager to start. What can a teacher do to keep up the interest in his pupils?

I feel a great responsibility trying to keep a good reputation among the pupils, parents, and board members. A teacher not only has to keep in line in school, but has to be a good example in the church. This goes for the way he dresses, the way he talks and acts, and many other things. Children get more by seeing with the eyes than hearing with the ears. This is especially true of those who say they don't like school.

Now while I'm on that subject, let me ask one question. If they really come down to the point and admit it, do they really dislike school? They all seem to enjoy recess, and they don't get recess as regularly at home as they do in school!

Maybe we will have to put the blame on the teacher. Maybe that is where the trouble is. I know one teacher who is trying to have an enjoyable school term. After being present at the 1971 Teachers' Meeting, which was the first one I ever attended, I have even more zeal to try harder than ever to see what I can do for the younger generation. What they learn in their young years will stay with them longer than anything else.

I enjoy the Bulletin very much, even though I just have to take time off to read it. It usually takes midnight oil, but that's all right. The oil can be replaced again.

Right now it is last recess. Everyone is outside excpet the two teachers and two seventh graders who are taking care of the cleaning duties (without pay). We have 52 pupils enrolled this year and it is time to get busy.

Wishing everyone the best in teaching, the beginners as well as the more experienced ones.

A reader,
Andy A. Byler

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Four – A HASTY DECISION

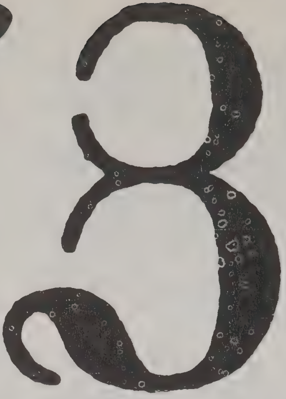
ORPHA GLANCED AT THE clock. "Good!" she exclaimed. "We have ten minutes until lunch time, so let's take a speed and skill test."

Eagerly the children cleared the tops of their desks and sat waiting. Ever since they began taking these tests about a month ago, they always looked forward to them.

"Danny and Norman may pass out the sheets," she said, placing some papers on the corner of her desk. "Please put them face-down on the desks and no one is to turn theirs over until I say so."

Orpha was especially pleased to have the children take an interest in these tests because they were something she had thought up herself. Ever since she taught school, she felt her older pupils lacked skill in ordinary simple arithmetic. She had tried different methods before she found one which she felt was really successful. In her desk she had a variety of problem sheets she had run off with the duplicator. Each sheet contained twenty mixed-practice problems. The first time the children were to take the tests, they groaned when Orpha told them they would have only three minutes to work the problems. But after she had explained that no one would be able to do them all, and suggested they keep track of their scores on a line graph, things looked brighter to them. Now they really enjoyed the tests, for already the line graphs showed improvement.

"Is everyone ready?" asked Orpha when the papers had been distributed. She stood and watched the clock until the second hand reached the twelve. "You may begin," she announced. A russle of papers sounded as the children turned their sheets over, then there was an unbroken silence.



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FRONT SIDE

A surge of satisfaction came over Orpha as she stood and watched her pupils so earnestly at work. Each one of these children was one of her pupils. Each one had a place of his own in her heart. Yes, she loved them all, from the small-for-their-age Helmuth twins in grade one to tall, lanky Levi Hostetler in grade eight. In between were thirty other children and each of them had a different personality. They came from different homes and had been influenced by different parents. Was it any wonder things didn't always go as smoothly as she wished they would?

One minute was up. Orpha held up one finger on her hand which was tucked under her arm. Did the children have any idea what was going through her mind as she stood with her arms folded and her eyes on the clock? When had she last told her pupils that she appreciated them for cooperating as well as they had the last while? Orpha felt guilty when she remembered how soon she scolded when things went wrong, yet when things went all right, she didn't say anything. This afternoon she'd have to think of a special way of showing the children that she did appreciate them.

Another minute was up and Orpha raised another finger. She wondered why it was that the very pupils who caused her the most troubles were the ones she had to be careful not to favor. Like Danny. He insisted he didn't like school and often had to be reprimanded for things he did. Yet he was usually the pupil she asked to do special favors for her. Was she subconsciously trying to make up for the scolding she had done, or was it that she wanted to show him she didn't hold any grudges against him? She remembered something another teacher had once said about getting the biggest rewards of teaching from the most troublesome pupils. Was this really true?

"Time's up," she announced. "Turn your papers over."

A chorus of sighs was heard from the pupils. "Only six more," announced a seventh-grade girl.

"Anyone get done?" asked Orpha. No one had. In half-whispering tones the pupils told each other how many they had done. That is, all except Lizzie Mulet. She did not say anything.

"Well, let's check," suggested Orpha. "We still have time."

"Shall we exchange?" asked Levi.

"Ah, yes, I guess so this time," smiled Orpha. She was checking to see whether she had the right answer sheet. She read the first fifteen answers. "Does anyone have a paper with more answers?" she asked.

Fannie raised her hand. "Lizzie's paper has seventeen," she said.

"Very good, Lizzie," beamed Orpha. She read two more answers, then asked the children to return the papers to the owners. "Mark your scores on your line graphs," she added.

"Mine dropped this time," announced a fifth-grade girl with a look of disappointment on her face.

"But that will give you more chance to improve again the next time," encouraged Orpha cheerfully. She walked down the aisle and up the other. "I sure am pleased with the progress your line graphs show," she said. Picking up Lizzie's notebook, she took it to the front of the room. "Look at this one, for example." She pointed with the eraser of her pencil. "The first test she had seven correct answers. See how gradually this line climbed all the way up to seventeen! Not only is Lizzie gaining in speed, but in skill as well. Today she had seventeen problems done and every one was correct." She returned the notebook to Lizzie, who was embarrassed but pleased with the compliment she had received from her teacher.

Orpha walked up the aisle, but turned sharply when she heard a strange noise. She was in time to see Ben, a fifth grader, with his hand over his mouth. He had put it there to try to stop a laugh, but he was too late and the noise that came out was worse than a laugh would have been.

"What's funny?" demanded Orpha sharply. Sometimes she got so aggravated with those fifth grade boys.

"What Danny said," answered Ben soberly. Suddenly things didn't seem so funny anymore.

Orpha turned to Danny. "What did you say?" she demanded.

Danny didn't answer.

"I asked you what you said," said Orpha sternly. "If whatever you said was all right to whisper, then it should be all right to say out loud, too."

A second grader raised his hand. He was sitting right behind Ben.

"Yes, Mose?" said Orpha.

"I heard what he said. He said if he were as fat as Lizzie is, then he could add fast, too."

A deafening silence filled the room. The little children looked frightened. Lizzie stared at the floor and bit her lip. There was only one pupil in the classroom whose face was anywhere near as red as hers, and that was Danny's. Orpha couldn't believe what she had heard. But then, it was not hard to believe after all. Wasn't it just like Danny to spoil a good week at school? Just when she thought things were going fine, now this.

"Danny Troyer," she said, disappointment and sternness in every syllable. "What am I going to do with you? How many times have I told you to treat your fellow students with respect."

"I'm sorry," mumbled Danny.

"But you've said you were sorry before, yet you turn around and do the same thing over again. This time I'm going to help you remember." Frantically Orpha tried to think fast. Without stopping to consider whether it was a very good punishment, she pronounced the penalty. "You come up here and sit with Lizzie for a while. Maybe that will help you be friends after this."

Several of the pupils giggled, but stopped immediately when Orpha shook her head sternly. Orpha saw at once that Danny was not going to like the punishment. She was pleased with herself to have thought of something so unpleasant for him. "Come on, you heard what I said, didn't you?" she demanded.

By now Lizzie was sitting as far on the edge of her seat as possible without dropping off. Still Danny didn't obey. With a firm step Orpha marched back and got Danny by the arm. To her relief he allowed himself to be led to Lizzie's seat. Sullenly he perched on the opposite edge.

"Sit down right," commanded Orpha, thoroughly disgusted by this time. When Danny obeyed by a few inches, she was satisfied. Without looking at any of the pupils she returned to her desk. It was time for lunch, but Orpha decided to wait at least five minutes. She wanted Danny to have plenty of time to think about what he had done. She busied herself with small tasks.

One minute passed, then two and three. The classroom seemed much too quiet. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a sob. Orpha looked up sharply. Surely Danny was not crying—not Danny, who was in the fifth grade! She was sick at what she saw, Danny wasn't crying, but Lizzie was.

"All right, Danny, take your seat," said Orpha dejectedly. For the first time a shade of doubt entered her mind concerning the punishment she had chosen. Why hadn't she realized that in this way she would be giving Lizzie the same punishment? In all her weeks of teaching Orpha had never felt so miserable. She had made a hasty decision and now she saw it was the wrong one. But it was too late; the damage was done. There was no way of undoing it.

Orpha didn't feel any better a short time later when the girls didn't come back from going after their dinner buckets. When she could stand it no longer, she went downstairs to investigate. She found Lizzie crying again. The sympathy she had received from the other girls was more than she could take. For a minute Orpha thought she going to apologize to Lizzie and admit she had done wrong. But then she wondered if the children would ever respect her for any other decision she made in the future. After all, she was the teacher, and what she chose for punishments for her children was up to her and no one else.

Determination siezed her. "Listen, Lizzie," she said. "Sitting with Danny didn't hurt you a bit— not one bit." Her tone of voice softened somewhat and she went on. "It wasn't meant to be a punishment for you, but I did expect you to cooperate. You know well enough that I had to punish Danny somehow," she added a little lamely.

"B-b-but I-I couldn't help it," sobbed Lizzie. "I-I hadn't done anything."

"That's what I am trying to tell you," said Orpha. "You don't have to care, because you didn't do anything wrong. Danny is the one who should be ashamed of himself."

"But Lizzie can't understand why you did not punish Danny in some other way," ventured Fannie.

Orpha looked at Fannie and at the rest of the girls, her eyes narrowing. "It's your fault that Lizzie feels as she does," she accused firmly. "You have no business sympathizing with her."

The girls looked as if they had been slapped in the face. For a long minute no one spoke. Then Orpha said, "You might as well go and eat. Let's try and forget what happened. It's best we don't say anything more about it."

The girls picked up their dinner buckets and went upstairs. Orpha followed. She sat down at her desk, but she wasn't a bit hungry. How could things change so fast? Only half an hour ago she was thoroughly happy and now she wished she had never started teaching. She wished she were still a hired girl. Gladly would she hang out wash on frosty mornings and milk five cows twice a day. Gladly would she carry heavy baskets of eggs in from the chicken house and spend long hours cleaning them.

"By tomorrow I'll feel better again," she tried to console herself. She forced her misgivings into the far corner of her mind and picked up her sandwich. "I told the girls to forget about it, and I have to do the same thing."

TO BE CONTINUED

to READ ALOUD

Amos knew his report wasn't as neat as it could be and that he should copy it over, but he decided not to.

GOOD ENOUGH

—**Agnes Ranney**

Amos sat looking at the report on trees he was to hand in to his teacher in the morning. He should really copy it over, he supposed—it looked a little messy where he got started on the wrong line and had to erase. There was that point he had meant to add near the end, too. He'd have to copy the last page over if he did that.

"Be bed time before I got that all done," he mumbled. The smell of popping corn floated in from the living room.

"I won't copy it over," Amos decided, gathering up his report and his math paper and slipping them into his notebook. Soon he was beside the fireplace, watching the corn in the old-fashioned wire popper turn from hard brown kernels to fluffy white blossoms as his mother turned it gently near the dancing flames.

"Finish your report, Amos?" she asked, smiling, as she poured the fragrant popcorn into three bowls, poured melted butter over each one, and sprinkled them with salt. Amos had been afraid she would ask that. But he had to answer.

"Yes, it's all ready," he said

"I'd like to see it," said his mother. "Hand this bowl of popcorn to your Dad, please, Amos."

"Mum—smells good," Dad said, laying aside his book. "Nothing like a bowl of popcorn and a good crackling fire on a cold night."

Amos hoped his mother would forget about his report, but she was smiling at him, waiting for him to bring it. He handed it to her a little reluctantly. Then he took his bowl of popcorn and settled himself in front of the fire.

"I like the way you put your ideas together," Mother said when she had finished. "But your writing, Amos—couldn't you be neater?"

"Oh—it's good enough," Amos said. "Miss Gingrich isn't so very fussy." He expected mother to insist on his copying the report over, but she handed it back without another word.

It was past bedtime before Amos finished his popcorn and dragged himself away from the cozy living room. He should work on the Psalm in German he was learning for school, he supposed. It was Psalm 100, and his class was to say it in unison before the school on Monday. Well—he knew it pretty well, he guessed. Besides, there was still Friday and Saturday. He crept into bed and lay there listening to the soft sounds of the dying fire in the living room and the pattering of snowflakes against the window.

By morning the snow lay several inches deep. Dad was shoveling the front steps when Amos went out to breakfast. He peered at his father through the window. Then he tapped on the glass.

"You missed a step, Dad!" he called.

"Oh, that's good enough," Dad called back. "It's off most of them," he shouldered the shovel and went around the back.

"I can take you to school if you're ready by 8:20," Dad said at breakfast. Amos hurried to get his school things together. He sort of wished he'd copied that report over. But it was too late now. He shrugged into his coat and started out the door. On the third step he sank into the snow, and felt it falling into the top of his boot.

"Funny Dad didn't shovel that other step," he thought, digging out the cold little chunks of snow. Then he hurried on.

"I've decided to give you until Monday on your reports," Miss Gingrich said in class. There were sighs of relief from some students, moans from those who had worked hard to finish before the assigned time.

At home that afternoon Amos watched his mother rolling pie crust. Carefully she rolled it around the rolling pin, unrolled it over the apples in the pan, and trimmed the edges. Then she folded the edges under and fluted them with her finger and thumb. Amos liked to watch.

"You missed a little place," he said, as his mother started toward the stove with the pie. "It looks funny with that piece along there straight instead of crinkled like the other."

"Oh, that's good enough," his mother said. "We'll soon eat it anyway, and it won't matter if it's not perfect. Probably nobody will notice, anyway."

"I noticed," Amos said. But Mother just gave the pie a careless little push into the oven—not at all the way she usually eased it in—and flipped the oven door closed.

"You want me to watch the clock, so you will know when to look at it?" Amos asked.

"Oh, no, I'll just guess—that's good enough," Mother said. Amos looked at her. She certainly was acting funny, as if nothing mattered much. But then John came over to play and he ran outdoors.

Amos was in bed that night when he remembered Psalm 100. He had meant to work on it before he went to bed, but he had been so glad it was Friday and no school tomorrow that he had forgotten all about it.

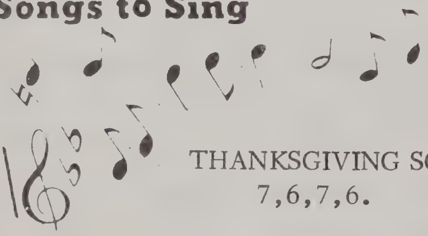
"Oh, well, I'll work on it tomorrow—that will be good enough," Amos said to himself.

Good enough? The words sounded very familiar somehow. That's what he'd said about his report—only he knew really that it wasn't good enough. And Dad had said it about the step he had left covered with snow. Mother, too—about the pie. The pie hadn't been as good as usual—it was sort of burned on one edge, and the juice boiled out of the un-crimped part of the crust.

Suddenly Amos grinned. "I guess they did it on purpose," he said to himself. "I thought it was funny Mother didn't make me copy my report over—she wanted me to see it for myself. I guess little things *do* matter.

"Well, I'll copy that report tomorrow, now that we have extra time, and I'll do a good job. And I'll learn that Psalm, too. I'll have it really good enough so that I won't be ashamed."

Songs to Sing



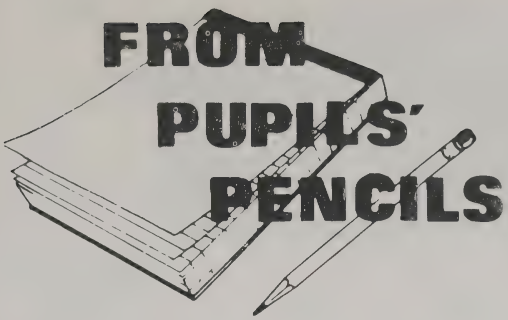
THANKSGIVING SONG
7,6,7,6.

Suggested tune:
"Bedenke, Mench, das Ende"

We plow the fields and scatter
The good seeds on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
And lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us; His children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good—
For seed time and the harvest,
For life and health and food.
Accept the gift we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what Thou most deservest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.



Note---

For the next few months we would like to have this page filled by pupils from one school. Any school whose entries are printed will receive a new book for the school library. Here are a few rules to follow:

1. The entries must be essays, stories, or poems. No letters.
2. Choose your own subjects. The stories may be about one subject or about a variety of subjects. Also, each school may send both poems and stories.
3. A school must supply enough material to fill one page. There may be no less than three separate entries from each school and no more than eight. (Sending us eight gives us more to choose from
4. The work may be supervised by the teacher, but it must be done by the pupils. Entries must be handwritten in ink.
5. The work must be sent in by the teacher. Be sure and includ the name of the school. Address to: Cousin Carrie, c/o Blackboar Bulletin, R.4, Aylmer, Ontario

A RUNAWAY

-by Daniel Wengerd

This accident occurred when I was about ten or eleven. I was very tired from cultapacking all day long. Dad had just finished planting corn and told me to close the gate when I was done.

It was a difficult gate to get through, but I finally managed. I left the horses stand while I was closing the gate. Suddenly I turned around and saw no horses. I looked up and saw three horses and a cultapacker going toward the barn.

Quickly I started to run after the run-away team. As I approached, one of the horses could see me from over her blinds. I kept running until I was almost caught up, then yelled, "Whoa!" This only scared the horses worse and made them run faster. They were going very fast by now, knocking down the fence posts one by one.

I just stood there watching the fleeing horses with staring eyes. Finally I noticed they were slowing down a little bit, then suddenly they stopped completely. I quickly ran to the waiting team. Then I saw what had stopped the horses. The lines were wrapped around the axle and were very tight.

After carefully examining the cultapacker, I tied the horses to a fence post. I decided to go and get some help to unwrap the lines for I was very excited.

After everything was all over, I went back and closed the gate. I thought to myself, "Never close a gate without keeping a good eye on the eager-to-go-home team.

Spencerville, Indiana
Grade 8, Age 14

A WILD CHASE

— by Arlene Nolt

When I was eight years old one sunny morning Mother asked, "Who wants to go get the mail?"

No one really wanted to, so I decided to go. I jumped on my bike and started to pedal when the chain came off. I got off and fixed it and tried again. This time I went slower so the chain wouldn't come off again.

I went up the lane, enjoying the warm sun. When I was getting the mail, I saw some wild flowers, so I picked them. Just as I was returning to my bike I heard something behind me. I turned around and saw a shabby old car turning in the lane. I jumped on my bike, but soon the chain came off again. Thinking that I would not have time to fix it, I left the bike and started running.

I turned around and saw that the old car was gaining on me. I ran pell-mell, screaming and crying as I went. My shoe flew off and landed in the meadow.

My mother came out on the porch to see what was wrong. All my brothers and sisters were in the yard for the same reason. I didn't stop running until I was in the kitchen.

The man came to talk to Mother. "My, I must have scared that little girl," he said.

After he had gone Mother told me he was just a salesman. The others laughed, but I didn't think it was funny. I guess the reason I was so scared was because we had just gotten a warning from the principal not to talk or ride with strangers. Some children had been bothered by strangers at bus stops.

—Kutztown, Pennsylvania
Grade 6, Age 10

TWO LESSONS IN ONE

- by Mary Zehr

This never-forgotten incident occurred to me during the summer. It happened one afternoon while my brother and I were playing on the edge of the water tank.

We were standing on the edge of the tank and had ahold in the crack where the lid came shut. Mom scolded us and told us to get down but, of course, we didn't listen. A few minutes afterwards I jumped down and I also wanted to make my brother jump down. So then I started to wiggle the lid, which was just held up by a stick, and all of a sudden, Bang! the lid rushed shut on his fingers. I was so scared I couldn't think what to do first. Mom heard his cry and came running to the rescue. She knew right exactly what had happened.

Mom scolded me and said, "If you would have listened this wouldn't have happened."

I took two lessons out of the accident. One was to not wiggle the lid, but the biggest one was to listen to Mom. I knew if I had listened it wouldn't have happened. I also know I did wrong because in the Bible it says, "Obey your parents," or in German it is "Kinder gehörchet eure Eltern."

New Haven, Indiana
Age 13, Grade 8

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

This is a beautiful fall morning. It's chilly, and as I went milking this morning, I was shivering in spite of the coat I was wearing. "Yes, it won't be long till winter," I thought. Just knowing it will soon be much colder makes me appreciate beautiful fall weather a lot.

Talking about going milking reminds me of something I learned from a cow we used to have when I was still a little girl. Her name was Bossy and she was tame enough for us children to milk. But she wasn't always that tame, I'll tell you. The first time Dad tried to milk her, she sent the pail flying way over to the other side of the cow stable.

This isn't too unusual for a heifer. They have to get used to being milked, but Bossy didn't seem to be able to get used to it. After a few days Dad said, "Well, it looks as if we have a kicker here. I guess she will have to be broken to hobbles."

I think you all know what hobbles are. They're sorta like handcuffs, only they're made to fit a cow's legs, tying them together so she can't kick. If Bossy thought being milked was bad, she soon found out wearing hobbles was a lot worse. The first time Dad put them on her, she gave one kick and a bellow and threw herself. The hobbles flew off. That didn't help matters any. Dad made her get up and then put them right back on. After a while Bossy saw there was no use. Panting, she stood still and let Dad milk her. But the next morning when it was her turn to be milked, she put up the same fuss. This went on for a while until we all dreaded Bossy's milking time. We felt sorry for the poor cow, for we knew those hobbles hurt her when she tried to kick and couldn't.

I don't remember how long this went on, but it seemed like a long time. Finally Bossy got smart enough to give up. She stood still while Dad put the hobbles on her and she didn't move her foot all the while she was being milked. The same hobbles that had hurt her before didn't do a thing to her now. She didn't even seem to notice when Dad put them on her. As the time passed, she became quite gentle and Dad said she was safe for us children to milk. After a while we didn't even bother hobbling her, because she never tried to kick. She was now one of our favorite cows.

I said a while ago that the hobbles hurt the cow. I think I said that a little wrong. I should have said Bossy hurt herself by trying to kick. It was her own fault. Once she stopped kicking, the hobbles didn't bother her at all. In fact, if she had behaved from the very beginning, she would never have found out that there was such a thing as hobbles in Dad's barn.

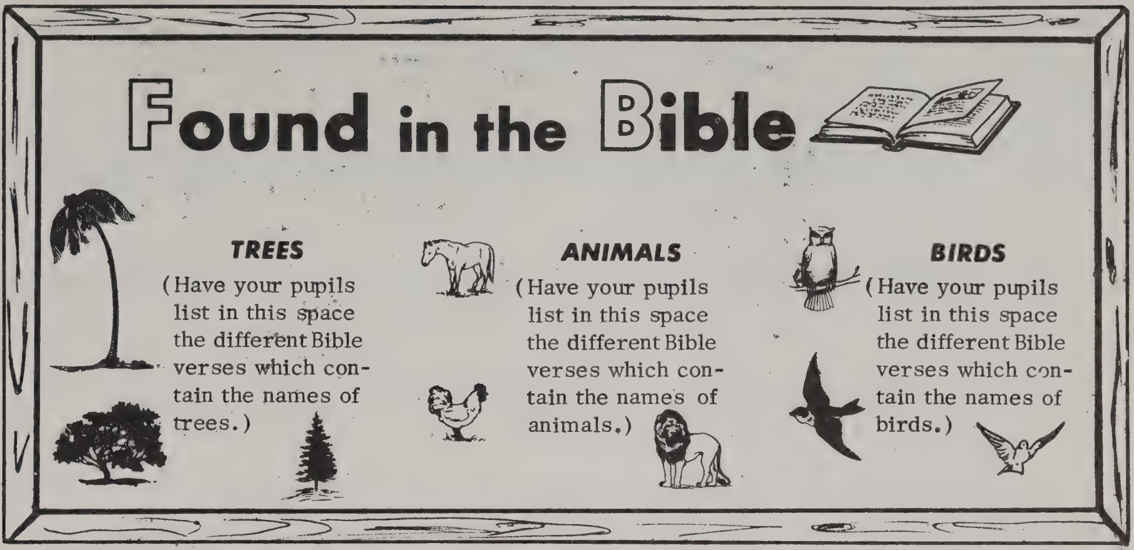
I think that's the way it is with us people, too. We have "hobbles" called rules. They are to keep us from doing things we shouldn't do. As long as we stay away from the things we shouldn't do, we're all right. But the minute we start breaking the rules, that's when we start hurting ourselves. The people who have authority over us (like parents, teachers, and ministers) have to remind us to stop doing these things and maybe even make other rules to keep us from breaking the first rule. That's when we want to be careful we don't act like Bossy did—kick and bellow and do anything we can to get away from obeying the rules. If we do, we hurt ourselves a lot more than we hurt anyone else.

There's one more thing I want to tell you about Bossy. After she gave up and acted like a good cow, we thought a lot more of her, and I'm sure she was happier, too. And the same is true of us. People like us a lot better if we stay in our places and obey the rules, and in the end we're a lot happier ourselves.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, be a wise "Bossy." Be good, and the "hobbles" won't bother you at all.

Best wishes,
Cousin Carrie

. . Projects . . . . . .



Found in the Bible

TREES

(Have your pupils list in this space the different Bible verses which contain the names of trees.)

ANIMALS

(Have your pupils list in this space the different Bible verses which contain the names of animals.)

BIRDS

(Have your pupils list in this space the different Bible verses which contain the names of birds.)

Here is a project for the upper-grade pupils. It is designed to help them learn how to use a concordance and also how to locate the books of the Bible. It may be done in German or English or both if you wish. Each pupil should have a Bible, but you need only have one concordance for the classroom.

There are many subjects which you might choose to trace in the Bible, so feel free to do any that you wish. But here are listed three which you might care to use:

TREES
- almond
- apple
- ash
- cedar
- cypress
- oak
- chesnut
- poplar
- fir
- fig
- pine
- juniper
- olive
- hemlock
- hazel
- palm
- willow

ANIMALS
- snail
- leopard
- sow
- calves
- ant
- camel
- bees
- colt
- horse
- lamb
- sheep
- ram
- goat
- ox
- deer
- mule
- dog
- cow
- bat
- mole
- bear
- lion
- viper
- pig

BIRDS
- sparrow
- crane
- dove
- swallow
- eagle
- peacock
- pelican
- chickens
- stork
- hawk
- raven
- quail
- nighthawk
- owl
- cock
- heron

The project, then, is for the pupils to look up the words and to neatly copy off the entire verse; for some of the words the concordance will give many references, but the pupil need only choose one. When the verse has been copied off, the word should be underlined with a bright color and the Bible reference added at the end in parenthesis. Slips of paper with the verses on them should be fastened to the bulletin board under the proper heading.

Each pupil should have a Bible to use, but only one concordance is needed as pupils could take turns looking the words up. For example, a pupil would look up "almond" and call out to the others "Almond, Jerimiah 1:11." Since there are often more than one place where the word occurs, the pupil will need to quickly choose one to call out. Then the other pupils will see if they can find the verse; the pupil finding it first will have the job of copying it off.

If a teacher would prefer not to have the pupils take turns in calling the words and references out, she could assign certain words to each pupil to look up privately and to copy off.

The object of this project is not to create a Bible game; thus the teacher should not encourage children to race in looking up the verses. It is meant to help the pupils learn the books of the Bible and their abbreviations, how to use a concordance, and how to locate passages in the Bible without thumbing thru the entire book.

Illustrations of some of the words could be made and fastened to the bulletin board between the rows of verses.

Previous to beginning this project it would be a good idea for the pupils to memorize the books of the Bible in their proper rotation. (Singing the song "Die Bücher der Bibel" in German or English would aid this.) Also the abbreviations of the books should be learned and the correct pronunciation of each.

FOR THE JUNIORS

Teaching Opposites: Put headings on the bulletin board consisting of opposite words, such as HOT and COLD. Let the children find pictures in magazines that go with the words. They should cut them out and pin them on the bulletin board. They might have the sun, a pan of steaming food, a picture of fire, etc. under the first heading, and ice cream, snow, a refrigerator, etc. under the second one. Encourage a long list. Other opposites could be used, such as fast and slow, light and heavy, tall and short, etc.

This same method could be used to teach nouns and verbs, using pictures of stationary things and in motion. Examples: walking and walk (sidewalk), skating and an ice skate, feeding and feed (bags of feed), etc.

In this issue we are printing the school directory. Even though there are a few schools that did not report, we feel this directory is more complete than any we have had in recent years. But even then, there are probably some communities that have their own schools which we don't know of. If any of the readers know of Old Order Amish schools that are not listed in the directory, we would be glad to hear from them.

The directory is located in the center of this issue so that those who wish to remove it and keep it for future reference may do so.

We owe a sincere "Thank you" to all who participated in gathering information for the school directory. We especially appreciate the reporters in the different areas that took time to send out forms to the schools in their assigned areas. We have all their names on file and they will probably hear from us again next year. We would be glad if someone could give us the information for the (No report) schools.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U. S. A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED.
FORWARDING AND RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

With the new forms we made to mail out to the reporters, we found it much easier to keep track of the information when it came in. We hope that not only was our work easier, but that of the reporters, too. The only change we plan to make next year is to mail these forms to the reporters earlier. Several mentioned taking them along to a teachers' meeting and others said they were too late for their meeting. We will try and have them mailed out in plenty of time next year.

We are holding back the Old Order Mennonite directory until the next issue. They, too, are listing more schools than ever and space does not permit us to print them both in the same issue.

As the directory shows, the Bulletin's former editor, Joseph Stoll, is listed with the teachers again. Since the school term in Honduras does not start until December, he isn't actually teaching yet. After such a long "vacation" it will no doubt take adjusting to get "back into the harness."

The school in Honduras is to have two teachers, but we can only list one. Who the second one will be is uncertain yet.

We on the Bulletin staff don't think of ourselves as Canadians. There isn't a whole lot of difference between this country and the United States, but there are a few that affect us. One is the spelling of words. For example, Canadians write "cheques" when they make payments, they visit their "neighbours" and watch the pretty "colours" of a sunset. So far we have stuck to our native way of spelling and it hasn't been a problem at all.

Another difference is the dates of certain holidays and that's where we sometimes get mixed up. Perhaps one day the mail man doesn't show up and then we discover that it is a Canadian holiday.

On last month's "Projects" page we featured a calendar showing holidays and memorable dates in October. On the original calendar we used, Thanksgiving Day was marked as being the first Monday in October, the official Canadian Thanksgiving day. It was not until after all the pages were printed that someone pointed this out to us and said we must be Canadians after all. But we did include a Thanksgiving song in this issue, too. (See "Songs to Sing.")

Blackboard Bulletin
December 1971

"GEOGRAPHY ISN'T IMPORTANT"

—by an Indiana teacher

"DING DONG! DING DONG," sounded the bell at Sunny Meadow. Joe Yoder was hastily getting his desk straightened up as the children marched to their seats.

"Today instead of having our regular geography class in grade five, we will fill out our United States maps," Joe announced after devotions.

Melvin Zook raised his hand. "Will it be wrong if the states aren't spelled right?" he asked.

"Yes, we'll figure 1% for spelling and 1% for each state you labeled right. That will give you 100% if you have all fifty right and spelled right, too," answered the teacher. "And I think I'll give the same test to the 6th, 7th, and 8th graders, too. I want to see how well you remember this from previous years."

"Will the grade count on the report card?" asked Mary.

"Sure it will," answered Joe. "I know the upper graders haven't studied this recently, but you have time to review and besides, you should remember them if you had learned them right."

At recess half of the students were standing around each other's desks studying states and the correct spelling of each. Joe was pleased with the interest the pupils took in their assignment.

The time for geography came. The children settled down and worked with a will. That night when Joe was checking the papers he found that most of the pupils had done well on the test. "This 100% should help Melvin Zook bring his report card average up to a "B" this time," he thought. It seemed all year Melvin's grades averaged about 1% below "B", but this time the teacher hoped he would make it on the other side of the "fence."

Just then his thoughts were interrupted because someone had come in the door. He looked up and saw it was Melvin Zook.

"Why, hello, Melvin, did you forget something?" asked Joe.

"No," answered Melvin. "Dad is outside in the buggy and he wants to know if you would like to have a ride home. We'll be going right past your place."

"I'd appreciate that. Tell your Dad I'll be right out," answered Joe. Hurriedly he cleared the top of his desk, grabbed his lunch pail and went out. "Hello, David," he greeted the parent. "You know how to give a person a surprise."

"It wasn't my idea, really," said David with a grin. "It was Melvin's. How are things going in school?"

"Pretty good," Today I gave the pupils a map to fill out and Melvin had a hundred on it. This should help his geography grade," answered the teacher.

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❀ *Coming next month!*

POSTMARK GEOGRAPHY —by David Luthy

Have you ever heard of Sleepy Eye, Minnesota? How about Lame Deer, Montana? These and many other American town names can be used to help make geography more interesting. Read about it on next month's "Projects" page.

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AN EDITORIAL

One day I visited a school, arriving at the last recess. I stayed until the school was dismissed for the day. While the other pupils were putting on their coats to go home, a third grader (we'll call him Reuben) walked up to the teacher's desk.

"Teacher?" asked Reuben wiggling shyly as he spoke.

"Yes, Reuben, what is it?" smiled his teacher.

"May we go home now?"

There was a slight pause. The question likely had caught the teacher off guard and surprised her. It was more like something a first grader might ask. But the pause was very slight and the teacher answered, "Yes, Reuben you may go home. Didn't you know that school was dismissed?"

Reuben shook his head. "Hungh-uh. I thought it was recess."

I couldn't help interrupting. "It was recess when I came. Don't you remember you were playing outside when I drove in?"

Reuben smiled. "I thought that was dinner time."

That was the end of the conversation. Reuben was soon trailing down the gravel road behind the other homeward-bound pupils. From the schoolhouse window I watched him go. His being behind the other pupils on the road was like he was at school—always behind. He was a hard learner, a slow pupil.

The teacher and I chatted a short while about Reuben, but the conversation soon switched to other subjects. But suddenly Reuben's name was once more being mentioned. The teacher and I were standing in front of a grouping of pictures on the wall. Each pupil had drawn one for art class.

"This is Reuben's," stated the teacher, touching a very neatly drawn picture of a mother duck and three little ducks.

"You mean this one with the ducks?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Why, that's really good," I exclaimed. The ducks look so real and the colors are well chosen. Did he trace it?"

"Oh, no. It's his own work," the teacher assured me.

Five minutes ago I had seen Reuben trailing behind the other pupils. Suddenly he was out in front—his art work was better than what most of the upper graders had done.

And he was only in third grade. Here was an area where he succeeded. I felt happy for him.

Every school has it's slow pupils. But like Reuben they will all have their area of superior achievement. It may be art work, arithmetic, spelling, or some other area. It would be good if each teacher could discover in what area her slow pupil excels and encourage him in it. Slow pupils need to have a "good" word from time to time from the teacher. They, too, like to feel they have accomplished something; they need to have self-respect.

If a slow pupil is above average in arithmetic, maybe he could help other pupils who aren't, or help the lower graders who are just learning the basic arithmetic facts. Such an experience will awaken self-respect within him, and the other pupils will find new respect for him too. If the slow pupil is good in art work, perhaps he could work on a project with an "A" student who is poor in art work; the slow pupil could do the art work for a booklet and the "A" pupil could write the prose part. Teaming them up in a project will help them to both recognize each other's talents and thereby gain respect for one another and for themselves.

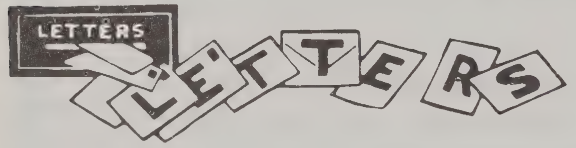
"A" students often need a minimum of praise for they can soon become proud. Pride is an undue sense of one's superiority. It makes a pupil feel better than others. A slow pupil, however, needs lots of praise and encouragement, for this helps him to develop self-respect. Such self-respect and feeling of having accomplished something is good for him. It does not work like pride, making him feel better than others; it makes him feel like others.

Thus, a teacher should not do two things to a slow pupil: 1.) she should not try and make a straight "A" pupil out of him by spending an overabundance of time with him. She must spend some extra time with him, but she still should be aware of the fact that some pupils just don't have what it takes to make straight "A's". 2.) Nor should a teacher ignore a slow pupil saying, "Oh, well he can't learn anyway." This is being unfair to him in that it places him lower than he really is.

Slow pupils have their areas of achievement. A teacher should take the responsibility upon her to discover this area, to encourage the slow pupil in his area of achievement, to praise him for work well done, and to invent situations in which he can gain self-respect and in which his classmates will find new respect for him. It is this last area which is often lacking in our schools. Teachers fail to bring their slow pupils into the area of self-respect. Recently I talked with a man who said, "I always felt inferior when I went to school because my grades were lower than other's." Today this same man has his farm paid for and is making a go of it. Some of the better pupils are having a hard time of it.

Teachers should not push the slow pupil too hard lest he almost despair, for you can not make a race horse out of a slow horse. But the slow pupil shouldn't be "turned out to pasture" as if he can't learn a thing. Teachers might better look at their "slow" pupils as "special" pupils — pupils who need to experience the satisfying feeling of accomplishment and self-respect.

-D. L.



I thought the article on keeping pupils occupied was "tops." (See "Teacher, What Can I Do Now?", October issue.) I could just imagine myself trying some of those things in the classroom. What I need now is an article on how to keep pre-school children occupied while Mother is very busy with other things.

We also look forward to reading "There's Always Tomorrow" each month. A teacher can pick up many teaching helps from it if she is alert.

-An ex-teacher, Indiana

Yesterday in our communion services I saw something that hurt me very much. Two young girls sat with their heads together and were laughing and talking while the preacher was preaching. I've seen this before and it always hurts, but this time even more so, because one of them was a teacher and the other one a substitute.

How does this teacher think she can make her children listen to her if she sits and talks in church? I think it bothers the preacher just as much when the people talk in church as it bothers a teacher when her pupils whisper in school.

I have a great love for all teachers and feel sorry for the way it goes in some schools. It takes all a teacher can do to keep things in order in school. If the pupils see their teacher misbehave in church, does not that open the door for them to do the same thing the next week in school?

-A disappointed reader, Pennsylvania

When teaching or working with others, never laugh or make fun of awkwardness. If it is caused by stupidity, your laughter is uncharitable; if from ignorance, your mockery is, to say the least, unjust.

OPINIONS PLEASE!

A PLACE TO BOARD

Fannie Beachy leaned her elbows on the table in front of her and rested her head on her hands. The alarm clock on the night stand showed 9:30. The house was quiet, for she was the only person who had not yet retired for the night.

"I think I'll go to bed and try to get up early to do these in the morning," she said, staring at the stack of ungraded papers in front of her. But then she thought of something that made her pick up her grading pencil and get back to work. She knew all too well that getting up early would be even harder than working late in the evening.

Half an hour later she was done. With a sigh she pushed her work back and placed her Testament in front of her. But instead of reading, she sat thinking. It was nearly three months since she had come to board at Eli Gingerich's. Eli and Esther were young and had four children, all under school age. From the beginning Fannie appreciated her boarding place. The people she stayed with were friendly and easy to get along with. The bargain had been that Fannie was to pay twenty dollars a month for room and board, and Fannie had insisted that she wanted to help with the milking. She felt this would be a good way of resting her mind after a long day of school work.

It wasn't long, though, until Fannie was doing more than just helping with the milking. In spite of the work she had upstairs, she insisted on helping with the dishes after supper. Often one or the other of the children needed attention and by the time Esther had seen to their needs, Fannie had half of the dishes done. "Just leave the dishes; they'll wait until I get around to them," Esther would say. But Fannie simply didn't have the heart to go upstairs and leave Esther with all the dishes to do.

By the time the dishes were done, it was time for evening devotions, and Fannie waited until they were over before she went upstairs. Eight-thirty was bedtime for the busy young farming family, but not for the teacher that lived with them. More often than not, there were papers to grade and lessons to prepare for the next day.

Fannie's mornings were as busy as her evenings. She packed her lunch and started breakfast while Eli and Esther did the milking. Right after breakfast, she hurried off to get ready for school. If she knew Esther was extra busy she helped with the breakfast dishes, but usually she left those in order to get to school early.

When the first month was over, Eli and Esther expressed their appreciation for the help she was giving them and insisted on cutting her boarding fee to ten dollars. So that's how she got to living at Eli's for ten dollars a month, plus helping with the evening chores. She liked it very well except for one thing— she didn't have enough time to do her work and get as much rest as she felt she should have for the type of work she was doing.

About a week later Fannie had an opportunity to talk to an older teacher. After a while, she brought up the subject of boarding with a family and told about her problem of not having enough time to herself. She was astonished to learn that this other teacher paid more than four times as much for board as she was paying Eli Gingerichs.

"But— but that's almost a fourth of your wages, isn't it?" she asked.

"With what I pay extra to have my washing done, it is a fourth," the teacher said. "But I don't help a thing with the house work. They even pack my lunch for me. I have thirty - eight children and it takes all the time I've got to grade papers and prepare work for the next day."

⇨

"But don't you get a longing to do something else besides school work?" asked Fannie.

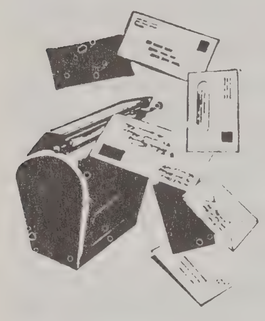
"Maybe there are such times but I don't. As long as I don't start working for the people I board with they won't start depending on me. We get along real well, but from the beginning the bargain was that I was to board there and not work there." The tone of her voice made Fannie change the subject.

Later that same evening Fannie sat in deep thought. Which was best— to pay forty-five dollars a month for room and board and spend full time with school work, or to give ten dollars and help out at the place she was boarding. Maybe living alone and cooking for herself would be the answer. Surely that would take up some time, too, wouldn't it?

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Send your opinion to:

Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



Reader Response

(SKIP SOME STORIES?)

1.

If the martyr stories are in the textbooks, I think they should be taken with the rest of the stories. The time may come when we ourselves may be asked to give up our faith or face persecution. What decision would we expect our children to make then (when facing persecution) if we allow them to become too nervous to read the martyr stories now?

If it would be proper to ask our teachers to skip martyr stories, it would probably also be proper to ask our ministers to stop preaching the crucifixion of Christ and the stoning of Stephen.

--Ashland, Ohio

2.

If the children in Martyr times had to see their parents burned to death, then I think the children of today should be able to read the Martyr stories that are in the Pathway readers. Seventh and eighth graders should be old enough to read the New Testament of how Christ was nailed to the cross, Stephen was stoned, and that all sinners shall have their punishment in the lake of fire and be tormented day and night for ever and ever. Are we in the times when we want our children to have soft sermons, soft work, soft food and soft clothing?

--A.B.M., Pennsylvania

3.

Mrs. Fisher's note reveals a great deal about why her daughter felt squeamish about martyr stories. She says they don't belong in children's books, but I would risk guessing that she wishes they wouldn't have to be in adult's books either. I'm afraid she is missing the point. It's our attitude, and not our age that determines whether martyr stories are good for us to read or not.

The accounts of how our forefathers chose to die rather than to give up their faith should not make anyone nervous. There is nothing frightening about these stories. They are a glorious heritage, a source of strength and comfort. We live in troubled times, and may well face persecution ourselves someday. It is not frightening, but strengthening for me to read and know that others were able by the help of God to remain faithful in spite of torture, pain, and death.

Jesus rebuked his disciples because they could not understand the depth or reason for his crucifixion. They could only see the pain, suffering, death, and disgrace. But Jesus wanted them to see beyond these things to the true meaning of his sacrifice—not death, but eternal life, not disgrace, but reigning at the right hand of the Father, In the same way, I believe our forefathers would rebuke us for our lack of faith if they could. Could they speak to us, they would undoubtedly point out that martyr stories are not about suffering, pain, and death at all. They are shining examples of victory and triumph over these very things.

I pity the children that grow up, getting the impression from their parents that martyr stories are something dreadful to be skipped and avoided. If they cannot read of suffering, what if they someday must suffer?

For years our children have been attending school and reading from books that contained stories of violence and bloodshed, stories of conquest, wars, cowboys, Indians. I, for one, am glad that we have something better available, readers written for our own people, containing stories with lessons and morals, stories that uphold the faith of our fathers. Yes, I'm in favor of skipping some stories--all those stories that glorify national war heros and other men of violence. But let's not skip the martyr stories, let us cherish and love those stories and teach our children to feel the same way about them.

—A minister, Ontario

4.

Our first impulse is to sympathize with Sarah when we see the words she didn't wish to read. Perhaps she is a nervous or sensitive child. But Mrs. Fisher's note makes us wonder. Is she too lenient with her child or is she being overly protective? Most likely she means well and wishes to avoid unnecessary strain for her daughter, but if Mrs. Fisher keeps on shielding Sarah from what isn't pleasant, when will she learn to face reality? Much as we'd like to, we cannot spare our children the trials and hardships of life, so with God's help, we must prepare them to meet life.

Being human, we (and not only children) shrink at the thought of pain and persecution, hardships and death. But so great was their love for the Saviour that the martyrs (also human) joyfully bore all their suffering with a God-given strength, thus overcoming human nature. Perhaps if this could be explained to the children such as Sarah, they could concentrate more on the complete willingness and joy of the martyrs than on the suffering part. Then there would be no need to "skip some stories."

—Maryland

"Geography Isn't Important"

(con't from the front cover)

"Well, when I went to school, I didn't like geography," drawled David. "That was always my weakest subject."

"There are some children in our school that have a little trouble with it," said Joe. "But I liked it, and I like to teach it, too."

"Well, don't worry if some make low scores on it," said David. "Geography isn't that important."

"What do you mean?" asked Joe.

"I'd sooner they spent their time with reading and arithmetic. Those are more

⇨

5.

In answer to "Skip Some Stories", never in my wildest dreams did I think any school had a Martyr's Mirror, much less use it for a reading book. Children's minds are not like an adult's. Bible stories are enough for any child and that can be taught at home by the parents. I once heard a minister say he had to stop reading the Martyr's mirror, it made him too sick. If some grownups can't take it, how can we expect innocent children to? This could cause a mental problem with some children.

—Middlefield, Ohio

6.

I fully agree with Sarah Fisher's mother. Some children can take it, but such stories should not be forced on a child. I had the same problem when I was a child and am not rid of it yet.

—E. E. H., Pennsylvania

7.

I think some children need some such reading to give them something to think about different from just a happy-go-lucky life. And again there are some tender-hearted children who can soon be taking it very seriously and and may be causing too much worry for them. I hope a teacher can respect both sides.

Elmer Yoder, Lakeside, Ontario

important," said David.

"Well, yes, arithmetic and reading are important," agreed Joe. "But then I think geography is, too. At least, everyone should be able to read and understand a map."

"Yes, reading a map's all right, but what difference does it make to us what the people in China do for a living?" asked David.

Just then Simon Graber's dog came running out to bark at them. The horse was just a "green broke" and started to act up. By the time David got the lines away from Melvin, the buggy was almost against the mailbox. When they finally got straightened up and were on their way again, the talk drifted away from school. Joe was glad, for he had given up that he could teach David Zook any geography.

The next week Melvin handed in his geography paper, Joe was disappointed to find his grade was only 60%. But he didn't think anything of it until his next paper was handed in and the score was down to 50%. Joe decided it was time to have a little talk with Melvin.

The next morning Joe kept his eyes open for Melvin. When he finally came, Joe asked, "What's wrong, Melvin? You seem to have trouble with geography the last while. I noticed your last two scores were below average."

Melvin started to fidget around and looked out the window. The teacher repeated his question, but Melvin still avoided looking at him. Joe noticed he acted rather guilty.

Finally Melvin blurted out, "What does it matter? Geography isn't important anyway."

Instantly Joe's mind went back to the buggy ride a week ago. Melvin's dad had said the same thing then. "Let's take a look at your grades, Melvin," he suggested, getting out his record book. "Go to the blackboard and figure out what your average is." You had 100% on the map test, then on the next score you had 60% and on the next one 50%. Find the average of those three scores.

Melvin added the three numbers and divided them by three. Sheepishly he stepped aside to let the teacher see his average score.

"Seventy percent," said the teacher. "Wouldn't it be too bad if you got an "F" on

THE BOOKSHELF

Margaret Johnson is widely known for her easy-to-read dog stories. Her own authentic and lovely pencil illustrations add greatly to each book. Following are three of her books.

BRIAR, A COLLIE

This book tells about a dog's life under three owners and how her best qualities developed only under a master who loved her. Children will become almost as attached to this storybook dog as her master was in real life. Plenty of action. An interesting and memorable story. Reading level is grade five, but it is a book which will interest all pupils.

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your report card if you could do a lot better if you wanted to?"

Joe felt he had brought the point across so he told Melvin that he could ring the bell. All that day Joe's mind kept going back to his conversation with Melvin that morning and then to the one that had taken place on the way home from school that evening. Before dismissing he decided to take time to have a discussion of the importance of geography, in case there were others who felt it wasn't important. He tried to point out how the climate and elevation varied in the different places, the importance of being able to read a map, and how important it was that people learned to make a living that was best suited to their land and climate and resources. Then he went on to explain that knowing geography even makes understanding the Bible easier as then we have an idea where the things took place.

Joe hoped the message went across, but he didn't know how well. The next day at noon Melvin came up to his desk and said, "Here are my last two geography papers. I worked them over."

That evening the teacher sat at his desk. A smile played around his lips. Before him were the two geography papers Melvin had handed in. This time the scores were much higher. "The teacher is a big influence on his pupils," he thought to himself, "but the attitude the parents take makes a big difference, too."

-name withheld

Looking For A Substitute

A certain teacher had to attend communion on Friday. This meant finding a substitute again which always was a problem for this teacher. "Why don't they grow on trees like apples?" she mused, and wondered what the other three teachers in her church district would do. But then, maybe they had a regular substitute already to step in.

About a week before the day she wanted to take off, this teacher asked a neighbor who used to be a teacher, but it didn't suit her. So she let it go for a few more days, for she simply was at a loss as to whom to ask next.

Then an idea sprang into her head. Parents would be good substitutes. Maybe she could get a parent to volunteer. So she told her pupils to ask their parents if any of them would want to teach school on Friday.

The next day the answers came. Instead of asking who was going to volunteer, she asked the pupils to write the answers they got on a piece of paper. Here are the answers they got on a piece of paper. Here are the answers: (The names have been changed to numbers.)

1. They don't have time. They have to clean house.
2. No.
3. My mother said my sister has to work and she's the only one in our family that is allowed to teach school.
4. No.
5. My father said he would like to teach, but he has a very busy day. He has to go help John.
6. They just said no, they don't want to.
7. My mother is housecleaning and has to go away part of the day. My father is too busy.
8. They don't have time. Mother is housecleaning and Father works away.
9. Mother is going to Grandpa's to clean his house and Father says he would not be fit to teach school.
10. Let somebody else.
11. No.
12. Father said it's the other caretaker's turn.
13. Father said he'd like to and he might if he isn't too busy.

It was interesting to read those answers. It turned out that the daughter of number13 was the substitute for that day and she made out real well.

DEAR READERS,

GRABILL, INDIANA

Dear Readers,

Being a Bulletin reader, I learn of many problems and situations that school teachers encounter. I also have one this year since in my enrollment there is a pupil that can neither talk nor hear. He is in the seventh grade.

He had attended a special school in Fort Wayne the past years. In this school he acquired basic reading, practical arithmetic, and spelling. Now my question is, what can I give him to do, and how? Any suggestions will be appreciated.

We can talk back and forth by lip reading. He can also make sounds of words, as long as it is not too difficult.

A teacher,
John Zehr

Visitors That Visit

-by Martha Helmuth

"Third-grade Reading," called Betty Kauffman. "Stand." She paused as the four third graders got to their feet. "Okay, forward."

Quietly they walked up to the classroom table.

Betty glanced up to see Firman raise his hand. "Yes, Firman?" she asked.

"There's someone at the door," Firman told her.

"I'll be back in a moment," she told grade three as she went to the door.

"Why, hello," Betty said as she opened the door to see two of the mothers and one child standing there.

"May we come in to visit the school a while?" asked Mrs. Yoder.

"Sure. You're welcome," Betty answered as she held open the door for them. "This is a pleasant surprise." Betty showed them the girls' cloak room. "You may put your wraps in here then come on into the classroom.

As Betty entered the classroom she said, "Reuben and Firman, will you get out three chairs for our visitors?" She smiled at them as she returned to her third grade reading class.

As the women came in and took their seats shown them, the children glanced at them and then returned to their work. For a while all went on as usual.

Soon Betty heard whispering and looked up to see who was violating her "No Whispering" rule, only to find that it was her visitors. Some of her pupils were turned around in their seats watching them.

"Raymond, Frieda, Johnnie," Betty said softly. "Keep at your work." Betty was afraid she would embarrass her visitors if they realized it was because of them that she had called on the children.

Betty continued with her classes, but it became increasingly difficult to keep the children's attention.

"Children," Betty said louder this time. Keep turned this way and go on with your work." She glanced at her visitors, but they didn't seem to notice. For a while they were quiet and watched the classes, then they would start visiting again, sometimes slightly above a whisper.

"Reuben, Calvin, Ruth, all of you, please try to keep your mind on your work," Betty pleaded. She grew warmer and warmer as she tried to continue with her classes.

"I wish they'd do their visiting elsewhere," Betty thought with exasperation. "I wonder if it would be wrong to ask them to be quiet. I surely hope they don't think the children are always like this."

"Sh-h," Betty shook her head at the first and second graders. She walked to the desk and got out some pictures for them to color. "I might as well let them do this for now," she thought. "I won't be able to hold their attention long enough to explain the next pages in their Think-and-Do books. And it isn't fair to reprimand the children when it is really our visitors who are causing the disturbance."

Betty continued with the upper grade classes, trying to make the best of the situation. Shortly before recess, the visitors got up to leave. Betty sighed with relief. Perhaps the classroom could return to normal now.

◇

MARY CATHERINE SOLVES A MYSTERY

-by "Mary Catherine"

MARY CATHERINE WAS LATE again. She hurried as she unlocked the schoolhouse door, for there was much to be done before her pupils arrived. After stirring up the fire and adding a few pieces of wood, she busied herself at her desk. There were assignments to be made, checking to be done, and lessons to write on the board. If only she hadn't forgotten to set the alarm last night!

The fire crackled cheerfully and Mary Catherine was beginning to feel its warmth when two small figures appeared at the outside door. The Yoder boys were almost always early and this morning was no exception. After removing their boots, the boys entered with cheery good mornings and hung their clothes in the boys' cloakrooms.

"Did you get very cold?" asked Mary Catherine. "You may warm yourselves at the stove."

"My hands got a little cold," answered Raymond, rubbing them together.

The boys, however, did not have much time to waste warming themselves. They were eager to get started on a game of ping-pong. The teacher suspected this was partly the reason for their early arrivals. The boys retreated to the basement, but David was soon back and came to the teacher's desk. "May we have a new ping-pong ball?" he asked a little shyly.

"And why do you need a new one?" questioned the teacher.

David explained that the other one had been cracked and it broke when he hit it. Slowly reaching into the drawer, Mary Catherine brought out the box of balls. There were only three left. With a reminder to be careful, she handed one to David.

"Thanks," said David, and he was off for the basement again.

By this time Devon, a seventh grader, had made his appearance in the classroom.

"Good morning," greeted Mary Catherine. "You're bright and early this morning. How would you like to do a little work for me this morning?"

"Sure," replied Devon willingly.

Mary Catherine picked up a stack of sheets and took them to the supply room and explained to Devon how the paper cutter worked and how she wanted the sheets to be cut. Devon was a fast and neat worker and soon he returned the cut papers to the teacher's desk. The teacher thanked him with a smile, then Devon joined the other boys in the basement.

The day passed swiftly and uneventfully. With the coming of late afternoon, Mary Catherine found herself alone in the classroom once more. Determined to be better prepared the next day, she worked late. When her work was done, she sighed with satisfaction and cleared her desk. Putting a few books and papers in her brief case, she started her homeward walk.

The next morning she started out for school early. She enjoyed her walk on mornings like this. Snow lay all around in feathery softness, and her tracks were the first of the day. The sun had come up above the horizon and Mary Catherine guessed the snow would melt and the children would play outdoors that day.

As she was preparing for the coming day, Mary Catherine walked past the supply room. She saw something that made her stop short. "Just how did these get in here?" she asked herself, picking up the box of ping-pong balls. They were supposed to be in her desk and the children were not to take anything out of her desk without permission. Maybe someone had brought a box of balls along. But no, there were two balls in the box—the same number that were in the box which was supposed to be in her desk. Just to make sure, she checked. The box was the same one, for there wasn't another one in the usual place in her drawer.

Resuming her work, Mary Catherine was perplexed. Which one of her pupils would go into her desk and take something out of it without permission? She resolved to talk to her pupils about it.

Before starting classes that morning, Mary Catherine faced her pupils and asked them how the box of ping-pong balls had gotten into the supply room. She told them she was confident that they all understood why she kept them in her desk and reminded them that no one was to venture into the teacher's desk without permission. She pleaded for the guilty one to confess, but all she got was surprised and innocent looks—no confession. A second grader raised his hand, "Maybe it was Alvin," he suggested.

Alvin, a fifth grader, was absent, and although Mary Catherine was almost positive that he was innocent, she agreed to wait untill the next day before she looked into the matter further. After all, it was only fair that he answer the same question the other children did.

All day the matter pressed on Mary Catherine's mind. Not that the deed in itself was so bad, but who had done it? Was someone covering it up with a lie? That evening the teacher walked home with a heavy heart. Her feet seemed to drag and she didn't even notice the remaining patches of snow on the bank along the side of the road. She was glad her walk was a long one, for this gave her time to think and to wonder. She gave in to discouragement. What was the use of

Jacob M. Troyer and Amanda V. Wengerd were married on December 2nd. Jacob is teaching at Stone Hill School in Wayne County, Ohio, and Amanda taught at East Saltcreek in Holmes County last year and the first two months of this year.

Neil E. Miller, teacher at Troy Parochial, Geauga County, Ohio, was married recently to Mattie Hershberger, also of that area.

trying? What had become of her efforts to instill honesty in her pupil's hearts? Why did this...

Suddenly she heard a call, faint at first and then a little clearer. She looked toward the house where some of her pupils lived. Seeing nothing, she trudged onward. Then she heard the call again. This time she saw two small figures by the side of the house, waving with friendly gestures. Her heartbeat quickened as she realized the children had called out in order to wave to "Teacher." She returned the wave, then let her mind drift back to her problem.

Then she remembered something—something that made her stop in her tracks. She let out a low chuckle. "Why didn't I think of that before?" she asked herself. With a lighter heart she walked the rest of the way home. The mystery was solved and the matter could be dropped. Or could it? Would dropping it be fair to her pupils?

The next morning Alvin was back in school. But Mary Catherine never asked the question she had dreaded to ask. The children's songs seemed expecially sweet to her. They all seemed so happy. Now Mary Catherine didn't ask herself why she kept on teaching. Her heart seemed to overflow with love for her pupils and her work as their teacher.

Before classes began, Mary Catherine once more faced her pupils. "Children," she began. "Yesterday I asked a question none of you could answer. I felt certain that one of you was hiding the truth, but I know that I was mistaken. I've had time to think this over, and I'm sure I put the box of ping-pong balls on the supply room shelf myself when I showed Devon how to use the paper cutter. Just a minute before then, David had come to ask me for a ball, and I must have carried the box along to the cloakroom instead of putting it back into the drawer."

The children looked at each other and smiled.

"I'm sorry I accused you of something you didn't do," continued Mary Catherine. "I guess it just proves again something I've often said. Teachers make mistakes, too."

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NOT TWO WORLDS, BUT ONE

—Joseph Stoll

It is quite possible for the classroom to become a little world of its own, quite distant from the world our children live in at home. But school is not supposed to be a foreign country, or a walled-in castle on an island. The things that happen at school and the things that happen at home should all be inter-related, and a part of one big world. What the child learns in the classroom should be put into practice at home, and what he learns at home should fit into the lessons at school. Which, as you know, is one big reason for having our own schools. There is quite a contrast between an Amish home and a large public school. When children from our plain homes go to modern consolidated schools, they are indeed living in two different worlds — two worlds that are a wide way apart.

And so we have been turning to parochial schools where, hopefully, we can control the education of our children, and the environment under which it is obtained. We want the school to be an extension of the home and a supporting influence rather than an eroding one. Home, church, and school are all to be part of one integrated world—all helping to bring up our children in a Christian way.

But even with our own schools the problems are not all solved. Not nearly. If they are our schools, they are our responsibility, and that spells efforts. Parochial schools do not automatically support the church and the home. Unless we're alert, the school can year by year shrink away from us until once more our children march off with their lunch buckets to a world that is different.

To prevent a growing-apartness, there must be a flow of ideas between the school and home, a working together, and keeping the gates to communication open. What the home has to offer must be put to good use at school, and what the children learn at school must be the kind of knowledge that is worth something at home.

Bringing the Outside to the Classroom

To fail to make use in the classroom of what the child has learned at home and on the farm is poor planning. And it is also step number one in building a wall between the school and the home.

In order for a pupil to understand something new, he must be able to relate it to what he already knows, to what he has already experienced. Even a first grader on his first day of school knows a great deal, and is ready to build on that knowledge. To ignore what he has already learned, is like leaving a partly-finished building and starting a new foundation.

How did Jesus teach the multitudes seated on the grassy mountainside, or explain deep truths to his disciples as they walked the dusty paths of Galilee? Jesus was the Master Teacher, and surely we can learn much by taking a look at his method.

When Jesus spoke of faith and love and truth — all subjects his listeners would find difficult to understand — he used illustrations from their lives, things they were familiar with, to make it clear. His sermons were full of parables and stories about everyday happenings, thus linking what they did not know to what they did know.

Every farmer in the audience listened closely when Jesus spoke of sowing the seed, of rooting out the tares, and of reaping the harvest. Every loyal Israelite gasped when he suggested they should walk the second mile with the hated Roman soldiers. All could follow as he spoke of being fishers of men and laborers in the vineyard, of building a house upon the rock, of casting out salt to be trodden upon.

A poet has written,

> "He talked of grass, and wind and rain,
> Of fig trees and fair weather;
> And made it His delight to bring
> Heaven and earth together.
> He spoke of lilies, vines and corn,
> The sparrow and the raven;
> And words so natural, yet so wise,
> Were on men's hearts engraven.
> Of yeast with bread, and flax and cloth,
> Of eggs and fish and candles;
> See how the whole familiar world
> He most divinely handles."

In our own way, it seems to me, we teachers should try to relate the children's everyday lives to their lessons, even if this means a frequent breaking away from the textbook. Since we are generally using non-Amish textbooks anyway, there are quite a few lessons which are better skimmed, or skipped entirely. Here we can substitute with our own lessons, using Amish situations, details, or terms. We can draw attention to any experiences the children may have had, and use them to illustrate a lesson. By bringing the farm and the home into the classroom, we make the lessons not only more meaningful, but more interesting.

Let us look at an example. Suppose the arithmetic book has a couple pages of story problems about kilowatts and meter readings. We may wish to substitute with some homemade problems that deal more directly with the lives our children are living. The teacher brings along a Coleman lantern, takes it apart, and labels the major parts. A wick-type kerosene lamp adds to the display. Then the pupils bring some facts from home—what it costs to keep a light in running order, the prices of kerosene, naptha gas, mantles and generators. It is easy to arrange some real-life problems the children enjoy working.

In addition to arithmetic, the teacher may end up with a lively discussion that will overlap into other subjects—being careful with fuels, the danger of taking a lantern into a hayloft, the proper way of fastening a mantle, what causes a globe to crack, and how a pressure lantern works.

For smaller children, of course, the problems must be simple—problems that fit into their experience. Use the names of pupils in story problems. Have them doing real-life things, and let the problems be the kind that they actually encounter. Arithmetic like this is a hundred times more worthwhile than pages and pages of bare numbers to add, subtract, and multiply.

For the other school subjects, the challenge is the same. The teacher who is determined to make school life more meaningful to the pupils will find many opportunities to relate the familiar home-world to their lessons. The pupils in such a classroom will not be bored, for school to them is merely an extension of the homes and farms they know so well.

Sending the Knowledge Out

The real aim of classroom education is for the pupil to carry his book knowledge home and put it to good use. Once he is out of school, of course, there will be more and greater opportunities to apply in daily life what he has learned in the classroom. But he should not wait until then to begin using what he is learning in school. The time to start using schoolroom knowledge is just as fast as it is acquired. This is important, for this the child recognizes that what he is learning at school makes sense—it is a practical tool to be used.

Whose responsibility is it to encourage the pupil to use arithmetic facts and reading skills at home? I would say it is partly the duty of the teacher, and partly that of the parents, with the parents picking up the bigger half. If Dad and Mom want Bennie to read, they should make worthwhile books available for him to read.

Likewise, Dad can help his son gain confidence in arithmetic by letting him help with the business end of the farm and home—buying things at the store, selling eggs and vegetables to customers, figuring the feed expenses and how much profit there is in fat hogs.

Mom can teach her daughter at an early

age to measure and figure and read recipes. And it won't hurt Susie any to work outside, for someday she may be a farmer's partner.

What about English? Perhaps the best practice of English skill is in writing letters. Children should be encouraged to write to their friends and relatives. Doing so will prove to them more than anything else will that English and spelling are needful subjects at school.

The lessons learned at school are not to be filed away for future use, way down in some dark corner of the brain. No. If knowledge is to live, it must be used. If left to lie idle, it simply won't be there very long.

And we certainly don't want our children to classify what they know into two departments, one labeled school and the other home. The constant interchange between the two should cause them to merge into one. After all, our children's school-world and their home-world are really part of the same neighborhood.

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THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Five - ORPHA WONDERS

SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD us; Much we need Thy tender care," sang Orpha Wengerd as she turned into the school lane. Everything looked bleak and dreary since the first snow of the season had melted. But the dreariness didn't touch Orpha's heart. She was happy, and had reason to be. Things had finally shaped up and Orpha saw daily progress in her pupils' work. Best of all, they had finally seemed to realize that school was a much happier place when they tried to please their teacher instead of displease her.

As Orpha prepared for the day, her thoughts went back to her first weeks of teaching. It was hard to believe that these were the same children who had been so trying at one time. It was hard to believe that there had been times when she had actually wished herself back into her old life of being a hired girl, but there had been times just like that—plenty of them. She had been rudely awakened to the fact that a teacher's day didn't end at three-thirty when the children left the classroom. She had learned also that teaching was more than assigning lessons and grading papers and smiling at the pupils. Teaching was work—just plain good old-fashioned hard work.

"Strange," thought Orpha. "I used to think a teacher wouldn't be tired at the end of the day, because she sits at desk most of the time. I'll never be able to explain why and anyone who had never taught won't believe it, but I'm sometimes more tired after a day of teaching than I used to be after a day washing walls."

The door slammed and Orpha heard footsteps. "Good morning," called a voice.

"Good morning—" Orpha paused as if to be thinking. "Malinda?" she guessed.

"Yes," giggled Malinda, then went downstairs. Orpha chuckled to herself. She did not know how the game really started, but the children enjoyed calling "Good morning" from the front door where she couldn't see them. They tried to disguise their voice and wanted Orpha to guess who they were.

Soon the twins came upstairs. Mary was carrying a small bag. Shyly she came forward, but went back to her sister before she reached the teacher's desk. She whispered something into Malinda's ear. Immediately Malinda took the bag and delivered it to the teacher.

"Mother made donuts and sent one to school for you," she said. "She said Mary shall give it to you, but she shamed herself." She paused. "You like donuts, don't you?" she asked hopefully.

"Hmmm, I love donuts," said Orpha, peeping into the bag. "This makes me hungry. May I eat it now?"

The twins giggled. "Yes, eat it," said Malinda.

"No, I'll save it for lunch," said Orpha. "Tell your mother I said 'thank you,'"

Some more children arrived. "We brought something for Teacher," said Malinda. "It's round and has a hole in the middle. Can you guess?"

"A donut?" said Martha Erb, a third grader. "I know a secret, but I won't tell."

"Tell me, please," coaxed Malinda. "Please whisper it to me and I won't tell anyone but Mary."

Orpha smiled to herself. She wondered how sisters, and twins at that, could be so different as the Helmuth twins were. Malinda was always considerate and patient to her shyer sister. "I wonder what Mary would do without Malinda," Orpha thought. "But maybe then she'd learn to talk for herself instead of depending on her sister. Maybe I should try to encourage Mary to play with other girls at times."

Orpha didn't have time to think about the Helmuth twins' problem long. At that minute a group of older girls came into the classroom. Instantly Martha Erb went over and whispered something into Fannie Hershberger's ear.

"Really?" said Fannie, her face brightening.

"Sh-hh!" said Martha. "No one else knows."

Orpha wondered what the secret was. She tried to keep her ears open, but she wasn't able to learn anything. It was time to take up school and she still didn't know.

At recess Orpha decided to get dressed and go outside to play with the children. She was all ready to go out when she remembered she had left her watch on her desk. Then she went back to get it, she found three older girls in the classroom and Martha Erb. They were whispering to each other as if they knew something important. The minute they saw Orpha they stopped.

"What are you girls up to?" asked Orpha. "Secrets?"

The girls nodded.

"May I know, too?" asked the teacher.

A look of shock crossed the girls' faces. Martha shook her head.

"And what if I want to know?" asked Orpha. She was provoked, especially at Martha. Why did she have to hang around the older girls? Why didn't she play with the girls her own age?

"I'm not going to tell," said Martha hotly. "Mom said I shouldn't."

"Does your mother know?" Orpha questioned.

"Course she does," answered Martha.

Orpha was silent for a minute. If Chriss Betty knew, then it probably wasn't anything to be alarmed about. Still, she didn't like the idea of Martha telling the older girls things she refused to tell her. "You better get your coat on and come outside," she suggested.

Reluctantly Martha obeyed.

"Why don't you girls come, too?" asked Orpha. "The cold air will make you feel better."

"Yes, lets," agreed the girls, hurrying for the basement.

Orpha was secretly glad the girls went along outside. She planned to keep her ears open until she learned about the secret. She hated to be suspicious, but then it didn't hurt to be cautious. And she had learned long ago that secrets didn't keep in a classroom. School girls leaked secrets like a boat with a crack in the bottom leaked water.

Recess was over and Orpha still didn't know the secret, but she was sure most of the older girls did. She had seen more whispering going on and knowing glances in her direction. Orpha decided to let it go until noon, then she was going to find out what the secret was.

But as it turned out, no one needed to tell Orpha what the secret was. Just as she was getting ready for spelling classes, there was a knock on the door. "Just a minute," she told her waiting classes. "I'll be back."

"What a surprise!" said Orpha a moment later when she opened the door. There stood Chriss Betty and her sister Erma. "Come right on in."

"I just said to Chriss I'm going to visit school yet this week," said Betty, taking off her shawl. "I've been wanting to come again for so long."

"I'm glad you came," said Orpha. "You were the first mother to visit, now you're the first mother to come the second time."

Betty beamed with pleasure. "Oh, I enjoy it. Just go on with your classes," she said. "We don't want to interrupt your routine."

Orpha gave the visitors seats, then returned to her desk. "Ready?" she asked, picking up her spelling book. "Eighth grade, importance; seventh, magnify; sixth, bureau; and fifth, satisfy." The classroom was quiet and the children were busy, all except Martha Erb, who was turned around in her seat, watching her mother.

"Martha," said Orpha gently. "Try to forget that we have company and get to work now."

Martha blushed and turned around in a hurry. Orpha wasn't sure, but she thought she saw a look of displeasure on Chriss Betty's face, but she figured it was because she was displeased at Martha for needing to be reprimanded.

When spelling classes were over, it was time for lunch. The children stood to sing their prayer before they went to the basement for their lunch buckets.

"Just a minute," said Chriss Betty, coming up front the minute the song was over. "How many of you would like to have a hot lunch today?"

The children looked at each other with surprise. "I knew it! I knew it!" whispered Martha. "That was the secret."

"Well, I brought you some good hot stew. Do you like stew?" asked Chriss Betty.

"Yes," chorused the children with emphasis.

"Good," smiled Chriss Betty. "I knew you would. You can just leave your lunch for tomorrow and eat my dinner today. Wait here until we bring it in."

"Can I help you bring something in?" asked Orpha.

"No, no, our Alvin can help, but no one else has to," said Betty. "You're our guests today."

"This sure is a pleasant surprise," said Orpha, a while later when Chriss Betty handed her a plate with hot stew.

"I've had this in mind for a long while," said Betty. "And all the time I was afraid someone would beat me to it. This is to show you how much we appreciate you as our teacher," she added.

Orpha blushed.

"You like your teacher, don't you?" Chriss Betty asked the children.

"Yes," answered a few of the bolder pupils.

When the children had eaten stew there was jello and fruit to eat with cookies and orange drink. Chriss Betty offered seconds and thirds until no one could eat another bite. "Did you like my dinner?" she asked.

"Yes!" the answer was a mighty chorus of voices. Some of the children kept repeating it until Orpha stopped them. She sent the children out to play. "Now if we had hot water we could wash the dishes as we talked," she said when the children had left.

"Oh, no, no. I have sister Erma here to help me. We'll do them when we get home," assured Betty. "How has school been going?"

"All right," answered Orpha. "In fact, real well the last while."

Chriss Betty gave her sister a knowing look. "I was just telling Erma on the way over that I'm pretty sure you don't know all that's happening in school here. I couldn't believe you wouldn't do something about it if you knew."

"Why?" gasped Orpha, her knees suddenly feeling weak.

"There's an awful lot of teasing going on in school. The big ones pick on the little ones. Alvin complains a lot about it. He's a fourth grader, but his small size is a real disadvantage to him."

"I'm sorry to hear about it," said Orpha. "I didn't know a thing. I thought the children were getting along much better than they did."

"Maybe some of them do, but I just told Chriss the other morning as long as the Hostetler children are going to school here we're going to have trouble," said Chriss Betty.

Orpha wanted to protest, but she didn't. Chriss Betty went on. "It's just like it's always been other years. Those children are tricky and pull their stunts behind the teachers' back. Then they're clever enough to put up a real good front."

"Well, I'm glad I know about it," said Orpha. "I guess I'll just have to watch closer than ever."

"We sure appreciate that," Chriss Betty's voice changed to a mellow tone. "We can't begin to tell you how much we appreciate what you've done this year. But I said to Chriss I'm going to tell you I think you should have a paddle in school. One paddling would do the whole school good."

Orpha didn't answer. She didn't want Chriss Betty or anyone else to know she had one already. It was in the bottom desk drawer underneath some stacks of paper. She hoped that's where it would stay all year, too.

Chriss Betty got up to leave. "I've always said there's no excuse for disobedience in school," she said. "If children are trained right in the home, then they won't cause any trouble in school. The Hostetlers are too—" She stopped short. "I've said too much already," she said. "You'll learn to know them yet before the term's over."

Orpha stood and watched the two women leave. Just a short time before she had been happy with her school. Were there really things going on that she didn't know about? Probably there were, or Chriss Betty would not have said so. Wearily Orpha went to ring the bell. Gone was the feeling of bliss she had felt that morning and in its place was a let-down feeling only teachers know about.

To Be Continued

to READ ALOUD

FREDA'S BEST FRIEND

-by Martha Eicher

FREDA SHIVERED AS SHE stepped into the brisk morning air. "I hope I'm not starting with the mumps," she said to herself as she walked out the lane and down the road toward school. "I wonder if anyone else is going to get them. My, I hope Laura will soon be back in school. It seems like I've been the only girl in seventh grade for ages and ages."

Counting the weeks, it wasn't really so long since Freda's best friend had been in school, but it seemed like a long time. "It's been two weeks since I saw Laura last," thought Freda. She quickened her pace as she saw a buggy pass the crossroad ahead of her.

When Freda came to school she was surprised to see that Miss Yoder, the teacher, wasn't there yet. But she was even more surprised to find Laura in her usual place. "Hi, Laura," she greeted happily. "I'm glad to see you. I really missed you."

"I missed you, too," said Laura. "I wanted to come to school yesterday, but Mother thought I should wait at least one more day."

Laura was busy doing her arithmetic. Freda came to join her. "Do you understand that arithmetic?" she asked. "Yesterday we had such a time with it that Miss Yoder decided we needed another class in the middle of the afternoon. She had us all go to the blackboard and try to do some problems so she could see where our trouble was. We finally saw our way through. I'm sure glad we have a teacher who has a lot of patience."

"Well, I— I'm just trying to do the best I can," said Laura a little hesitantly.

"I wonder why Miss Yoder isn't here yet," said Freda, changing the subject.

"I do too," said Laura. "But it was rather nice to be here alone to get started with my lessons. It'll take me awhile to get caught up."

"Oh, I'm sure Miss Yoder would have helped you with your arithmetic and she would have been careful not to bother you, too," said Freda.

"Yes, I know," said Laura a little sharply. Then she went back to work.

Freda looked at Laura. For some reason she didn't seem like herself this morning. She usually talked more. "Well, maybe she is worried about catching up with her lessons."

The door opened and Miss Yoder stepped inside. "Good morning, girls," she greeted. "Well, Laura! I'm glad to see you back again!" She hung her wraps at their usual place and came over to see what the girls were doing. "I see you're doing your arithmetic," she said. "The seventh graders sure had a time with that page yesterday. Do you have any trouble understanding it?"

"I—I think I know how now," said Laura. "I'm almost done."

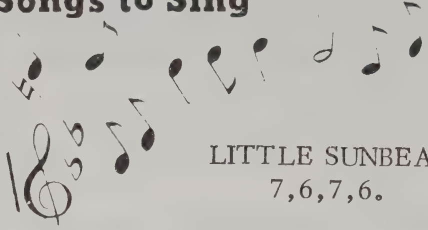
"Good," praised the teacher. "It's not really hard once you understand it. Is it, Freda?"

Freda smiled and shook her head. "It was hard to understand, though," she said. "At least, I thought it was."

Soon more children arrived at school. By eight-thirty, almost all the pupils were there. Miss Yoder rang the bell.

After singing a few songs and listening to a Bible story, the children settled down to work. Sometime that forenoon Freda glanced at the clock. Before she went back to work, she looked at Laura who was sitting across the aisle and a few seats toward the front from where Freda sat. "Sure is nice having my best friend in school again," she thought. Laura was busy studying her geography. Just then her pencil fell to the floor and as she reached down to pick it up, Freda saw an arithmetic paper on Laura's desk. Then

Songs to Sing



LITTLE SUNBEAMS
7,6,7,6.

Suggested tune:
"Bedenke Mench, das Ende"

I think God gives the children
As through the land they go,
The most delightful mission
That anyone can know.
He wants us to be sunbeams
Of love and hope and cheer,
To brighten up the shadows
That often gather here.

Chorus:
Oh, we are little sunbeams
Sent down from God to man;
In all life's shady places
We shine the best we can.
We try to be the sunbeams
Of love and hope and cheer,
To brighten up the shadows
That often gather here.

The clouds may hide the sunshine
Of heaven from our sight,
And life may have much sorrow
To mar the heart's delight;
But if like faithful sunbeams
We children do our part,
We'll bring a ray of brightness
To every shadowed heart.

Then let us live our mission
Of sunbeams day by day;
And scatter joy and brightness
About us all the way.
Let's chase away life's shadows
With loving thoughts and deeds,
And be the sunshine makers
Of which this world has need.

she saw something else — something that made her heart stand still, then race madly. She quickly clapped her hand over her mouth to keep from giving a loud gasp. Inside Laura's geography book was a small white booklet. Freda knew without asking what it was. It was the teacher's arithmetic answer booklet. Laura wasn't studying geography at all; she was checking arithmetic answers!

Freda felt sick. "Surely I didn't see right," she told herself. "Laura wouldn't do anything like that." She looked again. This time she was sure. Laura was glancing back and forth from the booklet to her arithmetic paper.

Freda tried to study, but she couldn't get rid of the terrible feeling inside her. "Maybe Miss Yoder gave the answer booklet to Laura so she could see if she was doing her arithmetic right," thought Freda. It was a comforting thought, but it didn't stay. "If that were the case, why would she have to hide it?" she wondered.

Reading classes went on smoothly, and when Miss Yoder was through with fourth grade, it still wasn't time for recess. "Let us have an arithmetic class," she suggested. "Are you eighth graders ready?"

Ray Miller raised his hand. "I'm not finished," he said. It was also Ray's first day back since he had the mumps.

"How about seventh grade?" asked the teacher.

Since no one protested, seventh - grade arithmetic class was called. There was a shuffling sound as the pupils got their books and papers and hurried up to the class table. Meanwhile Miss Yoder was looking for something. "I wonder what I did with my answer book," she said. "I remember having it yesterday afternoon, and I thought I put it back into the drawer. Has anyone seen it?"

There was no answer so the teacher searched through the drawer again.

Freda sat thinking hard. She was certain Laura had the answer book Miss Yoder was looking for. "I did see it, but I didn't have it and I didn't use it, so it isn't in my place to tell her where it is," she thought.

By now Miss Yoder had searched through the other drawers, too. She had also checked through the books on top of her desk. Freda stole a glance at Laura. She couldn't help but feel sorry for her. Maybe it would be better to tell where the missing booklet was. But no, she couldn't do that. She couldn't tell on her best friend.

The clock showed ten o'clock. "Well, it's time for recess," said Miss Yoder. "I guess we won't have arithmetic class after all."

After recess Miss Yoder started with the lower grade arithmetic classes. Freda thought she looked a little puzzled and worried, but she didn't mention the missing answer booklet— that is, not until around the middle of the period when she was ready for sixth-grade arithmetic class. She opened the drawer to get the answer booklet. What she saw made her catch her breath sharply. There in it's proper place was the missing answer booklet.

The teacher stared first at the booklet in her hands, then at the seventh grade. Her face looked pale. Freda tried to still her rapid heartbeat. "I'm not guilty," she tried to tell herself. "I don't have to be afraid."

Miss Yoder faced the seventh graders. "Before recess I was a little suspicious about this booklet disappearing, but I didn't say anything." Her voice wasn't quite steady. The classroom seemed very quiet. "I didn't say anything because I didn't want to accuse anyone of being dishonest. But now I'm afraid I was right in my suspicions. Answer booklets don't disappear and reappear by magic."

The seventh graders looked at each other with questioning eyes. Freda was afraid someone would hear her heart beat. Suppose Miss Yoder saw the guilty look on her face and blamed her for taking the booklet.

"It's quite evident that whoever had the answer booklet meant to return it at recess," said Miss Yoder. "Then when I tried to have your class early, I discovered it was missing. It just makes me wonder how many times the guilty person has done this before."

The words fell heavily on the hushed pupils. Freda didn't look up. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Laura squirm in her seat. She half expected her to break down and cry. Tensely she waited. Miss Yoder made it plain to the pupils that she expected the guilty person to come and own up that he had taken the answer book from her drawer. "Being dishonest about it now will only add to your troubles," she said sternly. "We all make mistakes and do things we shouldn't but admitting our wrongs is the only way to show we are truly sorry."

Classes continued. Then it was time for lunch. After they had eaten the two seventh-grade girls went outside together. Freda thought she should say something to Laura about what had happened, but the words just stuck in her throat. Finally she ventured, "Are—are you—you going to tell the teacher you had the answer booklet this morning?"

Laura swung around and stared at Freda. "What are you talking about?" she asked. "Are you blaming me for cheating?"

"I saw you," said Freda. "I saw you had the answer booklet hidden under your geography book. And don't think I don't know what you wanted when we were all outside playing and you said you need your handkerchief."

"I'm not going to tell her," snapped Laura. "And you'd better not either. I thought you were my friend and I could trust you!"

The afternoon passed slowly. When it was time to go home, Miss Yoder brought up the subject again. She reminded the pupils how wrong it was to cheat and pleaded with the guilty one to confess to her privately. "And anyone who knows anything about this is expected to tell me," she said. "It's your duty to do so. Hiding a sin for someone else is next to being guilty yourself."

All that evening Freda's thoughts were in a turmoil. She didn't want to have her parents and older brothers and sisters see that something was bothering her, so she sang as she worked. But her thoughts weren't on the songs she was singing. They were on Laura, on the arithmetic answer booklet, and on the words Miss Yoder had said just before dismissing the pupils that evening.

Mother looked at Freda. What made her so quiet this evening? Usually Freda joined in the family chatter at the supper table, but tonight she hardly talked to anyone. "Freda," she called from the kitchen. "Would you go out and close the door of the hen house?"

"All right," answered Freda, dropping what she was doing and hurrying out the door. She ran out and closed the door, then ran back. She was surprised to see Mother on the porch when she got back.

"What's wrong, Freda?" asked Mother. "You're so quiet tonight. Did you get into something at school that's bothering you?"

"Was—was I quieter than usual?" Freda stammered, looking at the floor.

"Yes, you were," answered Mother. "Do you not want to tell me about it?"

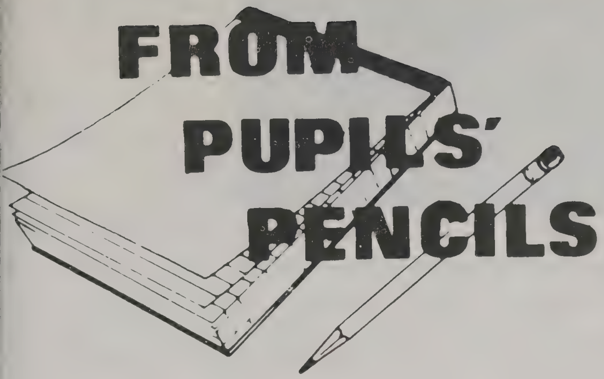
"Well, I—I," Freda fumbled for words. Just to know Mother was concerned and wanted to help her made her feel better already. Somehow before she knew it, the whole story was out. "What should I do?" asked Freda when she was finished.

Mother was quiet for a minute before she answered. "I'm sorry this happened, but in such a time you have to choose between sticking up for your friend and doing what is right," she said. "I'm certain you want to be loyal to your friend, but remember, Miss Yoder is your friend, too. If Laura is really a true friend, she won't make you choose between being loyal to her and being loyal to someone else."

"But—but what if she won't be my friend any more?" asked Freda.

"To be really loyal to Laura, you have to choose what is really best for her," said Mother. "Laura might not be able to see it right now, but in the end she will appreciate you for it. That is, if she is the kind of friend she should be."

Freda was silent as she followed her mother into the house. Already she had made her decision. She would tell Miss Yoder what she knew about the answer booklet being in Laura's possession. It wasn't going to be easy, but Freda had hopes that she and Laura would still be friends in the end.



Nacetown School

Route 2, Ephrata, Pa.
Teacher, Maggie S. Burkholder

AN AIRPLANE CRASH

—Ellen Kurtz

One day my older sister and I went to the neighbors to get milk. On the way home I got tired of peddling my bicycle and pushed it up a hill. I had stopped to rest awhile when I happened to look up and saw two airplanes come toward each other. All of a sudden I saw them crash together. One wing flew off.

It looked as if the airplanes were falling toward me. They zig-zagged down, down, down, until I couldn't see them any more.

I was very excited. I could hardly ride in the lane. When I got home I could hardly tell my mother what had happened. Soon I went into the yard and heard the siren go. We drove around and went to the place where the airplanes had come down. All the men were killed.

Grade 4, Age 10

MY ACCIDENT

--Grace Kurtz

One time my mother and I went to our neighbors and stayed a little while. The other children and I started to play with a hard ball. I ran out to catch the ball and just then the neighbor's boy swung the bat, hitting me near the eye.

My eye began to bleed and swell. The one side of my face was all swollen and black and blue. Mother put ice bags on my eye. It hurt very much. I had to stay home from school three days.

Grade 2, Age 7

TWO SPECIAL SISTERS

— Lois Kurtz

I like to help my mother in the house. I help her take care of my two little sisters. They are on a special diet. They can't have cake or pie, just special cookies. They can only have potatoes, green beans, and some other vegetables, but not many of them. All their food has to be weighed. They are not allowed to have flour, milk, or eggs. We bake some cookies with a special wheat starch, and use artificial milk for their cereal, which must also be in small amounts and weighed.

My one sister can not help herself very well, but she can talk and is very pleasant to care for.

I have other sisters, too. We all help each other care for our little sisters. There is always plenty of work to do.

I am thankful for the many blessings we have.

Grade 5, Age 11

SEASONS OF THE YEAR

--Darryl Weaver

When there's lots of snow everywhere,
And you can't stay warm in the cold air;
The woodpile is covered--every splinter,
Then you can be sure it is winter.

Do you see the mud? What a sight!
And there's a boy flying a kite.
Do you hear that bird sing?
Now you know that it is spring.

When the days are very warm
And you see the bees, a whole swarm;
When we play in the hot sun,
Then we're having summer fun.

It seems the leaves are everywhere;
The days are nice and oh, so fair,
Then the trees don't look nice at all,
Then you'll know that it is fall.

Grade 7 Age 11

Chats with Children

By Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Haven't we had a lovely fall! There for a while we thought winter was here, then suddenly autumn was back with its bright blue skies and sunny days. Day after day this weather lingers like a welcome guest who is reluctant to leave.

The other day I read a parable that I thought contained a valuable lesson. The story was about a group of quail living together. Their leader was an older quail who was very wise. When the younger quail had a problem, they would come to him for advice, and he usually had a good solution for whatever problem they brought him. One day a young quail came to him with frightening news.

"There is a man out hunting quail!" this bird told their leader. "He has a great big net that he brings down on a group of birds and there is no way of escaping. Only yesterday he carried off five of our neighbors which he had sneaked up upon and caught in his net."

Even the leader was alarmed. He sat and thought and thought. At last he had a plan. Calling his group together, he told them what they had to do. "First, we must all stay on a group," he said. "If the man with the net comes and catches us, it will take all of us to help with my plan. We must stay calm and not move until I give the signal, then on one accord we will fly into the air, taking the net with us. We will fly to that thorn bush over there and land. Perhaps we can tear the net and escape."

The other quail sighed with relief. Their leader's plan sounded like a good one. All that day and the next they stayed as a group, but nothing happened. But the third day it did happen. Suddenly with a swish, they found themselves caught in a net. Remembering the leader's orders, they crouched low and waited. When the leader rose, his followers rose with him. To the surprise of the hunter, they carried his net away and landed on the nearby thorn bush.

"I'll get you yet!" cried the angry hunter, running toward the bush. But by the time he reached it, the birds had torn his net and escaped.

The next day he was back, determined to catch the quail. But the same thing happened; once more the birds escaped, leaving the angry hunter with a net to patch. This went on for a few days. The more practice the quail had, the easier it was to tear the net.

Then one day a sad thing happened among this group of quail. They could no longer agree. About half of them insisted that it would be better to fly to a thorn bush to the north instead of flying to the one they usually flew to. Even the leader couldn't keep the younger ones from arguing. They were so busy quarreling that they didn't even see the man come. Swish! Down came the net. There was no clear understanding as to where they were going to fly to, and half of the birds headed in one direction and the other half flew toward the other direction. There was nothing but confusion within the crowded net. You can guess what happened. That evening the hunter went home with more than a dozen dead quail.

The ending to the quail story was a sad one. Because they failed to work together and be submissive to their leader, they could not accomplish what they and aimed to do. And the same is true of other animals and people, too. In many tasks its working together in order to accomplish something. Whether it is a man with a team of horses, a group of men building a barn, a flock of quail tearing a net, or a teacher and her pupils working in school, the key rule is always the same—work together.

Well, I hope to see you again next month. Until then, remember, it was only when the quail worked together that they were successful.

Best wishes!
Cousin Carrie

. . Projects . . . . . .

Some people, especially older people and cripples, are not physically able to go visiting. Often we need to remember them with visits, especially during the winter months when their hours inside are longest. It would be nice if parochial school pupils visited shut-ins once or twice a year. Such a suggestion is nothing new, but you might want to give them a very memorable visit by taking along a balloon tree.

Making a balloon tree involves little time and talent. It is something all the grades can work together on. For the "tree" you can use a fallen branch from any tree in the woods. The size of your "tree" is entirely up to you, so pick any size branch you wish. Then buy a few packets of different colored balloons to blow up and hang on your "tree."

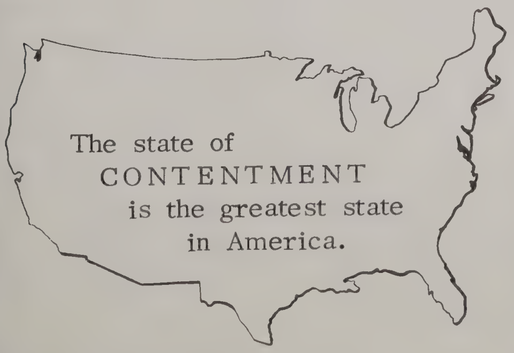
The balloon tree isn't meant to be just a colorful decoration to brighten a shut-in's room. It is meant to lift the shut-in's spirit. To accomplish this you will have your pupils write poems, Bible verses, wise sayings, personal notes, etc. on slips of paper. These slips should be from 1 to 2 inches wide and almost any length. Roll them up and slip them inside the balloons; blow the balloons up, tie them tightly shut, and hang them on your "tree." Almost any number of small notes can be slipped into a single balloon. Each pupil could have his own balloon and put in a number of interesting bits of writing. The slips of paper could be decorated with art work or colorful borders. You may want your pupils to paint their names on the balloons or paint cheery phrases.

If the branch you have used for your "tree" is very large, you will need to make a stand for it. A wooden box with a hole in the center should work; if it is top heavy, fill the box with corn or other weighty objects. Depending on the size of your "tree," you will find various things can serve as a base. You may want to decorate the base by pasting fall-colored leaves on it. Or you can make "grass" by soaking rice in green food coloring and pasting it to the base.

When the balloon tree is finished and ready to be taken to the shut-in, you may want to let each pupil carry his own balloon, or you can transport it "as is" in a buggy. Place it in the shut-in's room and say that a few balloons should be popped each day. The balloons will slowly deflate by themselves, so they should all be popped within a week or ten days. (A scrapbook could be given to the shut-in so that once the balloons have been popped the messages can be retained.)

P.S. You will want to practice putting different size slips of paper in balloons before having the pupils write their messages.

A Poster to Make



You have probably noticed a difference of appearance in the last few issues of the Bulletin. For about a year and a half we had been using two colors on the cover. Since the Bulletin goes through the press four pages on a plate, this enabled us to use two colors on four pages--the first two and the last two.

Though the two colors added quite a bit to the appearance of the Bulletin cover, it also added extra work and frustrations for both the editors and the printer. For some time we had been wondering if it really was worth all the extra work and headaches, and when we sat down and talked it over we came up with this conclusion— it was nice, but not really necessary. So we have gone back to one color and hope to spend that extra time and expense preparing aids to give to our schools and teachers (such as the "Open Books" that were offered this fall).

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

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FORWARDING AND RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

We've said this before, but evidently it needs to be said again. When sending in material of any kind to print in the Bulletin, your name and full address should accompany your letter. Often there is something we want to write the contributor about, and just this week we had another such letter returned to us by the post office, marked "Insufficient address." When I mailed the letter, I had been skeptical that it would reach its proper destination, for Middlefield, Ohio, was the only address given. I felt it was worth a try, but several days later it was back.

Once more we'll repeat; we need your name and full address, but will withhold it from publication, depending on the circumstances.

In this issue we are printing a short article in which a teacher tells of her difficulty in finding a substitute teacher. Anyone who has had any experience in substitute teaching knows that it is a difficult task. There are so many small details that the teacher automatically takes care of, but the substitute knows nothing about. The pupils, eager to help, keep reminding the substitute of these little details that were skipped. It's a little like stumbling along an unknown path in the dark.

But difficult as the task might appear, I think it would be good for both the pupils and the parents if parents could be persuaded to take over the classroom for a day or two. If they refuse, the teacher might get the impression that she is undertaking something for a whole term that none of the parents would undertake for even one day.

We are approaching the season when our schools are threatened with boredom. Every smart teacher will take steps in avoiding it before it strikes. We, at the Bulletin office, see the same threat ahead—the period when material will be slow in coming in, so we'd like to encourage our readers to write for the Bulletin before the shortage strikes. Perhaps by pleading for material now, we'll live through the "low" period without any serious shortage. —E.M.

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

January 1972

Have you ever tried taking the teacher's place? This mother did, and had an eventful day.

ME? A Substitute?

-by A.H.

"I DON'T KNOW WHO else I might ask," Iva said slowly. "I surely would have liked to attend the wedding."

"Oh, you must go," I replied quickly. "I didn't mean that you shouldn't go, but I've been out of school for so many years now that the children would have to tell me things instead of me telling them."

"Oh, no," the teacher laughed good-naturedly. "A substitute doesn't have to know much. I'll get everything ready for you."

"Well," I hesitated doubtfully. "Did you ask Jonie's Esther? She's seventeen already."

"Yes, I did. She mentioned you and even offered to babysit for you, but refused to consider substituting herself," said Iva.

My excuses were depleted; I had no more reasons to refuse. "All right. I'm sure of one thing. If they don't learn much, they will at least be orderly and quiet!" I declared confidently.

Was that only last night? It seemed like days had passed since then. How many times I had awakened in the night to be confronted mercilessly by misgivings and doubts. I was not at all sure anymore that I could even keep order. As I walked to school with my oldest son, a first grader, my fears seemed to gain in magnitude with each step.

"Remember, Danny, today I'm teacher and that's what you will call me until we go home tonight," I reminded him.

"Sure, Teacher," he said, trying to keep a straight face and failing completely. If even a first grader was wont to laugh at me, what would those big boys and girls do?

I heard children's voices as we neared the schoolhouse. On this rainy morning the children who were there already were gathered in the hall, waiting for me to unlock the door.

"Good morning," I ventured tentatively.

"Good morning!" they chorused.

As I was getting out my key I told myself,

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TEACHER'S PET

—by Elmer N. Schwartz

The more the girls avoided Martha, the more Emma, the teacher, tried to make up for it. And the more Emma tried to make up for it, the more the girls avoided Martha. "I can't understand what happened," thought Emma. "She used to be in the center of everything."

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AN EDITORIAL

I once heard the statement made that the majority of our Amish teachers are underpaid and overworked. I am not in a position to proclaim whether this statement is true or not, but without doubt, there are such cases. The Teacher's Directory of 1971 showed that some teachers are in charge of forty pupils or more. Considering that such a teacher would schedule one class for each grade in each of the four periods of the day, (some schedule more, depending on the subjects) this would make thirty-two different classes. A long day's work isn't it?

The teacher's day, however, is not over when she dismisses school in the afternoon. There are papers to grade. Once more estimating that each pupil handed in only two papers a day, this would make eighty papers to check and eighty scores to record into the grade book. This alone sounds like a day's work. We have only mentioned two of the teacher's tasks—holding classes and grading papers. Besides these two, there are countless more. For one thing, we want to remember that all the while school is in session, she must keep an eye on her pupils in order to maintain proper classroom discipline. And between every class there are usually pupils who have questions concerning lessons they don't understand, and others who ask questions merely to get the attention they crave for. At each recess there are games and activities to supervise, and an occasional dispute to settle.

After school, as we stated, there are papers to grade. But once again, this is only one of the tasks the teacher must do. Each evening she must keep in mind that tomorrow is another school day, and the success of tomorrow depends largely on how well prepared she is to teach the lessons that have been assigned. This causes her to look over each lesson, plan carefully, and take down notes of small details that would otherwise be neglected.

Besides grading papers and preparing lessons, there might be a special project the teacher is working on late in the evening to prepare, busy work to get ready for the lower graders, or a new song to copy on the blackboard. Then every six weeks there are tests to make, grades to average, and report cards to fill out. Without a doubt, the teacher who insists on being so thorough that she will not throw away one paper that hasn't been graded and refuses to cut any corners is an overworked teacher. By being overworked, we mean a teacher who works too hard. She is up late at night when she should be in bed resting and preparing herself physically for the following day. She is the teacher who refuses to go away in the evening because she is too busy with school work. Yes, indeed, such a teacher is just that— too busy.

I am somewhat doubtful that cases as extreme as shown above are very common. I am convinced that the problem of the overworked teacher is not the most common or most serious problem our schools face. I think the opposite extreme might be just as common and even more serious, and that is the problem of underworked teachers. They are the teachers who brush away their work in the evening after school, lock the doors, and follow their pupils homeward. Instead of spending the after-school hours finishing up the work of one day and preparing for the next day, they have other interests to take up their time.

Some of these might be: (1) too many chores. Some teachers try to be "hired hands" in the evening, working for the people they board with. Of course, there is nothing wrong with helping out occasionally when other members of the family are sick or not at home, but this should be the exception rather than the rule. (2) spending too much time reading for entertainment. The majority of teachers are fond of reading, and they need this fondness in order to

THE BOOKSHELF

Edward and Marguerite Dolch are well known for their books for young readers. Their books are easy to read, for the stories are written with the very first words children learn by sight. The repetition of these easy sight words builds a sound reading vocabulary and children gain confidence in their reading ability.

Below are three Dolch books on the second-grade level. These are all animal stories which are true, interesting, and often exciting. Excellent books for even the slowest readers.

BEAR STORIES

Children will not soon forget the story of a mother bear and her two determined cubs who try to break into a cabin to get two hams they smell, no matter if the owners are inside the cabin. This is one of 19 interesting bear stories the book contains.

(Hardbound. 165 pages.)
PRICE: $2.69 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.17

MORE DOG STORIES

This book contains 23 stories about dogs: police dogs, sheep dogs, seeing-eye dogs, house dogs— all kinds of interesting dogs. Children will enjoy these true stories.

(Hardbound. 164 pages.)
PRICE: $2.69 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.17

HORSE STORIES

Jason was an old horse which pulled a wagon in New York City years ago. When he retired because of old age, a doctor bought him. Soon Jason played an important role in finding a cure for a dreaded disease. This is but one of 19 stories.

(Hardbound. 164 pages.)
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instill a keen interest in reading in their pupils. But a teacher must be able to determine what is worthwhile reading and what is reading for entertainment, and be able to limit her reading time so that it does not take up time in which she should be doing something else. A certain amount of reading enriches a teacher, for it is a fine way of expanding her knowledge. But too much of it robs the teacher of valuable time. (3) holding a second job for a few hours in the evening. Any teacher who is really a teacher finds that teaching is a fulltime job and then some. When a second job is taken, then the first one suffers. The teacher with an evening job will either neglect her school work, or do it late in the evening when she should be resting. Neither one of these is going to be profitable to the pupils she is teaching.

The same way, when teaching is not a person's first interest, then the teacher is not a first-rate teacher. She can't be, for she would rather (and should) be doing something else. In other words, she cannot teach wholeheartedly when her interests are someplace else.

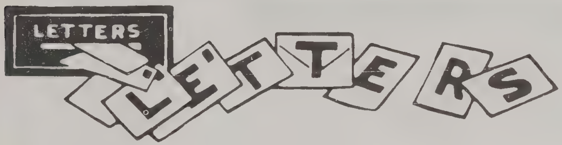
Many teachers have problem pupils who would rather be at home on the farm or out on the playground than in the classroom. They can't concentrate, they don't keep busy, and they have to be pushed and prodded in order to have them complete their lessons. Such pupils are making "C" and "D" grades when they really could be making "A" and "B" grades. The teacher says, "They aren't ideal pupils; they are farmers." I'm wondering if we don't perhaps have "C" and "D" teachers of whom could be said, "She's not really a teacher; she'd rather be doing something else." The pupils of such teachers are bound to lose out, for it is quite rare to find a classroom of enthusiastic pupils and an indifferent teacher.

Recently the remark was made about a certain teacher, "She does real well in the classroom, but she does not want to be tied down with work after school. She says by then she is ready for a change." Unless such a teacher has a very small enrollment and has taught several years, thus being well acquainted with the books she is using, I would dare say the pupils are being cheated. They don't have a full time teacher.

I'm not saying that a teacher should spend all her wakeful hours slaving for her pupils and school. She does need a certain amount of time for herself. She needs time for relaxation and spiritual devotion. Not only that, she needs an occasional evening "off" in which to go away for supper or visit with home folks and other relatives. There might be times when she needs vigorous exercise like raking leaves in the fall or cleaning snow off the sidewalks in the winter. Denying a teacher these rights would be making her an overworked teacher — the one extreme. But the person who is a real teacher will have the wisdom to know what is really important work and what isn't. She will be on the lookout for shortcuts and will organize her time so as to get the things that need to be done accomplished without being bogged down with all kinds of work that is merely "busy work" for the teacher. She will not spend time doing things her idle pupils could do just as well in their spare moments during school hours.

A dedicated teacher is not necessarily one who spends the hours between eight-thirty in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon in the classroom, for every teacher is obligated to do this. How dedicated a teacher really is and how interested she is in her work might, however, be determined by how she spends her "free" hours after school.

-E. M.



As a parent I found the article, "Geography Isn't Important" very interesting. It made me stop and think, "Am I the cause that some of my children will fail in life because of some attitude I take? Melvin came very near to failing in one subject in school, all because of the attitude of his father. Later in life he may easily fail in other undertakings as a result of the same attitude.

Geography **IS** important. ANY subject the teacher assigns is important enough that nobody wants to fail it. I, as a parent, have a responsibility to help create interest so that I will be a help and not a hindrance in any task our children undertake.

-A poor parent, Ontario

Why is it so difficult to find a substitute teacher? Why do we, as parents who send our children to school, turn away and refuse to teach them one day when this is such a rewarding experience? The first thing we think of is how could we stand up in front of a group of children and talk to them. We think our knees would buckle and we couldn't say a word.

Nevertheless, I am sure we could conquer this feeling and say something. I think I, as a substitute, would learn a lot more than the pupils that day.

We parents teach our children at home every day and the teacher teaches them at school. Why wouldn't it be interesting to take the teacher's place and teach our children at school for a day? And just think, a school day consists of only five hours, although a regular teacher works longer than that.

Experience tells me that if you want to be a substitute, then be yourself. Don't try to pretend to be the teacher. Ask the children questions if you need to, and don't pretend to know something you don't. If you make a mistake, don't be afraid to correct it in front of the children. This is being a good example for the children.

Of course, it is easy to push substituting onto an ex-teacher, and they make good substitutes if they are available and in a position that they can. But the next time you parents are asked to substitute, why not say, "Yes, I think I'll try it." —E.S.M.

I thought "Mary Catherine Solves A Mystery" was a good story for it showed how forgetful we can be, and not just teachers. I also thought the editorial about pupils who are often behind held a good lesson for everyone. The same is true of adults, too. I've wondered if maybe we judge them unfairly.

—E.C.,Ohio

"There's Always Tomorrow" is a good teacher's story for it gives such a real picture of both the frustrations and the rewards a teacher gets. It should be of special interest to would-be teachers as it gives them a glimpse of some of the things a teacher can expect. It should also be helpful to us as parents, for we can see how some of our actions look in the eyes of the teacher. Above all, it shows us that teaching can be interesting, worthwhile, and sometimes even a little comical.

In the December issue, I think Chriss Betty was rather inconsiderate in not sending word to school the day before that someone is bringing lunch. Think of all the mothers who fixed lunch that morning and all the children who lugged it to school who wouldn't have needed to if Chriss Betty would have tipped them off the day before. It could still have been a surprise as to who would bring it.

—Waiting for more "Tomorrows", Ontario

OPINIONS PLEASE!

What, No Reading Books?

Hannah Schwartz scanned the bookshelves in front of her. There was a row of arithmetic texts, and another of English books. "These must be the spelling books," she said, pulling out a thinner book. "Good, just like the ones we had when I went to school." For a short while Hannah stood with the second-grade spelling book in her hand. "I, my, dog, dogs," she said, smiling to herself. "I can just remember how proud I was when we first had spelling books. I sure studied those first four words a lot, and I still remembered what they were, too."

Pushing the small spelling book back into its place, Hannah continued her survey of the bookshelf. "These must be the reading books," she said. "They're different from what we used to have." She was surprised that the books just went as far as grade four. Even after searching the remainder of the stock of books carefully, Hannah still hadn't found any upper-grade reading books.

"Hmm," thought Hannah, "I don't think we had reading in the eighth grade, but we did up to then. Surely there must be at least fifth and sixth-grade books somewhere.

Hannah was a new teacher, an enthusiastic beginner. She had attended a country public school, but those were all closed now and the pupils were taken to a large consolidated school. That is, all except the Amish children in the community. They attended several parochial schools that had sprung up to replace the county public schools of the past. Hannah had very little experience with parochial schools, but she had received an ample education in the school she had attended, and she imagined the school she was to teach wouldn't be much different from what her school had been, especially as far as lessons were concerned.

Hannah spent the day sorting out books and trying to make herself acquainted with those that were unfamiliar to her. But she was still puzzled about the missing reading books. Everything else seemed to be there and in order. So when she went home, she stopped in at Roman Eichers to inquire about reading books for the upper-grade children.

"Well, I must admit, I don't know," answered Roman in a half-embarrassed way. "I only got on the school board last year, and I didn't really pay too much attention to what kind of books they used." He paused, then suddenly his face lighted up. "I know, let's ask Menno," he said. "He'll know."

Roman walked over to the barn door and called, "Menno, hey, Menno, come here a minute." A short time later a medium sized boy came running around the corner of the barn. He stopped and smiled bashfully when he saw the girl who was to be his new teacher the next week.

"Menno, what kind of reading books did you use last year?" asked Roman. "You were in sixth grade, weren't you?"

"Yes, and we didn't have reading books. We read out of our geography books instead of reading books," answered Menno. "The fifth graders do, too."

"Yea, come to think of it, I remember that's the way they do it," said Roman. "The teacher we had before said she didn't have time to recite so many classes, so she said we don't have to get reading books. They read out of the geography books. That gives them practice, too."

Hannah thanked Roman and Menno and was on her way. Suddenly she had lost some of her enthusiasm for teaching. She couldn't imagine reading out of a geography book in class. She was used to having a reading book with interesting stories that she had enjoyed. And having geography like a reading class. That didn't appeal to her at all. She thought geography was to be read before class, and then discussed orally in class.

"Well, if that's the way they're used to having it, I guess I'll try it, too," she said. "But I wonder, are fifth graders old enough to do without reading books? Do geography books really take the place of reading books in school?" She walked on. "I'm just a new teacher and don't know much about it, but wait until I meet some older and more experienced teachers. I'll ask them what they think."

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Send your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
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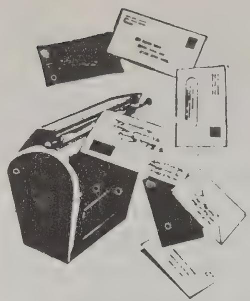

Reader Response

It seems to me that Fannie Beachy has an ideal place to board, although she shouldn't neglect her rest in order to help this young family out. I think she should help what she can without wearing herself down. $45.00 is too stiff for a teacher to pay per month. Why not both come half way? The teachers deserve a break, too.

—D. M. T., Millersburg, Ohio

Dear Fanny,

I gather from your letter that you have a good boarding place, as you say Eli and Esther are friendly and easy to get along with. This means that they will cope with problems as they come up. Why not tell Esther you would enjoy helping as you have been, but school seems to be calling for so much of your time that you feel you had better stick to the bargain as it was at first.

Esther does have a lot of work, but she did before you were there, too. If you show your appreciation for the opportunity of coming home from school into a friendly atmosphere, she will feel rewarded without you helping her a lot.

Try, though, to see to your own needs that do not go with Esther's regular work, such as packing your own lunch, doing your own hand washing and your ironing. I think a busy mother with little children to see after would appreciate this.

We had a teacher boarding with us when our oldest children were under school age. She said she felt at home with children, for she came from a large family. She had had experience with boarding with other families before she came to our place, and she asked to be allowed to get her own breakfast. At first this did not appeal to us, but we allowed her to, and later on we were thankful for her foresight. We liked it very well.

Couldn't you get your own breakfast and eat while Esther is at the barn? When she comes in she could go ahead and get breakfast for her family just as if you weren't there. Our evening meal we enjoyed together and she chose to help with the dishes, and usually ended up doing the bigger part of them, as the children needed attention and by the time I got around to helping, she was about done.

If you want to help in the evenings, milking might be a better choice. This would give you something different to do and would be a pleasant change. If you enjoy staying downstairs for evening devotions, why not assure them of this, but since you need time for your own personal devotions and meditations, just join the family occasionally.

—Pennsylvania

* * *

Friendly as Eli and Esther may be, they are not in a position to provide a suitable boarding place for a teacher. In thirty years or so, yes, but not while they have their hands full of little children to care for. No teacher can close her eyes to the needs of a busy mother, retreat to her room, and give her full attention to her work as wholeheartedly as she should. Which one of us, upon hearing a baby crying and knowing that the mother is busy with one of the older children, and hasn't washed the dishes yet, wouldn't leave our work to go down and give a helping hand?

I also don't think young parents with children should board a teacher, for this isn't being fair to them. There would always be the worry of the children getting into the teacher's things and doing things that will aggravate a tired teacher. Teachers generally love children, but they have their fill of them at school. When they come home they need a break— a place to relax, work, meditate, and think their school problems through in peace.

Surely, there is a more suitable place in every community for a teacher to board than with busy young parents who have more work and worries of their own than they can take care of. If not, then maybe it is time the school board and the parents got together to plan small living quarters for their teacher.

Ex-teacher, Ontario

* * *

However nice the people you stay with may be, having your own little house or part of the house where you can do your own cooking and housekeeping is, in my opinion, the best setup for a teacher. This is especially true when there are two teachers at one school and they can live together.

Having your own kitchen gives you more privacy and you feel free to invite friends in for an evening or Sunday afternoon. If you feel like leaving your books and stirring up a batch of cookies, this is your privilege. If you feel like fixing a special treat for your pupils, there is nothing to keep you from it. If you come home from school very tired and would rather go to bed without supper, then it's up to you. Last but not least, there is time and quietness for meditation and devotion. Yes, any teacher who is old enough to teach will probably also enjoy being mistress of her own little living quarters.

–Ex-teacher, Indiana

* * *

Fannie Beachy is making the choice hard for herself by trying to choose between two extremes— helping Eli and Esther a lot or not at all. Why not stay with the original agreement, which was apparently working all right to begin with.

Fannie is right in feeling that the ten dollar deduction in the boarding fee will not make up for the frustrations of continually being behind in her work. On the other hand, the older teacher with whom Fannie talked appears to be a bit overly devoted to her school work, perhaps to the point of selfishness. She is losing out on one of the main things of life, namely living as part of some kind of family group.

One of the traditions we have inherited from our forefathers is to help and to receive help. No doubt there will be times when Fannie will help Esther with the dishes or milk more than her usual number of cows.

On the other hand, there may be times when Fannie is entertaining teacher friends and will be excused from the milking. Learning to give and take without imposing or being imposed upon needlessly by others is one of the main lessons we all have to learn in this life. Still learning, Ontario

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Regarding the situation of paying more for board and not helping much or helping a lot and not paying so much, I feel the first would be better. To me, teaching is a full time job, especially so the more pupils she has. But better yet, I think, is to live with your sister and cook alone. Then whatever housekeeping you don't have time for you can let her do. When you have some time for extras, you have the privilege. I am one of those "privileged" characters.

--Kalona, Iowa

We boarded a teacher for one term and I'd say we got along real nicely. She helped us with certain jobs, for which we paid her.

I feel that if a mother tells her teacher boarder to leave the dishes for her to do after she has done whatever she feels should be done first, then the teacher should leave them set. How can a mother rest if the teacher insists on helping till after devotions and then start several hours of school work after the family has gone to bed? It would bother me to no end to know the teacher is working on her things after she did my work. The teacher we boarded left the dishes set if I said so. Unless I was in a pinch, I didn't expect her to help with kitchen duties.

So I feel Fannie in your story was in the wrong by insisting on going ahead with what she was asked not to do. What else could a young mother do? The children do need attention at times, and with a mother which comes first, her children or her dishes?

--Has had experience, Ohio

ME? A SUBSTITUTE?

(Con't from front cover)

"See, they won't bite. How silly can I get?"

With returning confidence, I picked up the note the teacher had left for me. "Just follow the regular schedule. All the papers you will need are on my desk. The children will help you," I read. I turned the paper over. Was that all? I walked to the bulletin board. Here I found a behavior chart, a neat chart showing each day's schedule, a health chart, and some poems the students had written.

"You're supposed to blow the whistle at 8:15," offered Edith, a fourth grader.

"And then set the timer for five minutes," interrupted her sister Marie.

"And anyone who isn't settled till the bell goes has to stay in at lunch," eagerly informed another.

"Yes," inserted mischievous Johnny, "but don't make Ellen stay in or we'll have rain inside, too."

"Huh!" shot back the red-faced Ellen. "If everyone had to stay in as often as you do, we'd never have any recess."

Johnny retaliated with a wry look and some words I didn't understand.

Already? My confidence was waning fast. I stepped back aghast. "Why, how can such nice friendly people quarrel so easily?" I gasped, looking earnestly from one to the other. Both stared at the floor a moment, then Johnny mumbled a weak apology and pretended to be interested in the pictures on the other side of the room. Ellen, however, was suffering abject shame and the tears were threatening. Fortunately, the situation was saved by a group of rosy-cheeked children entering just then.

"Good morning," I greeted brightly.

"Good morning," they responded heartily.

"We always have a Bible story after Bible reading," Edith started in again where they had left off. Much advice followed and soon we were all at ease, even Ellen.

"Doris, will you please blow the whistle?" I asked the girl nearest me. "And Edith, you may set the timer."

Our school was getting settled at last. Soon the high-ceilinged schoolroom reverbrated with the young voices. As the echoes came back my spirit seemed to reach out to these young souls. They sang with a carefree abandon that touched my heart. I could not remember that we sang that way when I went to public school. But of course, the difference was probably all in me since I was no longer a child and these were hymns.

Arithmetic came first on the schedule and immediately a dozen hands were waving frantically and one bold child even spoke right out. "It's my turn to collect the papers," he announced.

I held my finger against my lips for silence. The time had come to tell them a few things. I motioned their hands down and began, "Boys and girls, today I'm going to do something entirely new to me and I'm going to need some help, but I'd like to ask for the help I need. If I miss something important, you may raise your hand and tell me. However, you must expect that things will be a little different. I'm looking up to you to show me what you have learned and I'm sure you will be just as well-behaved for me as you are for Iva."

I paused, then continued. "First, there are a few children here I have not yet learned to know. Let's get acquainted."

After introductions, we had arithmetic classes without incident. Iva had been very careful to give review work so I didn't have to explain anything new. I only made one slight mistake and that was, I forgot all about recess. It seems rather strange to me now that my pupils didn't think about it sooner. Lunchtime was only fifteen minutes off when Nancy, an eighth-grade girl, reminded me of it. I laughed a little sheepishly and promised to lengthen lunchtime. My, time sure was flying!

I dismissed for lunch and immediately everyone rushed for the door. I stared in open-mouthed amazement as Leon, a long-legged athelete, jumped over a desk, reached his lunch in three great strides, and cleared the six porch steps on his way out. Without thinking, I did exactly what I would have done at home— I yelled at them, but it was too late. Some didn't hear me, some pretended not to hear me, and the rest watched me expectantly. I sighed as I rejectedly picked up my lunch. Oh, well, it was only for a day; let the teacher straighten them out. But to add to my chagrin, wide-eyed little Susan advised calmly, "Just let them go. Tomorrow the teacher will be here, then it will be different. Right then I resolved to do something about it.

I waited for fifteen minutes and then I blew the whistle shrilly. I set the timer for five minutes and waited. The pupils came in, somewhat subdued. Apparently they sensed something was wrong. As soon as they were seated, I spoke, "Counting the five minutes it took you to come in and the fifteen minutes you had to eat, you've had twenty minutes of your lunch time. Those of you who can walk out quietly may go for the rest of your hour. And those who don't come in like ladies and gentlemen will stay in at recess. You are dismissed."

I overheard a few words from some boys later. All I could understand was "queer" and "mommy" but nevertheless, I immediately noticed a new respect for me.

The teacher truly had made everything easy for me. There was one hurdle ahead, though, which I had to cross somehow. That was seventh and eighth-grade geography class.

Everything might have gone smoothly enough if I had let good enough alone. I had a sheet of questions and answers and the children each had a duplicate sheet except theirs didn't have the answers. They were to find them for themselves. All I would have to do was ask a question and they would take turns giving the answers. But, thinking I would liven things up a bit, I pulled down the wall map and asked them to form a half-circle in front of it for a discussion.

Promptly a hand was raised.

"Where's Viet Nam?" inquired Ned.

"Can anyone show him?" I asked. "Then we'll have to go on with our lesson. We're studying about Australia today, I believe."

No one could find Viet Nam— I mean, no one, including me! I felt suddenly that my reputation was at stake and I panicked. Feverishly I began checking every continent starting at North America, even though I knew perfectly well on what continent it was.

I glanced back at the rest of the pupils who were busy at their seats. Johnny had his hand up.

"Yes, Johnny," I asked, glad for a little delay.

"I can find Viet Nam for you," he announced importantly.

"Okay," I invited.

Johnny strutted up front and found it unfalteringly.

I stepped back, abashed. Taking advantage of my confusion, he said disdainfully, "Of course, I knew it wasn't in North America!"

"Yes, I did, too," I said mildly. "Was I looking for it in North America?"

"Yep!" he asserted. "That's where your stick was pointing to."

"Would you like to show us where Australia is?" I asked next.

Very soon Johnny had found it.

"And now tell us where you live,"

Pride goeth before a fall! Johnny stared at me uncertainly. "You know where we live," he blurted out impatiently.

"Yes, I think you do, but I'd like you to tell us," I urged.

"Well, you just go down the road a piece and turn right and..." He stopped for the room had suddenly exploded with laughter. I had involuntarily grinned at his mistake and that had been enough to ignite the whole classroom. His bewildered, crestfallen countenance pricked my heart.

I held up my hand reprovingly and in the ensuing quiet I explained, "I meant on the map since you are so familiar with it. Would you like to join this class in our map study?"

The resulting discussion was a lively one in which I learned a great deal about children and a little about geography, too.

"Yes, Eli?" I asked presently of another raised hand.

"It's almost time to go home," he reminded me.

"Thank you," I smiled, "I won't forget it this time."

The day was over so soon. In spite of all my mistakes, groundless fears, and quaking heart, I had enjoyed myself immensely. The crowning reward came when everyone said "good by" with the friendliest smiles in the world, even voicing a desire that I should come again.

It was just a short time later that Iva wanted to go to another wedding. My enthusiasm must have been catching because this time one of the fathers volunteered. I'm sure every parent would profit from this experience, and the teacher and the pupils, too.

A Teacher's Meeting

-by Susannah Shantz

Sometimes people ask, "What goes on at a teachers' meeting. Would you really care to know? On Saturday afternoon, November thirteenth, twenty-six teachers brought encouragement with their presence at West Montrose Parochial School.

We opened with the doxology, Lord's Prayer, and I Corinthians 13. Several teachers quoted poems and a few songs were sung together. A letter of encouragement by Mrs. John Brubacher, a former teacher, was read.

Everyone was given the privilege to write questions on slips of paper. These were collected without signatures, so there was no way of identifying them.

James Bauman read the questions which were then discussed by all. As many teachers might have similar problems, it might be worthwhile to publish some of the questions in the Bulletin. I do not hope that we are making light of shared confidences, but rather that more people may profit from what to me was a worthwhile afternoon.

Q. Do you expect the seventh and eighth graders to learn the counties of Ontario for a test?

A. No. It would be of more value to them later on to know the cities of Ontario and where they are located.

Q. What could be done instead of exchanging names to give presents at Christmas?

A. Show the children how to make gifts for other members of the family, shut ins, or make packages for MCC.

Q. What can be done with pupils who disobey our "Speak English" rule?

A. Keep reminding them. Charts of motivation help. Writing out lines might help, too.

Q. What is an effective way to help first graders remember sounds in phonics?

A. Games such as "I spy something that starts with "B, " or "Who can find an object starting with 'M'?" (Let them go to that object.) Another way is to give them word cards and ask for one that begins with a certain sound. Or say three words and ask which two start the same.

Q. How do you get away from so much after four correcting?

A. Take up answers in class as much as possible. It will be more beneficial to the class, too. If pressed for time, teachers might read answers quickly, scanning books for results.

Q. How do you stop whispering in school hours?

A. Arrange seating plan so that good friends are apart. Some teachers keep pupils in at recess, and have them write out lines.

Q. What do you do with big boys who talk back?

A. Corporal punishment was suggested or sending the pupil home until he is ready to cooperate. A whole classroom should not be neglected because of a few trouble mak-

From Lancaster Co.

On November 9, Lydia Stoltzfus, teacher at Chestnut Hill School was married to Samuel Zook.

On November 11, Sadie Kauffman, teacher of Brick School, was married to Benjamin Glick.

On November 16, Katie Blank, teacher of Meeting House Road School, was married to Jacob Miller.

On November 18, Sarah Stoltzfus, teacher of Fishers School, was married to Enos Beiler. Enos is from St. Marys Co., Maryland.

On November 30, Rachel Lapp, teacher of Stony Hill School, was married to Amos Beiler.

The pupils and the teacher of Valley Road School moved into their new schoolhouse on November 29th. The old building was burned down last fall by pranksters.

From Wayne County, Ohio

Anderson School, where Lizzie Ann Nisley has taught for a long time, was badly damaged by fire one evening recently. Evidence showed that the building had been broken into and the fire was started near the teacher's desk, destroying carefully kept teacher's records, along with other damages.

From Geauga County, Ohio

John E. Miller, teacher at Orchard Knob, is back on the job after spending several weeks at home and in the hospital. The pins the doctor had put into his leg following an accident a year ago began to bother him, so he had to have them removed. He still needs a cane, but is improving.

From Dover, Delaware

Mary Ann Miller, teacher at West Center, and Louis Beachy are published to be married in the near future.

ers.

Q. What can be done with work that is done too quickly and not correctly, especially in filling in blanks?

A. Have the child discover his errors and correct them. Careless work might have to be repeated.

Q. What do you do when about half of the children are done with their work long before class time?

A. Many children fill in their spare time with library books, or they might be working on special projects. If a child sits idle, ask about work he might not have finished.

Q. Would it be too much for a grade-four pupil who is alone in a grade to take spelling with grade five if she has her words usually correct?

A. No. If the parents agree, go ahead.

Q. What is a good method of keeping a "dreamer" at his work?

A. Bring him back to reality with a few questions. If the problem presists and he seems to understand his work, corporal punishment may help.

Q. How many teachers supervise their playgrounds every day?

A. Playgrounds can be supervised too much. However, it is wise to be outside sometimes.

Q. How hard should I get after my boys to sing? Some might not be able to sing, but others just don't try.

A. Try having an interesting music period. However, if it is a case of more obstinacy, sterner methods must be used. Perhaps if the parents were aware of the problem they would help.

Q. After explaining an assignment such as language, how many teachers help the pupils before checking in class?

A. Most teachers wait until the work has been checked in class.

Q. How can I help a child overcome the habit of copying in everyday work?

A. Isolate him as much as possible from those in his grade. Sitting by the teacher's desk might be a good place. ◇

"He who is constantly looking for faults will rarely find anything else."

TEACHING AIDS

USED ENCYCLOPEDIAS

Every school needs a good set of encyclopedias. New sets are nice but expensive. Salesmen will often say that you ought to buy a new set, but you must remember that they are in business to sell new sets, not used ones. The fact is that over a ten-year period encyclopedias do not change very much, for much of the information they contain is timeless. Of course, if a school feels the children must keep up with the latest developments in the space age, a new set is desirable. But for Amish schools a used set is quite sufficient.

If you do a little looking around, you can often find a good used set advertised in the classified ads of your local paper. Or try running a "want" ad of your own.

Another place where you can find sets of used encyclopedias at bargain prices is at Wilcox & Follett Company in Chicago, Illinois. Write to them for a current listing of the used sets they have on hand. (Besides the retail price you will also pay postage or freight charges.)

We on the Bulletin staff are not familiar with all the different encyclopedias which are published, but we highly recommed the WORLD BOOK. You will never regret having bought a set of this encyclopedia. A new set will cost you around $140; whereas a good used set from Wilcox & Follett (8 years old) is listed at $22.50 plus postage. So write to Wilcox & Follett before buying a new set to see what they have to offer.

P.S. They also have a full line of used textbooks and dictionaries.

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PRAISE OR PUNISHMENT

ANDY TROYER, WILL you sit up and get your work done?" Teacher Esther said in despair.

Slowly Andy pulled himself up a little bit and began reading his arithmetic problems again. He couldn't concentrate. Before he had done any work, he was staring out the window, wishing he was as free as the bird he saw lighting on the tip of a weed.

"Andy," reprimanded Esther a few minutes later, "do you have your arithmetic done for this morning?"

Andy pulled his feet back and sat up a little straighter. Dejectedly he bent over his seventh-grade arithmetic book. This time he worked several problems, but soon his mind wandered from his work. He began doodling with his pencil, making little designs on his paper and filling in the loops of the letters on his work pad. Before long he lost interest in what he had on his desk and looked for something else to do. Noticing the little hairs hanging below the covering of Lizzie Mast, who sat in front of him, he began playing with the hair with the tip of his pencil.

Lizzie reached back with her hand and sat forward to get away from Andy. Andy only smiled a little. Soon Lizzie forgot herself and sat back. Immediately Andy's pencil was in her hair again. Lizzie turned around and scowled at him.

"Andy," Esther said with exasperation, "bring your book and sit here to get your work done." She cleared the extra desk that was right beside hers. "You will have to sit here until you are finished with your arithmetic."

Slowly Andy gathered his book, papers, and pencil and sat at the desk Esther indicated. Half-heartedly he finished his arithmetic just in time for his class. After exchanging papers the class checked their arithmetic together.

"All right," Esther said when they had finished checking, "I'd like to have your scores now." She began calling their names, one after another. "Andy, what do you have today?" she said when she came to his name.

"Sixty," answered Andy dejectedly.

"Another failing grade," Esther said with disapproval. "Do you realize what your last few grades have been?"

Andy only shrugged his shoulders.

"Sixty-five, fifty-eight, sixty-eight, and now sixty again," Esther read with a frown. "You'll have to stay in this recess and do today's work over again."

Andy looked sullenly at his work. How he wished he was in the eighth grade and this was his last year!

The seventh graders returned to their seats and Esther continued with the eighth grade class. Suddenly Esther heard whispering and a giggle come from the area where the seventh graders were sitting.

"Andy," she said as she glanced up, "What are you doing now?"

"Nothing," he answered.

At that moment Esther saw that it had been the girls who were whispering. Without saying more to Andy, she told the girls to be quiet.

Andy slumped a little lower in his seat, resentment showing on his face. "Andy, this and Andy, that," he said to himself. "I get blamed for everything."

The following Saturday Andy's father had a long talk with him as they were loading wood on the wagon. Father was concerned about the problem Andy was causing at school and about the low grades he was getting. After talking with him a long time, he persuaded him to try and be a well-behaved boy in school and to do what he could to improve his grades.

Every teacher will have those pupils who tax her patience more than others. She must be careful not to mentally label such children as "problems" or they will live up to this reputation.

"If you are having so much trouble with your arithmetic, bring your papers home after they've been checked and we'll see what we can do to help you," his father had said.

Andy smiled faintly at his father.

"I'm sure both you and your teacher will be much happier if you do what you can to improve the situation," Father added "I believe your teacher will do what she can to help you and will be pleased when she sees that you really want to do better."

By the time his father was through talking with him, Andy held a new respect for his father and had agreed to try and do his part in school.

The next Monday Andy tried hard to remember the advice his father had given him. Several times he caught himself daydreaming, but got busy again before Esther noticed. He had trouble with his arithmetic, but when Esther explained it to him again, it was easier. Andy was disappointed when he only got seventy in his arithmetic that day.

That evening he took his paper and arithmetic book home and his father helped him until he understood it better.

The next day it was easier to keep his mind on his work and stay out of mischief, but several times when there was a disturbance, Esther looked up and said, "Andy, what are you doing?"

Andy was hurt. "Can't she see I'm trying?" he asked himself. "There's no use, I might as well give up." But immediately his father's encouraging words came to him and he decided to keep trying. His father had told him it may take a while to prove that he really wanted to do better, and he didn't want to disappoint him.

That day he got seventy-five in his arithmetic. He looked at his teacher, hoping for a word of approval, but there was none. Well, it's not really very good yet," Andy consoled himself.

As time went on, Andy kept trying to do better in both his conduct and his lessons. Each day he watched eagerly when they checked papers, for at least a slight improvement in his grade, but most of all, he was hoping for a word of approval from his teacher or some sign that she took notice of his efforts. Usually his grade was a little higher, but sometimes it dropped down again. It was now two weeks since he had made the last failing grade. Most evenings he was happy to show his parents his papers. If his teacher failed to encourage him, his father didn't.

There were times when he gave in to temptation and got into mischief as normal boys do, and was reprimanded by his teacher, but there was still no sign that she noticed at all when he behaved. His grades now usually hung around eighty or above.

One day, much to his delight, he got ninety in his arithmetic. He could hardly wait until Esther asked for his grade, but to his disappointment, she didn't seem to notice at all. The same day he got a poor grade in his English lesson because he hadn't understood it.

"Andy," rebuked Esther, "you'll have to do this lesson over again. You must at least try to understand it."

Andy slumped sullenly at his desk without looking at his teacher.

"Now sit up and get busy with your work," Esther said sternly. "There's no need to act like a spoiled boy just because I asked you to do that lesson over."

Andy sat up but resentment and self-pity filled him. Esther watched him for a moment, unable to understand what had gotten into him.

Many teachers, like Esther, will notice the poor grades a child makes and will work to improve them. Likewise, most teachers are on the lookout for mischief in school. That is partly what teachers are hired for, to teach children, help them improve their grades, and to maintain discipline in school. Teachers are often burdened and concerned because certain children have difficulties with their lessons or cause discipline problems.

Every teacher will have those children who will tax her patience more than others, those who seem to be bent on mischief and are unconcerned about their lessons. It is natural for a teacher to keep her eye on her "problems", but she may also make the mistake of mentally catagorizing him as a "bad boy" or the cause of all her headaches in school. Whenever there is a disturbance, the teacher automatically glances at "Andy", expecting him to have been the cause of it. Perhaps Andy is frequently the cause of her problems, or he may often be wasting time instead of getting his work done. Soon his teacher may be in the habit of nagging him and, like Esther, reprimand him without being sure he really was in the wrong.

There is the case of David, who like Andy, was often in trouble in school and had been receiving C's and D's in deportment. Finally he got tired of always being the object of his teacher's displeasure and decided to turn a new leaf. After honestly trying to improve his conduct for six weeks, his teacher still gave him a C in deportment. David felt he had been unfairly graded and asked his teacher about the C in deportment.

"Oh, ah, that grade isn't over just this grading period," his teacher told him, "That is also partly your grade for your conduct since school started."

His teacher had probably mentally classed him as a C or D pupil in deportment without considering that he might make a change. Thus he made the mistake of bringing up the past against David. Even if his improved conduct had only been in the last few weeks, a higher grade probably would have been in order. It would have served as a compliment and recognition of his efforts and would thus have encouraged him to keep on trying.

In the same way, teachers may sometimes carry last year's problems into this year by giving evidence that they expect their problem pupils to continue being problems. For example, Miss Miller was heard to say, "Daniel had caused me so much trouble last year, that when school started again this fall, I had his desk picked out for him. I gave him the seat next to my desk and told him he'll have to keep it until he has proved that he can be trusted farther away from me."

When teachers show their pupils that they expect them to be problems, most of them will live up to their reputations. Children in the upper grades in school are adolescents and are subject to change. They show by their actions that one moment they feel like children and the next they feel like grown-ups. A teacher should be conscious of this and encourage them in their good moments, helping them to develop their better traits.

Many children value a trust that is given to them, though they may not admit it openly or even be able to define it as such. Therefore, it is often better to give a pupil a chance to prove himself rather than bring up the past against him. For instance, Miss Miller in the above situation would probably have gained more by ignoring Daniel's past reputation and allowing him to pick out his own seat like the other children did. If he failed to prove himself a better pupil, there would still have been time to change his seat. He would then be aware of the fact that his own behavior had cost him the privilege that he had had.

Some time ago I read a short note in a column on child training in a magazine, that said, "Make it more pleasant for a child when he is good than when he isn't and he will learn to take pleasure in being good." The statement was referring to child training in a home, but I have found that the same thing is often true in school. We reprimand or punish a child when he is disobedient and we may ask him to do a lesson over because he doesn't understand it and made a poor grade. Let's not forget to also give him praise and encouragement whenever possible. It often goes farther toward improvements than the punishments you mete out.

A simple note of encouragement on a paper which shows improvement goes a long way with most children. I remember when Iwas going to school my teacher sometimes wrote notes on my papers and I began to look for them. Sometimes they were notes of praise and other times they told me how I might improve my work. One particular instance was a note on my German paper. Our teacher had introduced us to some German grammer and when he returned the paper he had written "Auszerordentlich gut," across the top of my paper. I didn't even know what the word meant so he had me look it up in the dictionary. I was elated!

Somewhere along the line Eli and his classmates had lost out on reading comprehension. For that reason they lacked interest in history, geography, and health which required a lot of reading. Usually Eli's test grades on those subjects were below passing. Then he got a different teacher who worked hard to improve the comprehension of the pupils. One day, to the surprise of his teacher, Eli got ninety on his health test. His teacher wasn't slow in showing her pleasure in the marked improvement which increased the pleasure Eli had already received from his grade. Eli had made several discoveries. He found out he could do better and the pleasure and satisfaction he received from having done well made it worthwhile. Not only did Eli do better, but his classmates made the same discovery.

In the same way, children may be encouraged to improve their conduct. A smile or a nod of recognition given at the right time will help him along on the road to improvement. For example, Miss Frey had a pupil, Alvin, who was in the habit of walking noisily through the classroom and clattering into his seat. Miss Frey rebuked him several times for making so much noise. The next time he came in from recess, he walked quietly and sat down carefully, then glanced up to see if Miss Frey had noticed and told him so by a smile and a nod of her head. From then on, Alvin usually remembered to walk more quietly.

Though praise for a child who makes improvement is in order, we need to be cautious about giving toò much praise to one who always does well. In such a case we tend to make the pupil too proud and may arrouse jealousy in others. I have seen pupils who I felt needed a lower grade once in a while to help their humility. In the same way, a teacher needs to be sure children deserve praise for conduct before praise is given.

We have seen that continual scolding and reprimanding without due praise and encouragement isn't good, but let's not go to the other extreme and expect a school to run smoothly on praise alone. We need a healthy balance of both— occasional discipline for misbehavior, and reasonable praise and encouragement for those who improve.

A SCHOOL CREED

The Teacher's Creed

1. I will dress neatly and modestly, in accordance to the "Ordnung" of the church.

2. I will be kind, considerate, and polite— a Christian example to my pupils.

3. I will endeavor to be firm but reasonable with my pupils. When the need arises, I will punish with a prayer on my lips and a heart full of love for the erring pupil.

4. I will try and be impartial with all my work, but frank in exposing any wrong.

5. When a parent criticizes me, I will zealously try to improve myself.

6. I will cooperate with the school board, expressing myself freely concerning discipline problems and the need of supplies.

7. When a parent asks me how his child is doing in school, I will give an honest answer.

8. I will try to add enough spice to my regular routine so that my pupils will retain an interest in school and will work zealously while under my supervision.

9. I will try to keep my voice clear and distinct and my lessons plain. I realize that slow learners will need a greater portion of my time.

10. Since I am aware of the heavy responsibility entrusted to me, I will spend time in private devotions each morning. I will earnestly pray that God will bless my efforts in working for the eternal good of my pupils.

The Parent's Creed

1. We whole-heartedly believe in our parochial school and what it stands for, so we are ready to stand together as in one mind and work with our teacher.

2. If our child complains, we will talk with the teacher before we take his word.

3. We will never criticize the teacher in our child's presence.

4. In our homes, we will endeavor to teach our sons and daughters high morals so as to improve our home, school, and church.

5. We will visit school frequently and attend parent-teacher meetings whenever possible.

6. We will encourage our child to do his best in school, both in work and play. We will not criticize his playmates in his presence.

7. We will encourage obedience; yes, we will strive for it to the point where we will punish our child if he is willfully disobedient. We realize the first step in teaching obedience is practicing it, so we dress ourselves and our children according to church standards.

8. We will give financial support to our school and help out in any way possible.

9. We will help our pupil like school by showing an interest in his lessons and by listening to his accounts of happenings at school.

10. We realize the heavy responsibility our teacher carries and will try to help her, especially by daily praying for her and the children that are in her care.

The Board Member's Creed

1. We, the school board, will strive for the betterment of our school in every way.

2. We will faithfully see after maintainance and the supplying of needs for the school.

3. When we see our teacher at fault, we realize it is our duty to tell her— not in a dominating manner, but in a way that shows our Christian love and concern.

4. When parents complain about how things are going at school, we will try to search out the problem to the best of our knowledge, and solve it to the best of our understanding— without showing partiality of any kind.

5. We do not expect our children to have more rights at school just because their father is on the school board.

6. We will try to give all the parents a fair voice in the operation of the school.

Note----

Do you have a question you would like to see discussed on the "Opinions Please" page? If so, send it in. We will be glad to hear from you. You may have it in an article or if you prefer, just send the question and we will write the article for you.

7. We will encourage good discipline and stand behind the teacher in achieving this goal.

8. When a serious problem arises, we will stand ready to help in a Christian way. If the teacher and the parents have difficulties between themselves, it is ~~on~~ our place to help dissolve them.

9. Should the need arise, we will work with public officials such as state directors, county superintendents, truant officers, and law officials.

10. From time to time we will ask the teacher about conditions in school and offer our assistance before she has to ask for it. We consider being a school board member to be our responsibility and duty rather than merely an official appointment.

–adapted

(For "A Pupil's Creed" see next issue.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Six – THE UNSEALED ENVELOPE

ORPHA WENGERD SAT AT HER desk grading papers. She was subconsciously aware of the usual noise of the children playing in the basement. Suddenly she stopped and stared into space. "Half of the school term is over already," she told herself. "Can it really be true?"

Just then a group of little girls came upstairs. In the middle of the group was Malinda, leading her twin sister by the hand. Mary was sobbing and holding her free hand over her mouth.

"Teacher, Alvin kicked Mary," said Malinda. She led Mary over to stand in front of Orpha.

Orpha placed her hand comfortingly across Mary's shoulder. "Where did he kick you?" she asked.

"Her mouth," volunteered Malinda.

"Try not to cry," soothed Orpha. "It will soon stop hurting. Let me see." Gently she pulled Mary's hand away from her mouth. She gasped at what she saw. Mary's lip was swollen and had an ugly gash, which had bled quite a bit. "Ohhh," she exclaimed. The little girls' tears came faster than ever. Quickly Orpha got ahold of herself. For the next few minutes she was occupied with Mary, but then the bleeding stopped and so did the tears. Then she turned her thoughts to the next step—investigating the case.

"How did it happen that Alvin kicked Mary in the face?" she asked the little girls. "Surely he didn't do it on purpose, did he?"

"Mary was bending over to take off her boot and Alvin came and kicked her," said Malinda.

"He didn't do it on purpose," defended Martha Erb, who was Alvin's sister. "I saw it and it just happened."

"No, sir," said another little girl. "I saw it, and he did do it on purpose. Mary was taking off her boot and he wanted to kick the boot she had already taken off away, and—and the kick hit her face instead of the boot."

Orpha began to understand. Alvin was teasing Mary and he hadn't really meant to hurt her. But all the same, she had warned her pupils about teasing the little ones; still they persisted in it. "Well, you go down and tell Alvin I want to see him," she said.

Half a dozen little girls started running for the basement.

"No, no, not all of you," called Orpha.

"Fannie, you may go."

Fannie left in a hurry, pleased to be the one who was to carry out the teacher's request. In a short time she was back. "Teacher, he won't do it to come," she said.

"I'll go tell him," offered Malinda. "I'll say you said he had to come."

"No, I'll go myself," said Orpha. With disgust mounting with each step, Orpha strode toward the basement. She'd teach Alvin for not obeying her orders. He had caused quite a bit of trouble the last while. She was sure his mother would never put up with it if she knew.

A short time later Orpha came back upstairs. A very sullen-looking boy was with her. "Did you kick Mary?" she asked sternly.

Alvin didn't answer.

"Alvin, I asked you a question and I want you to answer," she said in a firm voice that made Alvin look at her sharply.

"Didn't do it on purpose," he mumbled.

"But you did kick her, didn't you?" she asked.

Once more Alvin didn't answer.

"You did, didn't you?"

Still no answer.

"Alvin, did you?" Orpha spoke in her firmest voice.

The boy nodded.

"All right," said Orpha. "I realize you didn't really mean to hurt Mary, but you were teasing her. I think you should tell her you're sorry. Then there's something else I want to talk to you about. First tell Mary you're sorry." Orpha glanced around and spied Mary standing a distance away. Come here, Mary," she said.

Mary started to cry again. Malinda took her by the hand and led her to where the teacher stood.

"Don't cry, Mary," said Orpha. "Alvin's going to tell you he's sorry he kicked you."

Alvin looked at Mary. A slight sneer showed on his face. Orpha was irked, but she tried not to show her feeling. "Tell Mary you're sorry," she commanded.

No answer.

"Come on, Alvin. I know you didn't do it on purpose, but you can still say you're sorry you tried to kick her boot away, aren't you?"

Still no answer. Orpha pleaded and coaxed and scolded. The clock on the wall showed it was time to take up school, but Orpha was not one to give up easily. "Alvin, do you want a spanking?" she asked, putting all the firmness into the words she could.

Alvin shook his head.

"Then you hurry up and tell Mary you're sorry or that's what you're going to get!" she said. Surely she could scare Alvin into saying the two words she couldn't coax out of him. Breathlessly she waited. Surely he would answer.

Alvin did answer, but not with words. He started to cry. Orpha didn't know what to do. If only she hadn't started this. But now she had threatened Alvin with a spanking if he didn't obey. All the teachers she had talked to and all the articles she had read on discipline had warned her that she should never threaten something she wasn't ready to carry out. Now here she was on the spot. If she didn't carry out her threat, Alvin and all the other children would know she had gone back on her word. What would that do to her school in the future. Silently Orpha prayed for guidance.

What should she do?

What could she do?

Orpha saw one more dim hope. She got the paddle from its hiding place in the bottom drawer. Surely when Alvin saw it he would quickly say "I'm sorry," and that would end it all. If not... Orpha didn't know. She only hoped.

"Listen, Alvin," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. "I asked you to do a simple little thing— say two words. There is no reason for you to be acting like this. But if you insist in being a bad boy, then I'm going to have to spank you. "I don't want to, but that's what I am going to do if you don't tell Mary you're sorry this minute. I'm not going to ask you one more time."

With a throbbing heart Orpha waited. Seconds ticked away. Orpha wished she were a hired girl so she could turn over her discipline problems to the parents. Chriss Betty would never put up with such nonsense.

Orpha was sure she wouldn't. Wasn't she the one who had told Orpha she needed a paddle at school.

Alvin didn't answer. Orpha kept her word; she didn't ask him to apologize another time. She carried out her threat. Orpha thought she had never heard a greater silence than she did when the unpleasant task was over. Alvin was crying, and so was Mary. Orpha felt like it, but she struggled for control.

"Now, Alvin," she said after what seemed like a long time. "Are you ready to tell Mary you're sorry?"

The only answer was a fresh outburst of tears. Orpha coaxed a while longer, then said, "I know only one more thing to do and that is write a note and tell your parents. You don't want that to happen, do you?"

Alvin didn't say "yes," or "no," or "I'm sorry" or anything else. He only leaned against the wall and sobbed jerky sobs. Orpha glanced at the clock. It was half an hour later than she usually took up after the noon recess. She sent Alvin to the basement to wash his face and went to ring the bell. With a heavy heart she struggled through the afternoon classes. At the last recess she sat down and wrote Chriss Erb's a note, explaining the situation. She explained carefully that Alvin was not punished for the mishap in the basement, but for not complying with her orders when she asked him to apologize. She expressed her regret and added she had handled the situation to the best of her understanding and hoped the parents would do what they thought was best, for he still hadn't apologized.

Orpha felt sorry for Alvin and decided to give him one more chance. Before the children went home, she called him to her desk and asked him if he was sorry now for what he had done at noon. She soon saw he wasn't a bit more willing than he had been eariler in the day. With a sigh, she gave him a sealed letter to take along home.

Orpha slept fitfully that night. Even though she felt confident she had done the right thing, she couldn't keep her mind off Alvin. What made him so stubborn? Surely his parents didn't put up with such stubborness at home, did they? Had she somehow gotten her pupils on the impression she didn't mean what she said? Well, if they thought so before, they knew better now. When Chriss Betty said one paddling would do the whole school good, she didn't think it would be her boy who got it," thought Orpha.

The next morning Orpha had a thudding headache—the results of a restless night. She walked to school in a slower-than-usual pace. "I sure hope no one gets kicked today," she thought. "I'd hate to go through the same thing again!"

Orpha wasn't in school long when Alvin arrived. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw him come toward her desk with a letter in his hand. "Good morning, Alvin," she said, putting all the friendliness she could into the words.

Alvin didn't say a word. He simply tossed the envelope on her desk and walked away. Orpha saw at once it was the same envelope she had used to send the note home last evening. It had been ripped at the end and hadn't been resealed. Her hands trembled a little as she picked it up. Hurriedly Orpha's eyes scanned the page.

The color drained from the teacher's face as she read. Involuntarily she glanced at Alvin. He was watching her with a smile of satisfaction on his face. "I can't believe it," moaned Orpha inwardly. "Not from Chriss Betty. And the envelope wasn't sealed. I'm sure Alvin read it."

For the third time Orpha read the letter. She read slowly, letting the words sink in.

> Orpha:
>
> We were very displeased with what happened yesterday. I know it might be partly my fault, for I should have told you Alvin is a nervous child. We learned long ago that love and patience will make him do what a whipping won't.
>
> Alvin said he didn't kick Mary on purpose and he didn't hit her hard, and that Mary cries about every little thing. I think someone should talk to Ben Helmuth's wife and tell her what a problem Mary's crying creates in school.
>
> Alvin didn't want to go to school this morning, but I finally persuaded him by promising you wouldn't spank him again

without our permission. I hope you understand we are not taking our children's part, but only want to do what we can to help out."

Chriss Betty

Orpha rested her head on the desk and let the thoughts come. Chriss Betty of all people! The woman who had praised her for being such a good teacher and had suggested she get a paddle for the schoolhouse. Did she mean for it to be used only on other people's children? "Well, she's in for a lesson," thought Orpha. She took a piece of paper from her drawer and wrote:

Dear Betty:

I'm sorry you misunderstood. Mary's lip was swollen and had a cut that bled quite a bit. And I want you to know I coaxed Alvin for over half an hour to apologize, but he refused to answer.

I hope this won't happen again, for it wasn't a bit more pleasant for me than it was for Alvin. And another thing, I'm sorry, but I cannot be responsible for promises I didn't make myself.

-Orpha

She folded the note and put it in a clean envelope and sealed it. Then with renewed determination she prepared for the day ahead. "If I'm going to be the teacher, my children are going to behave," she thought. "And that includes Chriss Erb's children, too."

To Be Continued

to READ ALOUD

Mary Keim didn't think it was fair that she had to stay home and help Mother while Lydia got to go work for the neighbors.

Mary Takes The "Back Seat"

-by Elizabeth Miller

IT WAS A GRAY MORNING in early December. The Keim family had just finished breakfast and Mother was making plans for the day. "As soon as the dishes are done, one of you can start the cleaning while the other bakes a chocolate cake," she said. "I'll start the bread dough and then bake pies."

Mary looked at Lydia. "It's my turn to bake the cake," she said.

"I know it. Which recipe are you going to use?" asked Lydia.

"The one on the cocoa box," replied Mary. "May I, Mother? I know that one by heart and I know exactly how to make it without stopping to read the directions."

"Sure," answered Mother. "There's buttermilk in the cellar. Use that instead of sour milk."

"The recipe says buttermilk or sour milk," said Mary.

"Maybe it does," answered Mother. "I had in mind it asked for sour milk, and whenever it does, buttermilk can be used. Help Lydia with the dishes, Mary. Let's see if we can have our work done by dinner time."

"What are we going to do this afternoon?" asked Mary.

"Stack up the wood in the wood shed," answered Mother, ripping the tops from two packets of yeast.

"Awww," growned Mary. She knew all

about stacking wood and she knew she didn't care for the job, too. Especially kitchen wood, and that's what was in the woodshed waiting to be stacked up—a whole load of it. Those pieces were thin and it took a long time to make even one rick, let alone stack all that was out there.

"Don't 'awww' too much about it, Mary," reprimanded Mother. "That won't make the task any more pleasant."

"But it will probably take all afternoon," complained Mary.

"It would take even longer if we did it one day while you were in school," said Lydia. "That's why we waited until today, so you and Bennie can help."

"It shouldn't take more than a few hours, if you work together and keep at it," said Mother. "We want to get that wood out of the way so Dad can bring in bigger pieces to burn in the living room."

"And we'll probably be stacking that next Saturday," said Mary darkly.

"Sure," said Lydia, smiling in a way that made Mary's face look even darker. She was just about to say something when the door opened and Dad came in.

"Fred Gingerich is here and says their baby is sick again," said Dad. "He wants to know if one of the girls could come over to help his wife today."

"Why, yes," said Mother without hesitation. "Tell him we'll send one of the girls over."

Dad stepped out on the porch to tell the neighbor what his wife had said.

"I'm going," said Mary, the gloomy look gone from her face.

"You are not, I am," said Lydia. "I'm the oldest."

"But you get to go places like that while I'm in school," argued Mary. I don't have the chance to go often, so I'm going today."

"You don't work at home as often as I do," said Lydia. "I have to— "

"Girls," said Mother firmly. "Wait till Dad comes in, then we'll decide who's going."

The girls stood and looked at each other. Lydia was already wiping the soap suds from her hands so she could quickly go get ready. "I get to go, don't I, Mother? she pleaded.

"Well, you can't both go," said Mother. "I can't see why you're both so anxious. You'll probably have to work harder there than you would at home."

"But we wouldn't have to stack wood," said Mary.

"Maybe not, but you'll have lots of other things to do," said Mother. "If the baby's sick, Fred Martha will be busy with her and she won't have time to help with the cleaning. You'll have dishes to wash and all kinds of things."

Dad was back in the kitchen. "Fred said the washing's got to be done today. That's why they need one of the girls."

"Then I get to go," said Lydia. "Mary's out of practice. She hasn't washed since school started last fall."

"But I still know how," argued Mary. "I washed lots of times at home and at Uncle Dan's, too, last summer." Then she got an idea. "Couldn't we both stay home and do our work, then both go to Freds this afternoon?"

"I told Fred one of you would be right over, and he said he'd go home and start a

I CAN'T AND I CAN

I CAN'T is a sluggard
Too lazy to work;
From duty he will shrink;
Every task he will shirk.

No bread on his board;
No meat in his bag;
His house is in ruin;
His coat is a rag.

I CAN is a worker
Who tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth
All the wealth that it yeilds.

The hum of the spindle
Begin with the light;
And the fires of his forges
Are blazing all night.

fire in the wash house to heat the water till you come," said Dad.

"Then we could both go this forenoon and do our work at home this afternoon," suggested Mary hopefully.

Mother and Dad looked at each other. "What do you think about it?" asked Dad.

"Well, I don't know," said Mother slowly. "I could use help at home, too. And if they both go this morning and come home at noon, they'll leave the wash on the line. It won't be dry till the middle of the afternoon in this kind of weather."

"Well, let Lydia go," said Dad to Mary. "It won't hurt you to give up this time."

"*This* time," said Mary hotly. "I have to give up *every* time."

"A few more remarks like that and you won't get to go the next time, either," said Dad. "You can't both go, so you might as well cheer up and help Mother with the work here. Dad pulled a chair out from the table and sat down. "What had you planned for today?" he asked Mother. "Maybe Bennie could help out if you need him."

"We were planning to do the cleaning and baking this forenoon and then stack up the wood this afternoon," answered Mother.

"I don't see why you didn't tell Fred we don't have time to help them," said Mary. "We have a lot of work lined up for today."

"We mustn't be so busy that we don't have time to help our neighbors when they need us," said Mother. "Sure, we had the day planned and by tonight we probably won't have as much done as we would have if Lydia had stayed at home. But we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we helped someone in need."

"I would have liked to help them, too," said Mary.

"You are helping, Mary," said Dad. "You are helping by doing more than your share of the work so Lydia can go help Freds."

"But that's not what I mean," said Mary stubbornly.

"Well, you'll just have to learn something I learned long ago," said Dad. "We can't always ride in the front seat. Some of us have to ride in the back, too."

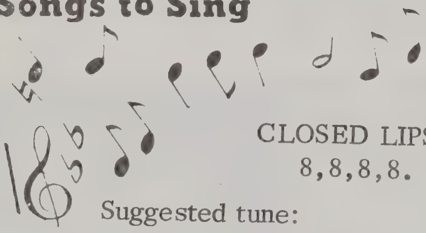
Mary looked at Dad in a puzzled way.

"You don't understand what I mean, do you?" he chuckled.

Mary shook her head.

"Riding in the back seat is an expression my dad used when he talked about someone who helped others in a roundabout way— in a way that isn't noticable. See, we can't all be out in front where others see the good deeds we do. There are always those who work in the background, making it possible for those in front to do what they are doing." Dad paused. "I wish I could think of such a time." Then his face brightened. "Oh, I know. Remember last summer when Enos Mast's barn burned down and the neighbors got together to build a new one?"

Songs to Sing



CLOSED LIPS
8,8,8,8.

Suggested tune:
"I'm Going Home"

Oh, happy day that ends at night
O'er lips that have been closed so tight,
That not one word of hurt has passed
And memories sweet alone will last.

Of all the servants given man,
According to God's own great plan,
There's one we'll never understand--
Our tongue which says words never planned.

Our feet we guide with greater skill,
Though seldom would they do us ill;
Our hands and eyes trained most to please;
We guide them both with greater ease.

But ears and tongue, oh woe betide,
The secrets you to them confide;
For if one moment we're off guard,
All caution they will both discard.

Please lock my lips and hide the key,
Until each word well-judged shall be;
And then I'll know when in my bed,
No one's been hurt by what I've said.

Mary nodded.

"Who built that barn?" asked Dad.

"The men in the neighborhood," answered Mary.

"Maybe so," said Dad. "But you helped, too. You and Lydia and Bennie and Mother."

Mary was about to protest and tell Dad she had been there only once and that was when they went to watch the day of the barn raising. But she had an idea of what Dad was getting at, so she didn't say anything.

"Each morning for a whole week, I left early in the morning and went over there to help. Because I left early, a good bit of the chores were left for the rest of you," explained Dad. "And the same way in the evening. Most of the time when I came home the milking was done. And during the day you did some of my work, too, so I could help at the barn."

Just then Lydia came down from her room upstairs. She was wearing a clean everyday dress and a white apron. "I'm ready," she said.

"Well, be careful when you handle that hot water, and ask Martha how she wants her work done," said Mother. "Help as long as she needs you, but try and come home before dark."

"Yes, Mother," said Lydia. She stood with her hand on the doorknob. "Don't worry about the wood," she said. "I—I'll do that Monday." Then before anyone could say anything, she was gone.

Dad wasn't done with what he was saying. "Yes, Mary, the men in the neighborhood put up a new barn for Enos, but I would say the whole community had a part in it, for I'm sure my wife and children aren't the only ones who did extra chores so the men could put in longer days."

"I think I can tell you another example of taking the 'back seat,' Mary," said Mother. "You like Miss Lehman for a teacher, don't you?"

"Sure," said Mary, wondering what Mother was going to say.

"Have you ever stopped to think what would happen if Miss Lehman's sister Clara suddenly decided she had stayed home to take care of her father long enough now, and that it was Miss Lehman's turn?" asked Mother.

Mary shook her head slowly.

"Miss Lehman's a good teacher, and we appreciate her," said Mother. "But we should appreciate Clara, too, for she's the one who helps her mother care for their father so that Miss Lehman can be our teacher."

"How long has Miss Lehman's father been in bed?" asked Mary.

"I'm not sure, but it's been several years," answered Mother. "Ever since Miss Lehman's our teacher, and then some."

"That sure is a good example of a person taking the back seat," said Dad. "And it reminds me of another one. Remember a few weeks ago when Dave Beiler from the east side was in our church?"

Mary nodded. She couldn't forget that very easily. He had kept the people spellbound by his impressive sermon.

Dad went on. "I heard him say after church that the whole family had planned to come, but that morning when they got up, one of the children was sick so his wife stayed home to take care of her while he went to church. Dave preached an interesting sermon, but remember, if his wife hadn't offered to stay home and take care of the child, then he couldn't have come to church."

"And I wouldn't be surprised she helped him get ready to go, and did some of his chores, too," added Mother.

Dad stood ready to leave the house. "I've got to be going," he said. "I'll send Bennie in to help you a while." He paused and looked at Mary. "I think it's good to remember that all work is important, even if we have to take the 'back seat' at times. And it is also important that when we are asked to take the 'back seat' that we do it cheerfully."

Mary dumped the dish water into the sink. Thoughtfully she wiped the last crumbs from the top of the worktable. Then she reached for the cocoa box and prepared to bake the cake. Somehow, working at home wasn't as unpleasant as she had imagined it would be.

Chats with Children

by Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS

The other day I read a letter a teacher wrote about her pupils in the fifth grade. She said they are full of pep and delight in anything that is new. She told in the letter how she had given her fifth graders a test in word meanings. "The children thought the test was awful hard and lots of fun!" the teacher wrote.

"Awful hard and lots of fun!" Isn't that sort of an unusual combination? At first I thought it was, for usually people don't like to do something that is hard. But after thinking it over for a while, I had to admit that the pupils weren't unusual at all—they were just being honest, because it is fun to do something that is hard—something that we almost can not do.

I remember when I was a little girl I used to like to do things I was almost too little to do. Like when my mother was rolling out cookie dough and cutting it with the cookie cutter, I wanted to do that, too. It looked easy and it looked like fun. Sometimes when she let me try it, I found it wasn't easy at all; it was hard. The dough stuck to the table and to the spatula when I wanted to pick them up and slide them onto the cookie sheet. But did that make me want to stop? No, I was eager to learn how to roll out cookies—learning was fun.

Another thing I thought looked like something I could easily do was pounding in nails. I watched my dad and it looked as easy as easy could be. Just about four or five strokes with the hammer and the nail had disappeared into the board, all except the head. But when Dad gave me the hammer and let me try--why, I couldn't even hit the nail, much less drive it in. The hammer was heavy and it just simply wouldn't hit the nail hard enough to make it go in. But did I stop? No, I begged Dad to let me try, and he gave me a smaller hammer and an old board and a few nails to practice with. This time again learning was hard, but a lot of fun.

Learning anything new is interesting because it gives us a challenge. It gives us something to work for, something to accomplish. When you were in the second grade, you knew how to add and subtract. Suppose you would have stopped right there and said, "I'll add and subtract, but I can't multiply. I don't know how. Each day you would have written down 1+1=2, 2+2=4, 2+3 = 5, and so on. Day after day you would have done the same thing. All through the third grade, you would have added and subtracted, but nothing more, because you did not know how. School sure wouldn't have been very interesting, would it?

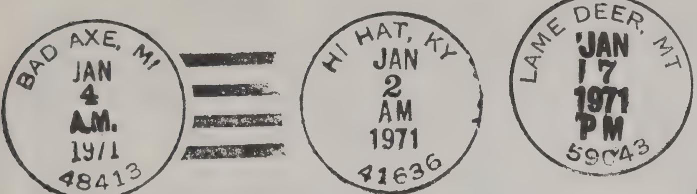
How fast we can learn something depends on how much we want to learn it. I wanted very much to be able to cut out cookies like my mother did and to drive nails like my dad. Because I wanted to learn, I tried very hard, and I learned it. Suppose I wouldn't have wanted to. Then I wouldn't have tried very hard, and I'm sure it would have taken me a long time to learn.

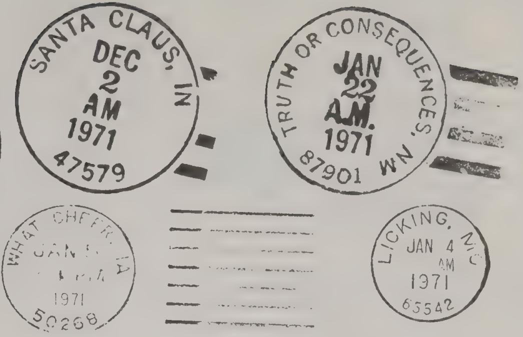
It's the same way with lessons in school. Some are harder than others, but often the attitude you take toward these new lessons makes them harder than they really are. If you scoot down in your seat and make a sour face and say, "I can't, because I don't know how," then the lessons are going to be hard. It's when you sit up and are eager to try and learn something that the lessons become easier for you and that's when you can say, "It was awful hard, but lots of fun."

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, you know what kind of pupils you want to be— the kind that sits up and says, "I do not know how, but I'd like to learn!"

Cousin Carrie

. . Projects . . . . . .





POSTMARK GEOGRAPHY

Some pupils enjoy United States geography; others don't. But one way to win the attention and interest of all your pupils is to do Postmark Geography. It is not only educational but fun as well. And all you need are some postage stamps, envelopes, a Zip Code Directory, and a large US map.

As you likely realize, a complete Zip Code Directory is published which lists each state alphabetically with its towns listed alphabetically followed by the correct zip code. You can obtain such a directory for $1.00 from Raber's Bookstore, Baltic, Ohio 43804.

The object of this project is to study US geography by obtaining postmarks from various American towns in different regions. To obtain a postmark from a particular town, you will need to write to the town's postmaster; for example: POSTMASTER, Bad Axe, Michigan 48413. Inside a large white envelope enclose a smaller, stamped, self-addressed envelope (or use a postcard). Also enclose a letter telling the postmaster a little about your project and asking him to cancel your self-addressed envelope with his town's postmark and to mail it to you (this letter writing can be done by your pupils and serve as an English assignment). Make sure you use a small (square, not rectangular) stamp on your small envelope; for if you use a large stamp, the postmark will appear partly on it and not be clear.

Once you have received your postmarks, you will want to paste them onto a large US map on the bulletin board.

Note- - - -

Teachers who are interested in doing the above project may write to the Bulletin for FREE maps of the United States. Two sizes are available: 16" x 22" suitable for a bulletin board, and 7" x 10" suitable for notebooks. States are clearly outlined.

Address your request to MAPS, c/o The Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

P.S. Make sure to say how many you want.

You will find the Zip Code Directory a fascinating little book because of the endless variety of names it contains. In choosing which towns to send to for postmarks, there are many themes you could follow: unusual town names (just a few are shown above), birds, towns with Bible names, women's names, presidents, animals, famous Americans, inventors, trees, food, colors, foreign nations, state names, pupils' names, foreign cities—the themes are almost endless. Below are two lists of names to give you an idea of what can be found (the lists are not complete).

Bible Places

Jericho, Kentucky
Bethel, Kansas
Bethany, Missouri
Goshen, California
Jerusalem, Ohio
Nazareth, Michigan
Mount Sinai, New York
Joppa, Alabama
Damascus, Maryland
Bethlehem, Maryland
Canaan, Maine
Cana, Virginia
Jordan, Arkansas
Antioch, Ohio
Galilee, Pennsylvania
Nineveh, Indiana
Mount Calvary, Wisconsin
Macedonia, Ohio
Corinth, Mississippi
Eden, Arizona
Gethsemane, Kentucky

Foreign Nations

Finland, Minnesota
Denmark, Mississippi
Mexico, Indiana
Poland, New York
Columbia, Alabama
Egypt, Pennsylvania
Brazil, Indiana
England, Arkansas
Peru, Nebraska
Persia, Tennessee
Panama, Iowa
Turkey, North Carolina
Italy, Texas
Canada, Kentucky
China, Texas
Scotland, South Dakota
Siberia, Indiana
Caledonia, Minnesota
Cuba, Illinois
Holland, Michigan
Trinidad, Texas

P.S. For teachers who want to do the project but not use postmarks, it is possible to do it by hunting through the Zip Code Directory for names and printing them on the map.

A Poster to Make

WORRY IS LIKE
A ROCKING CHAIR—
IT WILL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO DO,
BUT IT WON'T GET
YOU ANYWHERE.

It is our policy to print the answers to "Opinions Please" a month after the article appears. For example, last month we printed "A Teacher's Boarding Place" and this month the answers to this article are printed under "Reader Response" and a new discussion article appears.

We realize this does not give our readers much time to answer, for the Bulletin generally reaches their mailbox between the sixteenth and the twentieth of the month, and the answers have to reach us no later than the seventh of the next month. This doesn't sound like a very long time, but it is around fifteen days. Even though mail service is slow, it isn't so slow that it is impossible to send in an answer on time.

Allowing such a short period of time doesn't let a reader think about writing an answer for two weeks before he finally gets to it. Such an answer, although well written and worthwhile, rarely gets published, simply because it is too late. Writing a reader response shouldn't take long, for the answers are usually short and to the point, and we feel the best time to write one is immediately after reading the article.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

Talking about "Reader Responses" we would like to mention that we don't usually print responses that comment on the answers of the previous month rather than on the discussion article of the current month. For instance, this month we received several letters addressed to "Reader Response" that dealt with martyr stories and whether they should be used or skipped. One of the writers was very strongly agreed with the answers that said such stories should be used and children should be taught to appreciate them. The other writer was just as strongly opposed to using such accounts in the classroom.

If these answers had come in time to print them with the other "Reader Responses," they would have been used. But since they were "answers to answers" rather than answers to the current question, we felt it was better not to use them. By using this policy, we hope to avoid arguments and ill feelings. We appreciate a lively discussion, but not an argument.

So we would like to repeat— if you have a suggestion or know of an experience that will help answer the question up for discussion, please send in your answer. Without such answers "Opinions Please" would die. But do it now and don't wait to see how others feel before giving your opinion.

We hope we don't have our readers under the impression that "Opinions Please" is the only article which they may comment on. We also appreciate hearing what our readers like or dislike about the Bulletin, and what they agree and disagree with. So far this year our "Letters to the Editor" section has been rather skimpy. Letters to the editor are often our guide lines in preparing future issues, but when there aren't any—well, it's a little like trying to teach school without knowing what the parents expect and appreciate.

—E.M.

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

February 1972

TEACHER'S PETS

-Elmer N. Schwartz

EMMA FISHER WAS getting the duplicator ready to duplicate an arithmetic test. Her mind went back to the time six weeks ago when she was ready to duplicate tests. That was the evening Henry Yoder, one of the board members, had stopped in at the schoolhouse. Emma could recall the exact words of their conversation.

"Hello, there. What a surprise!"

"Hello, Emma. Has our Martha left already?"

"Yes, she left quite a while ago."

"Oh, I didn't realize it was this late. I was in town and thought I'd come around this way and give her a ride home. How are things going at school?"

"I don't know what to say. I'm so busy I hardly know what to do. The days are never long enough."

"Well, couldn't you get some of the older pupils to help you with some of the things? I'm sure Martha would enjoy helping you. I think you'll be surprised at how much they could help if they were given the chance. Maybe someday they'll go and teach themselves, then they'll be glad for the experience you gave them."

That was how Emma had started letting some of the pupils help her. Yes, things were definitely going better since then. Henry Yoder had been right — the pupils could be a big help, especially his daughter, Martha.

"What am I doing?" Emma exclaimed, stopping the duplicator in a hurry. She had been so busy thinking that she forgot what she was doing and ran off way too many copies. "Oh, well, I'll give them for extra practice," she thought. "My first and second graders can always use plenty of busy work."

Quickly she cleared her things away and started for Amzie Grabers, the place where she boarded. After she had gone a little ways she thought about the eighth-grade English book she had intended to take home. But she decided against going back to the schoolhouse to get it, for Amzie started to milk at 5:00 and she had agreed to help with the milking for her board.

The next day as Emma was preparing to read off answers for the third-grade arithmetic class, she took a quick glance around to see if everyone was busy. Amos, a first grader, was showing the other little boys a picture he had colored.

"Martha, will you please come and write

(to page 10) ➡

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✻ *Coming next month!*

MY PARENTS ARE TWO -by an Indiana Teacher

In this story a teacher tries to place herself in an eighth-grade girl's position. Though the names and situations have been changed, the characters are real. This is a story no parents will want to miss.

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AN EDITORIAL

I have often heard the expression, "What we need are teachers who stick to it." Of course what is meant by that expression is teachers who will continue to teach for a number of years. Since the beginning of the Amish parochial school movement this problem has existed; a high percentage of the teachers are unexperienced. This was a problem which could not be helped in the first years of the school movement, for there simply weren't any experienced teachers. But now some fifteen years later the situation should have improved, and it has. Many communities have teachers who have been active in the classroom for five to ten to fifteen or more years, which gives us much to be thankful for. But among this core of experienced teachers a new problem has arisen — teachers who don't "stick to it," don't stay at the same schoolhouse.

I have just finished looking over the Teachers' Directory for 1968 and comparing it with the 1971 Directory. The old problem of an abundance of first-year teachers was immediately noticable. Then upon looking a little deeper, I noticed that a fair-sized number of 1968 teachers are still teaching but not at the same schoolhouse.

Why do teachers switch around? I suppose there are many reasons and often some good ones: the teacher's school has grown so large that it will now be a two-teacher school and the teacher would sooner have a smaller eight-grade school like she was used to; or the teacher would like to teach at a new school being built in the district where she grew up; or now that her brothers and sisters are out of school, the teacher would like to teach in her home district. These and other reasons are why teachers switch schools. No one would think of criticizing a teacher for switching for such a reason which prompts them to switch. Could it be that some are looking for greener pastures and running away from problems in their former schools?

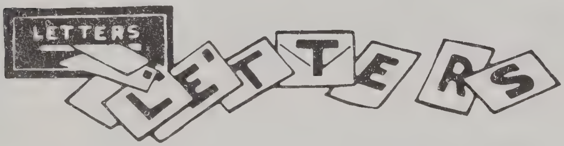
"Well, you'd run too if you saw what I had to put up with last year," one teacher might say. Yes, some schools have parents who aren't getting along in the church and this makes for a poorly run school. But such schools are not common and tend to get better with time rather than worse.

"Well, I think the children need a change, and it's good for the teacher, too," others might say. On the surface this sounds all right but I think it actually is a polite way of saying things weren't going very smoothly. I think facts will back me up when I say that schools which have the same teacher over an extended period of time are running more smoothly and contentedly than schools which switch teachers every other year. The reason for the smoothness isn't that the road wasn't bumpy but that the teacher and parents both worked on removing the bumps. A depth in relationship had been reached. When problems arise, instead of running from them, the teachers and parents work them out. Everyone's character is strenghened by the experience. A better understanding is reached. And in the end a lasting bond of respect and love is established.

There is too much of an attitude on some teachers' part that goes like this, "If it does not go well here, I can always switch to another school next year." And the parents' version is, "If things don't turn out well, we will just have to look around for someone else next term." Such an attitude sounds like what some modern marriages are based on. The people involved realize beforehand that if things don't work out there is a way out—divorce. This isn't to say that accepting a teaching position or hiring a teacher is as serious a step as getting married. But both are relationships which, if they are going to work out, require that both parties involved be determined to see that they work out. The proper attitude should be, "If difficulties arise, we'll get to the root of the trouble and see what can be done about it."

Long-term teachers who have "stuck it out" at the same school for a number of years and parents who have "stuck it out" with their teachers are not made of any better material than anyone else. They have simply come to realize that a major ingredient in any successful school is a good teacher-parent and parent-teacher relationship. Instead of running from problems in the past, they have stayed and faced them and reached an understanding. They have learned that both sides have faults which must be overlooked and forgiven. They have learned to bend, to blend, to give in, to apologize, to make up, to consider the other's viewpoint — to sum it up, they have learned to get along. There is no school which ever had the "perfect" teacher nor "perfect" parents. But the teachers and parents who are willing to "stick at it" and to make a go of it are the schools which are most influencing their pupils. They are like the "Diener Bunk" where there is unity and the "Bruderschaft" where there is likemindedness and mutual concern. In short, they have strength because of their ability to work together.

D. L.



I really enjoyed the article "Me? A Substitute?" (January). The author's failure to find Viet Nam on the map reminded me of one time I couldn't find the book of James in the Bible when some people were watching. It's amazing how dumb a person can suddenly become when he is trying the hardest not to make a mistake. What I liked about the author's account of her day at school was the way she told of her mistakes, and apparently has a sense of humor that can laugh at herself. To me, this is one good sign of a truly humble person — to be able to laugh at ourselves. Isn't that why people are so afraid of trying a job like being a substitute teacher — they are afraid they don't know what to do and will make a dunce out of themselves. Undoubtedly the author is an expert in other things — probably she can prepare a tasty meal with skill and ease. But as soon as she steps into the schoolroom she is on unfamiliar ground. Instead of being a capable person who knows just what to do, suddenly she has to stoop to letting even a small child give her advice.

Thank you, Author, for this article. Your humanness and humility in laughing at yourself is truly refreshing. No wonder the children asked you back. As a Bulletin reader I also hope you will be back.

-Also poor in geography, Ontario

* * *

I liked the story, "Me, A Substitute?" in the last issue. The day after I read the story I unexpectedly substituted for my sister. It was comforting to me to know how scared other substitutes have been.

— Ruth Auker, Pennsylvania

* * *

I'm happy tonight. I feel I have much to be thankful for: my health, sane mind, a Christian home, food and shelter, and many more things. But tonight my happiness includes something extra special. Maybe to others it wouldn't seem like much, but to me it does. Today a father took my place as a teacher so I could go visit other schools. Of course, I asked him, but he didn't refuse. And that's not all; another father went along visiting and said he enjoyed himself very much. The thought of this makes warm circles go around my heart and makes me want to try harder than ever to be the kind of teacher I long to be.

I'm eagerly looking forward to going back to my group of children again—eager to put the ideas I gleaned to use, and also eager to not say "no" the next time someone asks me to do something.

– A thankful teacher, Ohio

Dear Substitute,

Please accept my pat on the back for trying your best in the schoolroom one day when there were so many things you could have done at home. And thanks for taking time to tell us about the good time you had. I hope it will encourage others to try it, too.

I was glad that you "bit your tongue" and ordered the children in again after they had left so noisily. This really means something to the teacher, for even with a lot of careful training and orderly dismissals while she is there, some pupils will just see how far they can go when the teacher is absent for only a day. Had they gotten away with it, you probably would have had more trouble before the day was over. As you said, the minute they saw they couldn't run over you, they showed new respect for you.

Once again, accept my thanks for saying "Yes, " when you were asked to substitute.

-One who also needs a substitute

* * *

I think "Praise or Punishment" was a good and very helpful story. The teacher at our school seems to have the same problem as this teacher had and I think for the same reason— too much of one and not enough of the other. I hope she reads this article and is helped by it. It could also be an example of things that happen in the home and family.

I also enjoyed the teacher's meeting that was described in the January issue.

- A thankful mother, Pennsylvania

* * *

"There's Always Tomorrow" is a very valuable story for both parents and teachers. The last chapter, "The Unsealed Envelope" was very touching. Orpha handled the situation well, especially when she wrote back to Chriss Betty that she is not responsible for promises she had not made. Since she had handled the situation prayerfully, she had every reason to feel she had done the right thing.

The saddest part of the story is that Chriss Betty doesn't see the harm she is doing her boy by not punishing him because he is too nervous. When a child like Alvin senses this, then some of his actions may be pretence. Maybe, too late, some of the Chriss Bettys will see their mistake.

A teacher, Waterloo, Ontario

* * *

After I read the story, "The Unsealed Envelope, I had to wonder, how many Alvins and Chriss Bettys we have in our schools. I had to feel that if Chriss Betty would have helped Alvin out of his "nervous condition" at a more tender age, then things may not have become so hard for him in school. Perhaps if his self will had been broken it would not have been so hard for Alvin to say "I'm sorry."

Pity the child whose parents have not the perseverance to use the chastening rod until his screams have changed to subdued sobs and whose spirit has become submissive. He will not need to be shouted at, but can be dealt with a love that is deeper than that of the flesh.

Children like Alvin are usually the ones who have troubles all through school and its the other people's children's fault. Next they join the young people and they cause more trouble, but again, it's not their fault. Then the time comes when others his age join church, and he does the same thing, either because the others do or because his parents want him to. Then if the ministers stand in his way and don't allow him to do as he pleases, the parents will blame the ministers for upsetting their child. Even if they will come to realize it isn't the other's fault, it will be too late to help their "nervous" child.

I have to think of the verse, "Chasten thy son (or daughter) while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Pro. 19:18. —M., Kalona, Iowa

* * *

The "Read Aloud" story, "Mary Takes the Back Seat," was one which I feel merits a comment. Not only in school, but every day of our lives we encounter tasks which, when faithfully performed, are more worthwhile than scaling Mount Everest, yet they win us no recognition in this life.

Cousin Carrie's phrase, "awful hard, but lots of fun," points out an important aspect of learning and teaching. Beginning pupils bring to school an inherent desire to learn. The teacher who can preserve and bolster this desire to learn as the pupils grow older will find that half of her work is done.

Making school work interesting with such projects like "Postmark Geography" helps to preserve and create the desire to learn.

--Isaac Horst, Mt. Forest, Ontario

OPINIONS PLEASE!

NO WAY TO HELP?

Teacher Emma Mast rang the bell that Tuesday morning and then stood at the window watching the children come running toward the schoolhouse. Just then she noticed the Wengerd children, Johnny and Samuel, come running down the road, their coat fronts hanging open and swinging their lunch pails as they ran. Emma smiled faintly. It was a common sight this time of the morning.

As the children came in, Emma watched to see if the Wengerd children were going to make it in time. Just as she reached out to tap the final bell, they hurried in and scooted into their seats.

Emma smiled a "Good morning" toward them and then went on with the morning exercises. Although no one would have known, Emma's spirits dropped slightly at the sight of Johnny. She hadn't seen him closely, but she saw enough to tell her it wasn't much different this morning from other mornings.

Later as she was getting the second graders started on their arithmetic lesson for that day, she couldn't help noticing the dried egg yolk and chocolate milk on Johnny's face. Yesterday morning it looked as if he had had oatmeal for breakfast. She glanced at his shirt and saw the yellow evidence of eggs there too. She sighed.

Emma looked over the classroom at the rest of the pupils. Most of the others were neat and clean. She had tried to make the rest of the children accept the Wengerds as friends, but it was hard when each day their uncleanliness made them stand out from the rest.

After she had started the other second graders with their lesson, Emma asked Johnny to follow her to the basement and told him to wash his face. Soon Johnny returned, looking quite a bit better, but Emma kept wondering if she should do that every morning.

Just as Emma was ready to start on the next class, Samuel came up to her desk, asking for help with his arithmetic. She drew back slightly when the stale body odor reached her nostrils. Then trying to ignore it, she bent to help him. Samuel had a hard time understanding his arithmetic and as Emma waited for him to answer her question, she couldn't help noticing his dirty ears and neck.

Finally Samuel seemed to understand his lesson and went back to his seat, but Emma stood there watching him thoughtfully. What should she do about it? She had tried so hard not to show that their lack of cleanliness was repulsive to her, but she knew the children did not always try to hide it. She felt sorry for the Wengerd children, for she knew it was creating a problem for them, though they might not have been aware of it. She knew that the Wengerds were poor, but should that keep them from being clean? Should she speak to the parents about it? What if they were insulted if she spoke to them? She longed to help them, but how?

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Reader Response

Expressive, clear, and distinct reading seems to thrive in public schools. The pupils do not seem to be too shy to read out loud. Just the opposite prevailed at the school I attended as a child. It, too, was a public school, but had only one room and was filled with "Dutchmen."

The reading books were boring and old-fashioned. In seventh and eighth grades, reading was discontinued entirely. Needless to say, reading wasn't an enjoyable subject. I have often wondered whether interesting reading books wouldn't have made a difference in creating a desire to read.

—A mother, Pennsylvania

Reading, writing, and arithmetic— aren't they the three main subjects in school? If we discontinue the use of reading books, where are we to get an interest in reading? Surely not in a geography book! Interesting stories also teach us vocabulary and expression in reading.

- A reading-loving seventh grader, Penna.

In our parochial schools funds are usually low and it is only natural and practical to economize whenever possible. Yet, to visualize a school without any readers is beyond my imagination.

There are several reasons why this is impractical. First, if economy is the main reasons for doing without, second-hand books are often available at a reasonable price. Second, many reading books contain stories with morals. It would be deplorable if pupils were robbed of the opportunity of reading such stories. And third, all school readers are graded to give the pupil the proper level of reading difficulty.

It is true that in our grandfather's day some of the lessons were combined. However, in those days the reading books had geography, history, and even grammer and language lessons, and were written in a language to be satisfactory for reading lessons. But with today's textbooks, such combinations would be false economy.

—Isaac Horst, Ontario

I feel the first six grades should have regular reading classes, and once they are in the seventh and eighth grades, German reading should be practiced every day, not only once or twice a week. If we support our own schools, why not get all the benefit from it that we can? —Mrs. W.H., Ohio

Reading is by far my favorite subject and I definitely think any grade should have it. What I am trying to say is that I simply would not want geography as a substitute for reading. I pity children who don't have reading books. —A seventh grader, Indiana

In answer to "What, No Reading Books?" I was surprised to hear that reading is pushed out. As far as I'm concerned, reading still is as much of the three "R's" as it ever was. If I would have been requited to read out of a geography book instead of a reading book, I don't think I'd ever have learned to like reading as I did. But we had reading books in our school and I'm thankful we did.

Mark H. Horning, Pennsylvania

As for geography taking the place of reading, I do not feel it would. I thought reading and geography were two different subjects. Could a teacher get words for vocabulary study as well in a geography as in a reading book? I also feel a child couldn't grasp the meaning of what he is reading as well if he's reading out of a geography book instead of a good reading book.

--Mrs. D. K. L., Pennsylvania

After a few years of teaching, I would definitely not try to substitute geography books for reading books. Isn't it one of the most important goals in reading classes to see a child learn to truly enjoy reading? When this is accomplished, the child will read books and learn a great deal for himself. I don't think that the majority of children will pick up a geography text book and bury their noses in it for sheer enjoyment. Perhaps if they are robbed of the enjoyment of stories in their reader, then their interest in other reading material will drop, too.

I am also wondering how we could teach the children to use expression in oral reading. How could suspension, fear, and sympathy be shown while reading about land surfaces and important cities in the different countries?

Most reading series offer a lot of stories with morals or bring out personality traits in people which are excellent starting points for discussions and the teaching of true values.

Where in our geography books could we find opportunities for the children to read and put details in their proper sequence, predict outcomes, or define writer's phrases?

Children can read in geography texts; they can find information and learn to classify facts. Geography can (and should) be an interesting subject, but if you're asking for my opinions in using geography texts instead of reading books, my answer is definitely no.

A teacher, Linwood, Ontario

SOMETHING TO WORK FOR

-by Eli E. Stutzman

I sat at the teacher's desk in deep thought. The children had all left fifteen minutes ago, and I still hadn't started with my school work. The clock on the wall ticked loudly and steadily.

That day I had punished Levi Yoder*for whispering. This was not the first time he had been rebuked for this offense; he had whispered many times. That day I decided it was going to take more than an occasional rebuke to break my pupils of the whispering habit. I realized I would have to use stronger methods. That's how it came about that Levi was punished.

That evening there had been no friendly wave in answer to mine as I watched Levi leave the playground. He had seen me, for I saw him look right at me. I know a wave may seem like a little thing to most people, but to me that night, it made a big difference in my teaching zeal. "Am I asking too much of my pupils when I insist on no whispering in time of school? They did have the privilege to whisper last term. Am I being too strict?" These are some of the questions that went through my mind. I knew the children felt I was a little too strict. With fifteen more minutes of thinking, I was able to push my problems into the back of my mind and start with my work.

The next day Levi was his old self again and I was able to dismiss my misgivings for the time being. As time went on, I punished other pupils for other forms of disobedience. Conditions in school began to slowly improve as I continued to be firm with the children and they became adjusted to my methods of teaching.

However, I was having a problem with Emma Hershberger. For some reason she was seldom done with her work. As I watched Emma, I soon saw she spent much of her time dawdling instead of doing her work. One day just before lunch I said, "Emma, I'd like to talk to you a few minutes as soon as you're done eating."

Emma slowly ate her food. The rest of the children were eagerly eating and already planning what games they were going to play. When the others were all outside and playing, Emma finally put her lunch bucket away and came up to my desk.

"Emma, don't you think you'd like school better if you'd get your work done so that you're not always behind?" I asked.

Emma nodded. "But you give us too big assignments and I can't get them all done," she said. "Last year our teacher didn't give us such big assignments, and we were allowed to sit with the big pupils to do our work if the lessons were hard. I could get

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* Pupils names have been changed.

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(Hardbound. 64 pages.)
PRICE: $1.98 / SCHOOL PRICE: $1.65

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

done then."

"Well, I don't know about last year," I returned. "But I think you spend too much time just looking around and dreaming about other things. You should get busy and do your work." I tried to explain patiently and firmly that it is this year, not last year.

Emma looked at the floor without saying anything.

"Why don't you try very hard to stay busy and see if you can't get done with the rest?" I went on. "Always start with your new assignment as soon as you come back from class. I'm sure you'll like school much better if you'd learn to keep up with your work."

"But last year our teacher didn't make me do all the work the others did, because she knew I couldn't keep up," insisted Emma.

My heart sank. There it was again. Would this really be the thing to do—let her work at this slow pace when I was sure she could be doing more work than she was doing? "No," I told myself firmly. I took a deep breath and went on.

"Let's get your English book and see how you're getting along with your assignment," I told her.

Slowly Emma got out her book. I knew she had barely started with her lesson and didn't want me to see it. I glanced at the clock and said, "You'd better go back to your seat and work on your English for a while. I will help you with it if you have any trouble. Let's see how much you can have done in fifteen minutes. Then perhaps we can both go out and play with the rest till it's time for the bell." I paused for a moment. "If you can't get your lessons done in time of school, I'll have to ask you to stay after school to finish them."

Emma busily set to work. She didn't like to sit at her desk working while the others were out playing, but I guessed she would still rather do that than stay after school. As I sat there at my desk watching her, my thoughts went back over the past months of school. I felt things were definitely going better than they had at first, but I had to wonder if the children were obeying simply because they had to or if they really wanted to. I felt sure that someday they could come to appreciate the well-disciplined schools they had attended more than the schools where discipline lacked. Still, it was difficult to make decisions as to where the line between the two kinds of schools was.

Before I realized it, Emma's time was up. I asked her to bring her work to my desk so I could see how far she had gotten with it. Emma brought her book to my desk and handed it to me with a smile. She had only one sentence to do, and offered to do it before she went out to play.

"Why, Emma, I'm well pleased with your work," I exclaimed. "That shows if you would make good use of your time during school hours, you would be able to keep up with the rest. Remember, I would like to help you form good habits so that you won't always be falling behind. You'd enjoy school much better if you'd try to form these habits. I can't do this for you, but I would like to help you do this for yourself. But you'll have to try and help yourself and do your part."

"I'll try," Emma promised.

"Good," I smiled. "You may go now." We both went out to the playground.

As the time goes on, there are still days when the pupils have trouble getting their work done on time and there are days when the classroom isn't as quiet as it should be, but there is progress each day. That's what I am working for.

TEACHER'S PET

(con't from page 1)

some problems on the blackboard for the first graders?" Emma said to her seventh-grade girl. "Make them similar to the ones you wrote on yesterday."

Martha wrote the problems on the board and started back to her seat. "Martha, why don't you read off some of the answers for me?" Emma suggested, eyeing the clock.

Emma helped the sixth graders get their decimals lined up in a straight column so they could add them. Then she gave the fifth graders a lesson in division. When she got to seventh-grade arithmetic, Martha held up her hand and said, "I'm not quite done."

"How many do you have to do yet?"

"I'm at number fourteen."

"That's not even half of them. Don't you understand how to do them?"

"Yes, I know how, but I had to read off answers for the other grades and I just did not get done."

"Well, we'll check and see how you did. If you didn't miss too many of them, you won't have to do the rest, beings you helped me."

A few days later Paul Mast, an eighth-grade boy, wasn't done with his English. "How come you're not done?" inquired Emma.

"I was working my arithmetic for tomorrow," Paul answered. "When I got out my paper for English class I saw that I didn't have them all worked yet. I understand them real good."

"You shouldn't say 'good,'" corrected the teacher. "You should say 'well.' Finish working your English and then hand it in. You may understand your work, but if you don't work a certain amount of the exercises you forget it. Try always to check before class if you have all your work done. It saves me a lot of work."

Things went along fairly smoothly for a while, and then one day Paul came up to the teacher at recess and asked. "May I help you read off answers today?"

"Do you have all your work done?"

"I don't have my spelling sentences all written yet, but I can easily get them done before class time."

"Maybe you'd better get your work done before you come and ask to help."

"But—but you never ask Martha whether she has her work done," Paul stammered.

Emma hesitated, "But Martha understands her work."

"I understand mine pretty good, don't I?" asked Paul.

"Yes, you do fairly well," admitted Emma. "I can't complain about your grades. But Martha has helped me a lot already and she knows just what to do." She turned back to her work to indicate that the conversation was over.

Paul walked away, but he wasn't very happy. "Martha's just a teacher's pet," he thought as he walked out to join the other boys.

Later that day the boys and girls were playing "rabbit" and Paul was "it." Martha was running toward the base and Paul knew he had to hurry if he wanted to get her. He threw the soft rubber ball as hard as he could and hit Martha in the back of her head. The shot caught Martha by surprise and caused her to stumble and fall. Martha was embarrassed by the situation and started to cry. Although some of the pupils felt sorry for her, nobody offered her any sympathy.

"Oh, that was just a rubber ball," piped up Paul's little brother, Milo. "That didn't hurt you."

This only added to Martha's wound and she went into the schoolhouse. Soon one of the first-grade girls came out and said, "Paul, you must go in by the teacher."

Reluctantly Paul headed for the schoolhouse.

"How come you hit Martha on the head?" asked Emma with a stern look on her face.

"I didn't mean to hit her on the head."

"Well, you tried to hit Martha and she said you threw as hard as you could."

"She was close to the base and I knew I had to hurry," Paul said, trying to defend himself.

"All right, you can stay in the rest of the day. Maybe you will be a little more careful where you throw the next time. I've warned you many times about not throwing the ball so hard."

Paul walked slowly to his seat and Emma turned back to her work.

Soon after that Emma noticed that Martha didn't play with the other girls much anymore. "I can't understand what happened," the teacher thought. "I thought Martha was always in the midst of everything. And now it seems as if everyone is trying to avoid her." She tried to encourage the girls to play together by showing them a new game. But as soon as Emma turned her back everyone quit playing. She saw that they were more interested in grouping up and talking then they were in playing. Even the younger grades couldn't play together anymore without getting into arguments.

The more the children avoided Martha, the more Emma tried to make up for it. And the more Emma tried to make up for it, the more the others avoided her. One day Emma was encouraged by the fact that Mildred, one of the sixth-grade girls came and asked to ring the bell. At the beginning of the year there were always two or three who offered to ring it for Emma. But lately no one asked anymore except Martha.

"Martha has already asked to ring it this time, but you may the next time," Emma said cheerfully.

Mildred didn't say a word, but just walked away. Emma knew by Mildred's attitude that she wouldn't be back to ring the bell. "Well, if that's the way she feels she doesn't have to," she thought to herself. "After all, Martha did ask first, and Mildred will have to learn to wait her turn."

About a week before Christmas, Martha got the mumps and couldn't come to school. Emma tried to do the best she could, but she was always behind and by evening there was always a big stack of papers to grade.

"Why are you always so late this week?" asked Mrs. Graber one evening as Emma came into the milkhouse. This was the third night Emma had come home after the Grabers had started milking.

"I have so many papers to grade. Martha has the mumps. She used to help me a lot with them."

"Couldn't you get someone else to help you?" asked Amzie, who had just then come into the milkhouse carrying a pail of milk.

"I asked them today who wants to help me, but not one of them volunteered," answered Emma in a discouraged tone of voice.

"That's funny," said Amzie as he got another can from the rack. "When I went to school our teacher always had a hard time to choose from all the hands that went up when he asked for volunteers."

Emma didn't answer, but took her bucket and went into the barn. As she was milking, her mind wandered back to her problems in school. Things sure weren't going so well. "At recess the children don't want to play, and in time of school, that's all they want to do," she thought. She knew something was wrong that no one wanted to help her. At the beginning of the term or even just a few months ago, they would have jumped at the chance. Yes, something was wrong, and what Amzie had said in the milkhouse was almost more than she could bear. "It will soon be time to dismiss for Christmas vacation, and it won't be a day too soon," Emma thought as she tried to console herself. "Maybe after a week's vacation things will go better."

Christmas vacation came. As Emma was on the bus bound for home, her mind went back to her problems in school once more. At the beginning of the term, things had gone smoothly, but not anymore. The longer the time went on, the worse her problems got. What would the next few months bring?

Emma's troubles left her as the familiar sights of home came into view. She got off the bus and hurried as she walked the half mile toward home.

Emma's younger brothers and sisters had so much to tell that Saturday afternoon that her parents didn't have a chance to ask how things were going at Emma's school. But her father, Menno Fisher, sensed that though his daughter was happy to be home, something was troubling her. That night at supper time the talk shifted to the subject of school.

"One day last week I helped the teacher again," said Freeman, who was in the sixth grade.

"Do you ever have anyone to help you?" Menno asked his daughter. "Or do you always get your work done yourself?"

"Yes, I have Martha Yoder, a seventh grader, to help me." Emma answered. "She's real sharp and gets good grades, and she enjoys helping me when I get behind. I sure missed her this week when she was absent. She has the mumps and can't come to school." Then Emma went on and

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related some of the things that had taken place in her school the last few weeks.

Instead of going in to his customary rocking chair to read after supper, Dad remained sitting at the supper table while the girls did the dishes.

"I think our teacher is too strict," grumbled Matilda, who was in the eighth grade. "We have to have an average of above 80% before we may help her grade papers or do other work. Do you have that rule in your school?"

"Well, in a way, yes," replied Emma. "I usually get Martha to help because she always has good grades."

"Don't your pupils have to take turns?" asked Matilda. "Oh, I wish I were Martha so I could help the teacher all the time."

"No, I don't think you'd enjoy that at all," interrupted Dad.

"Why wouldn't I?" asked Matilda. "Emma is teaching all the time and she is enjoying it."

"I don't think she's enjoying it as much as she did at first," said Dad mildly. "Let me tell you what happened when I went to school. When I was in the sixth grade there was a boy in our school named Marvin. He was liked by everyone, and especially by our teacher, Miss Ross. She kept giving him more favors as the time went on. Some of the other students got jealous and pretty soon Marvin was at the short end of every joke."

Dad paused and then went on, "I know the other pupils shouldn't have been jealous and tried to get even with Marvin, but that's just the way it was. Soon Marvin didn't have any friends except the teacher, and Miss Ross didn't have any friends besides Marvin. Things got so bad that she quit teaching soon after New Years. A man by the name of Harold Walters came in to finish the term. He had the reputation of being a teacher who believed in law and order, and we soon found out he was a man who lived up to his reputation, too. More than one boy got tanned for calling Marvin a teacher's pet, and after a while Marvin got tanned for tattling every little thing that happened. After that, things began to go better. Mr. Walters proved that he had no respect of persons and that everyone of his pupils, even Marvin, was subject to punishment if he did not obey."

For a while no one said anything and the ticking of the clock in the kitchen seemed awfully loud. Finally Emma stammered, "Then— then you— you think Martha is my pet?"

"Well, I didn't exactly say that," Dad answered. "But it sure did remind me of my sixth year in school. Miss Ross thought she was doing Marvin a favor by giving him privileges the other pupils didn't have, but she was actually doing the exact opposite. She was making school life hard for him. And I'm wondering if you aren't doing the same thing for Martha."

Emma was quiet for a while. She knew Dad was right. When the other pupils had started avoiding Martha, she gave her even more favors to try and make up for what the girls did to her. She had meant to be kind to Martha, but instead, she had only added to the resentment of the other pupils and to Martha's problem and her own. "Do— do you think I should quit then, too, like Miss Ross did?" asked Emma, tears glistening in her eyes.

"No, I don't think you should quit," said Dad earnestly. "Not at all. But I think you should try and treat all your pupils alike as much as possible. If you don't, then summer vacation will seem like a long, long time away."

"But how can I get out of the mess I made?" asked Emma hopelessly.

"Don't feel too bad about it," said Dad. "You're a young teacher and have much to learn. Realizing that you made a mistake is the first step, and it is a big step. The next step is seeing what you can do to make improvements, and seeking forgiveness of those whom you have wronged. And above all, don't forget, you can't do it alone; but with God's help all things are possible."

Emma didn't go to sleep for a long time that night. Her thoughts went on and on in a whirl. Then she comforted herself with Dad's words, "But with God's help all things are possible," and went to sleep.

THE "NO DROPPING" CHART

-by Amanda Hershberger

"MY, BUT WE'RE having a lot of noise this morning," rebuked Teacher Rhoda as she glanced over to where a third grader was picking up a plastic crayon box. The loud crash of its falling had caused everyone to look around. "Let's try and be more careful. I think ten people have dropped something already this morning and it's only 9:30."

Guilty, ashamed looks came to the children's faces that seemed to say, "We know, Teacher. We try, but things just have a way of falling."

"Maybe it would help to keep our desks in neater order," Rhoda went on. Walking over to the first grade class, she paused and looked around just in time to see Effie Miller, a fourth grader, grab for her arithmetic book, but she missed. Down went the book, her tablet, and the pencil. Blushing, Effie picked up her things, smoothed out the folded pages, and went back to work. Rhoda said nothing, but a look of disapproval was on her face.

"I wonder what I could do to help them be more careful?" Rhoda thought. "Besides the disturbance it makes, it's hard on the books to have them dropped. I'm sure this is the third time Effie has dropped something today. I don't think she's doing it on purpose, for her face tells me she's embarrassed by it, but she is careless."

As the first graders were taking turns to read, Rhoda couldn't keep her mind on the class. She was thinking about her classroom and it's unusual amount of noise. "Maybe it's just me," she thought. "I must remember I have only the four lower grades, and they probably do make more noise than the older pupils would."

Several of the children in Rhoda's room had small pencil sharpners. They were round and rolled out of the desk easily. As they reached the floor with a loud bang, they would come apart and scatter into three pieces. It seemed by the time one was picked up and put together again, someone else had dropped a plastic box full of crayons and was picking those up. And once Sam Glick had wanted his tablet, which happened to be at the bottom of the stack of things in his desk. One tug, and out it came — plus everything else in his desk. He had had plenty of help picking it up, for his neighbors seemed to be very sympathetic. When Rhoda thought of these things, she was more determined than ever to find a way of teaching her pupils to be more careful about dropping things.

Soon Rhoda was busy with her teaching duties and had to dismiss the thoughts from her mind for the time being, but quite often that day she was reminded anew as something went clattering to the floor.

It was Friday so that evening Rhoda got the schoolhouse ready for the weekend before she went home. When she was finished, she stepped outside and paused to lock the door. As she tried to drop the key into her pocket, she heard a slight tingle on the cement block on which she was standing. Stooping to pick up the key, Rhoda smiled to herself. "This would tickle my children, wouldn't it?" she thought. Then she sobered. "But I still think there should be a way of eliminating at least part of the dropping we have in school. I'll have to think of something."

On Monday morning Rhoda was at the schoolhouse early. Yes, she had thought up something and already was working on her plot. She couldn't help but be a little excited as she cut a piece of cardboard the right size. "I know the children will be eager and pleased when they see my chart," she said to herself. "It will seem more like a game than a rule." With the yardstick in her hand, she stood and mentally did some figuring. "I need 26 boxes on here," she thought. "If I make nine one way and three the other, that will make twenty seven. That's only one extra." Then a thought struck her. "I know, I'll put my name in that box."

Rhoda marked the chart off into rectangular boxes and put a pupil's name into each box. A short time later she stood back to survey her work. On the bulletin board was her "No Dropping" chart, and nearby were the tags and some tacks.

The minutes ticked away and soon the children arrived at school. It wasn't long until the new chart was discovered. "What's this?" asked one pupil.

"Here's my name," said a first grader.

"Even teacher's name's on here," added another.

Coming to the teacher's desk, the children started questioning her about the new chart on the bulletin board. However, Teacher seemed very busy this morning and with a twinkle in her eye, she said. "I'll let you guess till school starts, then I'll tell you."

"I think I know," said a third grader, and the guessing was on.

After devotions were over, Rhoda introduced the new chart to her pupils. "Have you all seen your name on the chart?" she asked.

"Yes, yours, too," whispered one little girl.

"That's right: I'm in the contest, too," smiled Rhoda. "We want to see how many of you—I mean, how many of us can keep our names uncovered all day."

"What do we have to do?" asked an inquisitive little boy who could hardly wait until the teacher explained the chart.

"The name of our chart is "No Dropping Chart,'" Rhoda went on. "Every time one of us drops something, we will have to go back and cover our names with one of the little tags and a tack. By tonight we will see how many of us still have our names uncovered."

As the rules soaked in, some of the expressions turned to more doubtful ones, but then a few smiles broke out and with a determination that seemed catching, they nodded their heads in agreement. Rhoda smiled as she took up classes. She had a feeling her plan would be successful.

SIX WEEKS LATER: The chart was successful. The teacher feels dropping things in the classroom has been reduced 80%. She does not expect to get it eliminated altogether, and she is pleased with the results of her plan. Her own name has been covered four or five times, and this amused the children.

Yes, the chart has served its purpose and next week it is going to come down. Rhoda knows the children will miss it, but perhaps not too much, for she has another plan. For some time she has had trouble with her pupils to get them to speak loud enough to be heard. Next week there might be a "Speak Loud Enough" chart on the bulletin board. ◆

DEAR READERS,

ANABEL, MISSOURI

DEAR READERS,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name!

I'd enjoy reading the Bulletin which is lying here beside me, but I guess I should write first. It isn't fair to always "let the others do it."

It seemed good to go back to school again this morning after a week's vacation. Day after tomorrow is the day to pass out the report cards again.

Time passes swiftly. One half of the school term has fled already. After test days and end-of-the-quarter duties, I'm anxious to settle down to regular lessons again.

After New Years now we are planning to have German lessons every Friday afternoon. This is a subject I enjoy and I learn a lot with the children. As a pupil I went to public school, so I never had the privilege to learn German at school or see it being taught.

This is my second term of teaching and I enjoy the work very well. We do all the paper checking in class that we can. Going home with less school work gives my mind a chance to relax and be refreshed for another day of school ahead.

The weather had been quite cold the last few days. This morning as I neared the schoolhouse, I saw the smoke curling up from the chimney. This was a welcome sight, for I knew there would be a hot stove underneath it. A brother of some of the pupils had come and started fire. He said the thermometer in the classroom read four above when he got to school. (It was four below outside.) So you know I did have something to appreciate.

I also greatly appreciate the fine cooperation I've had this year from the parents and the school board.

Sincerely,
Esther A. Lee

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

Greetings in our Saviour's name, from whom all blessings flow.

Well, here it is the last of December already and half of the school term is gone. Time seems to fly so swiftly in the schoolroom. What have I taught my pupils so far this term? The half-year exams next week will pretty much tell what I have accomplished. Sometimes I feel it hasn't been very much.

A teacher has a great responsibility, same as we parents do. Yes, I am also a parent with three school-aged children. I feel a parent can be such a big help to the school and the teacher. I feel thankful for the parents in our school district. We have had our troubles, like most any school has, but if the parents and the teacher work together, half of the problem is solved. But I also think a teacher has to do her part and work with the parents. It isn't just one-sided; it takes "togetherness."

I have thirty-one pupils, (in four grades) and ten of them are first graders. I have the first graders split up into four reading groups. So you can imagine what I do in my "spare time." Maybe I'm making one more mistake (I make so many) by doing this, but I just feel it isn't fair to hold the better readers back, and equally unfair to push the slow ones too much. I'm hoping with the extra attention they get, they will be able to catch up.

Here is a poem that tells how I sometimes feel at the end of the day. I wonder if other teachers feel the same way.

⇨

When the children don't listen and the days go bad,
It always makes me feel so sad;
And when they've gone home at night,
I ask myself, "Did I do right?
Maybe it was my fault they didn't mind,
Was I too grouchy and a bit unkind?
Oh, why wasn't I more patient?" I find
These questions slipping through my mind.

Pray for me so that I can be more patient.

Sincerely,
Mary M. Byler

EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR READERS,

Greeting to one and all in Jesus' precious name.

At the end of my first half year of teaching, I thought maybe I could share a few thoughts with other teachers. I sure have to wonder where all the time went to. If time seems to drag for anyone, I would advise them to try teaching for a few months. I'm sure it would be different then.

It has certainly been an enjoyable 18 weeks. (Maybe not every day, but we took the rainy days with the sunny ones.) I cannot be grateful enough for the cooperation I've had from the children, directors, and parents. This alone (with the help of God and the prayers of the church) is what makes the time pass so swiftly.

I've been feeling for some time that it would be nice to go visiting schools. I felt I needed hints of improvement in so many things, especially now at the time when the newness of the term has worn off and a refreshment of some kind is needed. Today I had the opportunity of doing just that. I think I was looking forward to the day just as much as the pupils were. I wish my mind could keep more of the gleanings that are so precious to a first-year teacher. The day was just too short for me, but it was filled with joy and gladness from morning till evening. When school was dismissed at Wood Corner School one little boy said, "My, but the time went fast!" What an encouragement this must have been to the teacher! It is nice to have at least a few such pupils, especially when there are some who can hardly wait for school to dismiss.

I realize this hasn't been a letter full of interesting things, like some of the letters that are written. But then I guess we can't expect the Blackboard Bulletin to be full if only "the birds would sing that can sing the best," as the saying goes. I've even wished many times that this paper would come twice a month. But then maybe report cards and such work would even be pushed off longer into the night (as they are being done tonight).

May God richly bless each and every one of you first-year teachers and a special blessing to you older teachers who have helped us across the bumpy roads. I really appreciate the teachers with more experi-

THE GRACE OF GIVING

-Author Unknown

We all might do good
Where we often do ill;
There's always a way
If we have but a will;
For even a word,
Kindly breath'd or suppressed,
May guard off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways;
Forbearing to flatter,
Yet giving due praise;
In spurning ill rumor,
Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
The heart we have won.

We all might do good,
Whether lowly or great—
A deed is not judged
By the purse or estate;
If only a cup
Of cold water is given,
Like the mite of the widow,
'Tis something for heaven.

ence who are always ready to lend a helping hand and give advice when we need it.

In closing I will say, "We covet your prayers."

Sincerely,
Maggie Burkholder

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Seven - THE SPECIAL MEETING

"LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY BIG crowd today," siad Rudy Hostetler as he took a seat beside Ervin Helmuth. They were only a few of the many men gathered at the weekly Auction.

"Yes, it does," agreed Ervin. "Did you notice all the horses that are here to sell? I kinda wished I needed a buggy horse when I saw that real nice one down in stall number fourteen."

"Well, I hope Jake Petersheim comes today as he told me last week they need a horse for their son Mose," said Rudy, looking over the crowd for Jake.

"I saw tracks out of his drive when I went past," answered Ervin. "Maybe he went to the IGA first to get groceries."

"Could be," replied Rudy, taking a handful of popcorn from his bag. "Here, want some?"

"Sure, thanks. Popcorn tastes good anytime," said Ervin. "Say, look at that nice pony. Sometimes I'm tempted to buy a pony for Mike and the twins, but then I'm afraid we'd be having accidents and broken bones."

"That often is the case when there's a pony around," answered Rudy. "I didn't get our children a pony until they were a little older, and they sure enjoy it. And it does run many errands for us."

"Speaking of broken bones, they had one in school yesterday and it wasn't a pony's fault either," said Ervin.

"Yes, I heard," said Rudy, his face frowning. "Sometimes I wonder what all is going on over there. How did you understand it happened that Danny Troyer broke his arm yesterday?"

"Our children brought home that he and Omar Miller were tussling and Omar threw Danny, making him land on his arm and breaking it. I wonder where Orpha was," said Ervin. "The children claimed she was right there watching, but I find that hard to believe."

"It was hard for me to believe at first, too," remarked Rudy in his usual slow way. "How it did happen that Danny and Omar were on the outs anyway? Omar is so much bigger than Danny."

"He's bigger, but not nearly as swift," answered Ervin. "I guess Danny's been quite a problem this year. Maybe Orpha thought this was one way to teach him a lesson. She, of course, had no idea it would end as it did."

"Yes, but I would think she should have put a stop to it before it went so far," replied Rudy. "The way it sounds some days when the children come home, they certainly don't have very good order in school."

"Hello, there! Room for me?" asked Dan Burkholder as he came up to them. He sat down beside Ervin. "Quite a crowd."

"Sure is. I hope there's some eager bidders here. I brought twenty feeder pigs over. I didn't know if the price would be good today but I thought I'd try," said Ervin.

"Well, I'm looking for a dairy cow, so I'm hoping the bidders won't be too eager," said Dan.

"Say, Dan," said Rudy, pausing a bit and looking around to see that no one else was listening. "Since you're right across from the schoolhouse, maybe you're the one we should ask. How do you think things are going over at Maple Creek? You probably see plenty."

"Oh, I - I don't know," said Dan slowly. "But then I don't know what you are referring to."

"Well, they seem to have quite a few uncalled-for accidents the last while," answered Rudy. "Then sometimes Orpha's way of handling things don't quite suit me. How much do you find out?"

"We did find out what happened yesterday, for I took Danny home after he had broken his arm. I guess in a way he had it coming. Orpha's had almost more than she can take from that boy. I have noticed that they sometimes play pretty rough on the playground, and then the other evening Orpha came over and really poured out her troubles to my wife. Alma sensed that Orpha was thoroughly discouraged, but of course, we just knew what the teacher said and there are two sides to everything. After all, I didn't want to meddle into something that isn't our business, since we don't have any children."

"It sounds serious enough," said Rudy soberly. He felt the weight of responsibility for he was president of the board that year. "I think I saw Jake Pertersheim over on the other side a while ago. Let's go talk to him. He'll know what Orpha has to say when she comes home from school." He got up and started to leave. "Coming along, Dan?" he asked.

"If you want me to," answered Dan. He got up and followed the other two men.

It didn't take long to hunt out Jake and soon the four of them were seated on a surrey and had a serious discussion going. Jake told the men that Orpha had come home from school last night, almost in tears over what had happened. He said she seemed discouraged the last while, especially since she received that note from Chriss Betty. "I don't think she quite trusts herself since then," added Jake. "I think it's time we get together and talk things over. There's hardly any chance of rehiring her if we don't do something, and soon, too," he added with emphasis.

The men talked it over for a while longer, then Rudy suggested, "Jake, why don't you tell Orpha we'd like to have a special meeting on Friday evening? Tell her to be prepared to bring up anything that's been bothering her and we'll try to talk things over. Usually when the teacher and the parents understand each other and their motives, things aren't as serious as we think they are."

That evening after supper Jake went to Orpha's room and knocked on the door. He found her sitting at her desk with her chin in her hand. She had a grading pencil lying on the desk and a stack of papers, but it was quite evident that she wasn't very enthused about her checking. Hesitantly he delivered Rudy's message.

Instantly Orpha became worried and wondered what she had done wrong now. "I can not help it if the two boys get into a fight and one of them breaks an arm," she said hotty. "I'd rather work the thing out myself than have a meeting. I think people are imagining it's a lot worse than it really is."

"Oh, I don't think you have to worry about it," advised Jake. "After talking things over everyone should be feeling better and you should be getting much better cooperation. There's still quite a bit of the term left, and if something can be done to improve matters, then that's what should be done. You should be glad the parents want to help."

Shaking her head in disgust, Orpha went back to work. Jake could see she still wasn't convinced, but he didn't know what more he could say, so he turned and walked away.

All was silent except for the humming of the Coleman lanterns that Friday evening when Rudy Hostetler took his place up front in the schoolroom. Orpha sat silently and tried to calm her feelings as he told briefly why the school board had called a special meeting. Her glance swept over the nine men who sat in the larger desks. Orpha felt out-numbered and had chosen a desk at the back. "At least all the fathers are here tonight," she thought.

"We thought we'd let the teacher tell us some of the things that aren't as she would like to have them, then later the parents will have a chance to express themselves, too," Rudy was saying. "Go ahead, Orpha," With a smile and a nod in her direction he took his seat.

A long silence followed. Orpha's throat felt dry. She didn't have anything to say. All the things she had thought she was going to say had vanished and she couldn't think of a thing that had happened at school.

"Why not start by telling us how Danny broke his arm the other day?" suggested Ben Helmuth hopefully.

This got Orpha started and before she realized it she was unloading her whole bundle of school troubles right into the laps of the fathers who sat listening. "So many things don't go as I think they should, and I—I'm always afraid if I do something it isn't the right thing. Especially since I know the parents don't agree with my methods of punishment."

Several of the men looked puzzled. "I did not know there were parents who felt that way," said one of them.

"Orpha has reason to feel as she does," Jake Petersheim said slowly. "A mother sent her a rather pointed note concerning this. And what made matters worse, the note was brought by the child the teacher had punished and it wasn't sealed. This is something I think we should all be careful of."

Several of the men shook their heads unbelievingly. Orpha couldn't help but notice Chriss Erb was one of them.

"We've heard some of the teacher's complaints. I think we'll let each of the men take a turn now," said Rudy.

With lowered head Orpha waited for the accusations to come. She knew there were times when she could have done things differently and expected the men to bring these charges against her. She was especially aware of the fact that at times she had made hasty decisions she regretted later, but found it hard to admit to the pupils that she did regret them.

One after another the men spoke. All of them expressed their appreciation of what Orpha was doing for their children. Some pointed out a few things which they felt should be different, but they did it in a nice way. "There are times when I think maybe the teacher is a little fast in making certain decisions," said Dan Mullet. "But I'm sure if I were the teacher I'd do the same thing, and probably make bigger blunders."

The men all nodded their heads in agreement. Orpha's eyes filled with tears. She had expected to hear complaints — harsh complaints that hurt, and she was prepared to stand up and defend herself. But she was not prepared for this. She felt ashamed when she thought of all the ill feelings she had held against these parents, and she knew what she had said at the beginning of the meeting had betrayed her feelings.

"Well, we've heard some complaints from both sides now," said Rudy. "I think we board members and the teacher will ask to be excused for a few minutes. The rest of you can sing until we come back." He turned to Orpha. "Are there songbooks in the desk?"

"No, they're over on the bookshelf," answered Orpha. She got a handful and gave them to Dan Mullet, then followed the board members to the basement.

It wasn't long until Orpha saw she wasn't going to lose her job. She was touched by the earnestness in Rudy's voice as he pointed out the need for better discipline in school. He encouraged her to consider well before she chose a punishment, but by all means, she was to be firm with the children. "A teacher is like a minister," he said. "Because of the position he is in, his views are exposed to the public and there are times when he is bound to be criticized. But as long as he is in the right, he can raise an umbrella and let the criticism come. You, being a teacher, will have to take the same attitude."

For a long time Orpha was silent, but she knew she had something to say that had to be said, no matter how much it hurt. Brokenly she confessed she had not done her part and admitted she had harbored ill feelings until she didn't have any confidence in some of the parents. She pleaded for patience and said she would try to do better from then on. After this it was easy to discuss matters further, and Orpha felt much better.

After they had reentered the room Rudy once more addressed the whole group, stressing the point that cooperation had lacked on both sides. He told the others that Orpha had admitted her faults and admonished the parents to overlook her shortcomings and encouraged their children to do the same thing. "We would be much farther ahead if we criticized less and prayed more." he concluded.

Everyone agreed by nodding his head.

Sleep was slow in coming that evening. Orpha lay in bed, wide awake. Time and again she went over the happenings of the evening. She could still hear Rudy's admonition. "Criticize less and pray more," she repeated. "That's good advice for me, too." It made Orpha feel good to think that each of her children's parents was praying for her. "And to think I resented having a special meeting," she murmured. "I sure am thankful now we had one!"

To be continued

to READ ALOUD

JUST AS GUILTY

-Martha Helmuth

Elam Troyer burst into the schoolhouse, bringing a gust of wind with him. "Hi, Willie," he said as he noticed fifth-grade Willie standing in the cloakroom. "Are you the only one here yet?"

"I think so," Willie answered. "I just got here a minute ago."

"Well, maybe you and I can play ping-pong until the others come," Elam suggested as he hung up his coat. Although Elam was in the seventh grade he was no taller than Willie, but his quick wit and skill made up for his small size.

"Okay, I'll play if you want me to," Willie agreed. Silently Willie followed Elam to the basement. Willie didn't mind playing with Elam even though he knew Elam would win.

They had only played a short time when Mervin Mast, another seventh grader arrived. Hearing the ping, ping of the game in the basement, Mervin hurried downstairs to join them, carelessly running his comb through his dark hair as he went.

"Well, Warty Willie, are you here already?" Mervin asked, sarcasm in his voice.

Willie nervously bit his lips and tried to return the ball that Elam had served to him. His aim missed and the ball bounced off the table, giving a score to Elam.

"Ha, ha," Mervin taunted. "Willie can't see over the wart on his face. That's why he can't hit the ball right. Isn't that right, Warty Willie?"

Elam laughed at Mervin's remark, but Willie's face burned. If there was ever anything he wished he could change, it was the two warts on his face. They weren't really warts, but moles, a large one under his left eye and another smaller one on his chin. Because of this some of the pupils called him "Warty Willie" or just "Warty."

Elam kept serving balls to Willie, his red curls bouncing with each quick move he made. But poor Willie, the harder he tried, the worse his playing became. There was a sharp snap as Elam served another fast ball. The ball spun as it hit the table and flew up, hitting Willie in the face before he realized what was happening. The boys burst out laughing just as Floyd Miller joined them in the basement.

"Come on, Warty, can't you play?" Mervin asked.

"What happened?" Floyd wanted to know.

"Elam was trying to hit that wart under his eye," Mervin remarked. "That would help him to see better if he'd knock it off."

Floyd laughed loudly and Elam tried to laugh with them, but it was hard to hide the uncomfortable feeling within him.

Willie tried to serve a ball to Elam, but his hands trembled so that he could hardly play. Just as he attempted to hit the ball, Mervin gave him a shove, saying, "Get out of the way, Warty, and let me play. You can't play anyway."

Willie dropped the paddle and walked away.

"Okay, Elam, now let's see who's going to win," Mervin said as he picked up the paddle Willie had dropped.

Elam tried to laugh but it was only a dry sound in his throat. As he tried to return the balls Mervin served to him, he kept seeing that hurt look on Willie's face.

"Well, Warty's gone upstairs now," Floyd said. "Do you suppose he'll water his warts with tears?"

Again Mervin guffawed, but Elam did not attempt to laugh this time. He wished the boys would quit making fun of Willie. He almost told them to stop it. "No, that won't do," he told himself. "If I did that, they'd make fun of me too."

"Wake up," Mervin called as Elam missed a ball.

"I want to play the winner," Floyd called. "Looks like it's going to be Mervin this time unless Elam wakes up."

Just then the bell rang.

"Let's finish this game at recess," Mervin told Elam. "Score's fifteen to ten in my favor."

"Okay, it will be my serve," Elam returned.

The Pupil's Creed

1. I will try and do my best work in all my lessons, not only to please my teacher, but because I know I will gain more by doing so.

2. When I don't understand my work, I will wait until my teacher has time, then I will kindly ask her for help.

3. I will do my work as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb my classmates and teacher.

4. I will join in group games without showing partiality to my favorite playmates.

5. I will not complain to my parents or teacher about other pupils when I know I am in the wrong myself.

6. When the teacher punishes me, I will take it to heart and try to improve myself.

7. I will not use bad language on the playground, in the schoolhouse, on the way to school, or in any other place.

8. When a classmate reaches a certain goal before I do, I will try and rejoice with him, rather than become jealous.

9. I will be honest with my lessons, even if it means taking the lowest grade in class. I know that by cheating, I am cheating no one more than myself.

10. I will remember that I am a member of this school family and that how I behave helps determine how others behave. I must keep in mind I don't want to disappoint my parents and teacher.

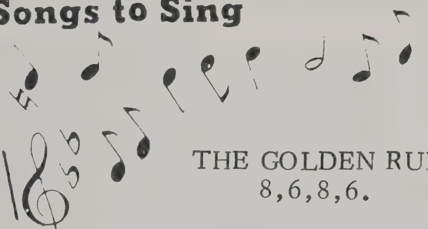
That period as Elam tried to finish his arithmetic, he looked up several times to see Willie sitting at his desk, resting his chin in his hands, staring into space. Elam felt sorry for Willie.

As soon as Teacher Mary had dismissed the children for noon, the older boys hurried to the basement to play ping-pong, but Willie stood in the cloakroom window, staring out but seeing nothing. The first and second grade boys were putting on their wraps to go outside for a while.

"We're going to make snowmen," little Raymond said as he was putting on his boots.

"Say, Willie," Jonnie added, "Why don't you come out and help us? We could make big snowmen if you came out too."

Songs to Sing



THE GOLDEN RULE
8,6,8,6.

Suggested tune;
"Nun Sich Der Tag

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will always make me kind and good,
As children ought to be.

Chorus:
The Golden Rule, the Golden Rule,
Oh, that's the rule for me;
To do to others as I would
That they should do to me.

I must not speak an angry word;
I must not tell a lie;
I must not contradict or make
My fellow playmate cry.

I know I should not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never want to lose
If it belonged to me.

Willie hesitated a little. "Yes, I think I will," he decided.

"Hey look," exclaimed Mervin towards the end of the noon period. "Warty's out there helping the first graders make snowmen."

The boys dropped their ping-pong paddles and joined Mervin at the basement window.

"Ha, ha," laughed Floyd. "I'm surprised that his warts don't get too cold out there."

"Say, I've got an idea," exclaimed Mervin as he glanced around to make sure Teacher Mary was out of earshot. "Let's go out there and make some warts in the faces of the snowmen."

Elam laughed sickly, but followed the other boys outside without bothering about wraps. Going over to the drive, Mervin scraped the snow off the gravel with his foot. Reaching down, he pried a few stones loose, then walked back to the snowmen.

"What are you going to do?" asked Johnny when he saw Mervin approaching the snowmen.

"You didn't finish these snowmen," Mervin told him, glancing around to make sure Willie heard. "I want to give this one some warts." He reached down and pressed the stones into the face of a snowman.

"That makes him look like Willie," Floyd said with a laugh.

"Yep, we have a Warty Willie and a Warty Snowman," agreed Mervin.

"Two Wartys," laughed Floyd, and Elam laughed with them. Just then they looked up to see John Troyer, Elam's father walking toward them. John's lived right across the road from the school house and he had walked over to visit school that afternoon.

"What have we here?" John asked as he looked at the boys.

"Oh, we were just helping the little boys with their snowmen," replied Mervin as if that were the natural thing for them to do.

"I'm surprised the snow doesn't melt, if it's warm enough to be out here without coats," John replied, watching Elam. Elam only stared at the ground.

The older boys soon returned to the schoolhouse. If Elam had felt uneasy earlier in the day, he was more disturbed now. He kept wondering how much his father had heard as he walked up to them that noon. Elam knew he would hear more about it if his father had heard any of it.

That evening when Elam was ready to leave the barn for the house, his father called, "Elam."

Elam's heart pounded as he turned to face his father. He had heard that tone of voice before and knew what it meant. It was neither stern nor loud, but it had a certain serious quality that Elam couldn't define.

"Elam, what were you boys doing this noon when I came to school?" Father asked him.

"We were just playing," Elam answered.

"Playing what?" Father wanted to know.

Elam shrugged his shoulders.

"Elam, I know there was something going on that shouldn't have been," Father went on. "First of all, you older boys didn't have on any coats or boots and I know you hadn't been playing out in the snow like that all noon.

Elam shifted from one foot to the other without saying anything.

"Besides that, I heard some pretty unkind remarks if I'm not mistaken," Father added.

Elam took a deep breath and then told his father the whole story, how the boys had made fun of Willie because of his warts and because he couldn't play well in most games.

"And you were helping along with all this?" Father wanted to know.

"Well, not really," Elam answered reluctantly. "I don't think I ever called him Warty."

"But you laugh with the others when they call him that, don't you?" Father asked. "In fact I saw you laughing with them today."

Elam admitted that he had.

"I'm very much disappointed in you," Father continued. "I thought we had tried to teach you not to make fun of anyone. Even if you never did anything more than laugh with the others when they made fun of Willie, you were helping along too."

Elam wet his lips as he stared at the floor.

"How would you like it if you were the one who had the warts?" Father went on. "Or how would you like it if the boys teased you about your red curly hair?"

Elam caught his breath. He thought curly hair were bad enough without being teased about them.

"Did you ever stop and ask yourself why Willie has those warts?" Father wanted to know. "Well, they aren't really warts, but that's what many people call them.

Elam looked sharply at his father. Why Willie had warts? Why, no one could explain that. Why did Father ask such a question?

"Elam, who made Willie?" Father asked.

"God did, I guess," Elam said softly as he began to see what his father meant.

"Then who do you think permitted those moles to grow on his face?" Father pressed farther.

"God did," Elam whispered.

"Then who are you really making fun of?" Father questioned.

"We're making fun of God," Elam replied slowly.

"That's right," answered Father, "Making fun of someone is wrong, regardless of what it is about, but when you make fun of a creation of God, it becomes doubly serious."

"But, Father," Elam said, "If I would take Willie's part then they would make fun of me too. Besides, they also make fun of him because he can't play games like ping-pong or soft ball as well as the other boys do. It's not just because of his warts."

"Do you think you could play games well, if the other boys were always yelling at you and making fun of you whenever you missed a ball?" Father asked.

Suddenly Elam remembered the game he and Willie had started to play that morning. Although Willie hadn't played as well as Elam, he had played fairly well until Mervin had joined them and begun taunting Willie. Then he had become nervous and was unable to hit the little ball as he had before.

"I hope you'll remember when you go to school tomorrow," continued Father, "that making fun of the way a person looks, or talks, or walks is really making fun of God." He slid open the barn door to leave, then turned and added, "And even though you aren't the first one to laugh, if you join in, you are just as guilty."

. . Projects . . .

MARCH WEATHER REPORT

March is often thought of as the month with the most unpredictable weather. Why not make a day-by-day study of it and find out just how varied March weather is.

Make a large calendar of March to put on the bulletin board. Make each day's square 3" square. This will serve as your record sheet for a study of March weather.

You will need to make symbols of different types of weather. These can either be duplicated or drawn each day by the pupils. You will need symbols for the following types of days: windy, sunny, rainy, cloudy, snowy.

Each day at a scheduled time (perhaps at 12 noon) have the pupils decide what type of weather it is that day and let them paste the proper symbol onto the large calendar. If you wish, you could check the weather three times a day (morning, noon, and afternoon), and paste three symbols in. This would show that March weather not only changes from day to day but also often from morning to evening.

Hang a thermometer outside the schoolhouse and record the daily temperature on your large calendar. The average weekly temperature could also be determined. (A daily average could also be found if the temperature were recorded three times a day.)

A Pennsylvania teacher who did this project at her school one year writes, "This is a very interesting project. It makes everyone very observant. Not only that, but it teaches the child to appreciate the weather. It is surely a conversation piece for visitors and for the pupils, too."

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
M			1 ☂	2 ☂	3 ☁	4 🌬
5 A	6 ☀	7 🌬	8 ❄	9 ❄	10 🌬	11 ❄
12 R	13 ☂	14 ☁	15 ☀	16 🌬	17 ☁	18 ☂
19 C	20 ❄	21 ❄	22 🌬	23 ☁	24 ❄	25 ☁
26 H	27 ☂	28 ☀	29 ☀	30 ☂	31 ☀	

FOR THE JUNIORS

Many lower-grade pupils have pre-school brothers or sisters at home. Often Dad or Mom likes to have a special small book to take along to church for the child to look through. Why not have your lower-grade pupils make pocket-size "books" for this purpose?

Have them cut out colorful familiar objects from magazines to paste onto small sheets of paper which could then be stapled to make a "book." Or buy some small spiral notebooks (3"x 4") to use.

Parents will appreciate these "books" because they fit easily into a pocket. And the pre-schoolers will enjoy looking through them time and time again.

FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

Middle Barrens School
Middlebury, Indiana
Wilma Kuhns, teacher

A LONG RIDE
—by Henry Lehman

Last summer our neighbor boy wanted me to take his place selling Grit. I wanted a little income and was interested, so I took over his customers. After I was selling a while I wanted more customers, so I asked my brother to take some papers along to the factory where he works. He got about nine new customers for me.

The Grit always came on Friday so my brother took the papers along to work the next day. One Friday for some reason the papers didn't come, so my mother told me I could go to the post office the next morning, get the papers, and take them out to the factory.

The next morning right after breakfast I got myself ready and jumped on my bike and headed for Middlebury. I went into the post office and got the papers. I guess I got turned around in the post office, because when I came out, I went north instead of going south as I should have. After I had gone a little ways, I started to wonder if I might be going the wrong way, but I just kept going until I saw the toll road. Then I knew I was going the wrong way, but I didn't know where I was. I stopped and looked around a little, then saw some boys playing basket ball in a back yard.

I went over and asked the boys if they knew where the Jayco factory is. They told me it was way back south of Middlebury, so I thanked them and started back.

After driving a long distance, I saw Jayco and was I glad! I went into the factory, found my brother, and gave him my papers. Then I started home again. But my troubles weren't over yet.

When I got to U.S. 20, I went west instead of east because I was still turned around. After going a long ways I again began to wonder if maybe I was going the wrong way again. I went on until I saw a man come out of his drive. I asked him if he knew where the Jayco factory was. Sure enough, I had gone the wrong way, and was only a few miles from Elkhart. I turned around and started for home. As I was going, I kept wondering what mother would say if she knew where I was.

When I came into Middlebury, I still was mixed up and didn't know which way to go. I stopped and looked around, and then I saw the cracker jack factory and knew that would be my way home. That is the way I went and at last I came home. I was very tired. I was so glad to see home and the rest of the family that I couldn't keep from crying. But now when I think about it and try to imagine how turned around I was, I think it is funny. I laugh about my long ride.

I had driven 34 miles, although we live only five miles away from the factory where I was going.

Several days later I asked my mother when we were going to have our fresh beef steak and she kindly told me we had it for dinner on the day I had taken my long ride. That proved I was so shook up that I did not even know what I was eating!

Grade 7, Age 13

A FIELD OF CORN
—by David Wayne Yoder

Last spring the parents of our school decided to plant a field of corn. It was a 17-acre field, and the corn was planted to help pay for our schoolhouse. One day a frolic was made to plow the field. They had the plowing done in one day. Then the parents of the school planted the corn and took care of it.

Then on October 28, another frolic was held in this corn field. The men, women, and children got together to help husk the corn. Some of the women made dinner. The husking was done by 4:00. We had ice cream in the afternoon.

Grade 4, Age 10

AN UNUSUAL RUNAWAY
— Lillian Bontrager

A few years ago there was an unusual happening on the road that goes past our place. It is a very busy road and there are a lot of accidents on it.

One morning my dad was going about his work as usual when he happened to look up and see a horse come galloping up the road at full speed. There was a woman in the buggy trying to hold the horse. About that time he saw a big flat-bedded truck pass the rig. After he was in front of the rig, he slowed down a little, then went a little faster again. He did this repeatedly. Dad thought at first the man was teasing the woman in the buggy, but he finally decided he was trying to help her stop the horse.

At the end of our lane the truck stopped, hoping the horse would do likewise. But the rig came with such speed that it couldn't stop. It went between the truck and the telephone pole. The buggy just missed hitting the pole. The rig went on down the road at full speed.

Dad jumped on the back of the truck and down the road they went after the runaway horse. Once more the truck passed the buggy. The driver of the truck did well in order to slow down just enough in front of the horse so that Dad could grab ahold of the bridle from the back of the truck. Approximately one-fourth mile up the road Dad managed to stop the horse. The woman was quite happy to have her horse under control again. She was so exhausted from hanging on and so weak from fright that she hardly knew what to do.

The truck had a winch so Dad and the driver winched the buggy onto the truck. The man took the buggy and the woman home. The horse was put into our neighbor's barn.

Life went on as usual for us, but this is one runaway we won't forget for a long time.

Grade 7, Age 13

Chats with Children

by Cousin Carrie

Dear boys and girls,

Hello everyone!

Suppose someone asked you what some of the things are which you appreciate in your fellow playmates. Probably one of the first things you would mention is being a good sport. We all know it isn't a whole lot of fun to play with someone who pouts when he doesn't win. But being a good sport is more than loosing with a smile. It is also being completely honest, even if it means losing the game.

A few years ago I was visiting a school one day and at recess I went out to watch the children play ball. They were playing on sides, and the teacher explained that every Monday morning they chose up for the week, then each morning they started a new game. That way, if one side lose a game one day, they would have a new chance to win the next day. "The scores are pretty close today," she said. "Five to six, I think."

"No, five to seven," corrected one of the girls. "Eli hit a home run first thing when we came out."

"Are you ahead?" I asked.

The girl nodded a little bashfully. As I stood and watched the game, I was glad to see that the children seemed to all have fun playing, whether they were on the winning side or the losing side. Then something happened to make me admire them even more.

A middle-sized girl stepped up to the base with a bat in her hand. "Come on, Katie, get on base," encouraged an older boy. "There's two outs, and I'm up next."

Katie didn't answer; she just kept her eye on the ball, and when it came across the plate, she swung the bat, but missed. Anyone could tell by the way she handled the bat that she wasn't a very good player. The next time the pitcher threw the ball, she missed again. The third time she hit it, sending it out toward second base. But before she quite got to first base, the boy playing there caught the ball. Katie ran over the base, circled around, and started toward home plate. Already the sides were changing places.

"Hey, wait, Katie's safe," said the boy who was first baseman. "I—I didn't have my foot on the base."

The other players on his side stood as if they couldn't believe it. They looked questioning at the teacher.

"Are you sure?" asked the teacher.

"Pretty sure," answered the boy. "Look here. I haven't moved my foot."

The teacher walked a few steps toward first base. "I guess you didn't. You can go back, Katie; you're safe. Thank you, Allen, for being honest."

The game continued, and the side that was behind got another chance at bat, but lost by two points. As the teacher went to ring the bell, I heard a few players from the losing side say, "Just wait till tomorrow. We might win then."

I didn't say anything, but in my heart I felt they had already won the game—perhaps not in having the most runs, but honesty and sportsmanship. The first baseman could have kept quiet about not having his foot on the base, and none of the other players would have ever known. I'm sure he wanted to win the game as much as anyone, but I'm glad he wanted something even more—he wanted to be honest.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, be an honest player. That way you will win in sportsmanship, even if you have fewer points than the other side.

Best wishes,
Cousin Carrie

We are very well pleased with the response our readers have given to the plea for material. This issue has a record number of letters to the editor, a feature we feel gives life to a publication. Besides the letters to the editor, we are happy to have another feature back, "Dear Readers." As we've said before, these are letters that tell of interesting happenings or memorable incidents that take place in school, or share worthwhile thoughts with the readers. In other words, they are letters like those you would write to a friend or relative. This issue contains three such letters, from three different states. As of yet, there are none for the next issue, but there is still time and we hope to receive at least a few.

Letters to the editor, Reader Responses, Dear Readers, and short articles— all these are features we have to depend on our readers for. This is one month they did not let us down. We hope they will keep it up!

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

We should have a column in the Bulletin called the "Apology Corner" in which we apologize for our latest mistake. In the last issue we made a big one. The "Pupils' Pencil Page" is often made separately, and last month we forgot to save room for this page when we pasted up the rest of the issue. We are sorry, and hope you enjoy the page that we had prepared for last month. It appears in this issue.

The eighth annual Pathway book sale is scheduled for middle March. In previous years the school children sold the books and 10% was kept for the schools. This year the schools will still keep 10% but the teacher and the pupils will have no work to do. This sounds like having your cake and eating it, too. Well, we hope it will work out just that way. Watch the March BUDGET for complete details.

Disappointments can arrive in the strangest places! Who would ever have thought that the "Balloon Tree" project featured in the December Bulletin could have disappointed a whole school and a sick person as well? The teacher and pupils of the Aylmer parochial school prepared a "balloon tree" for a sick person in the community. They followed the suggestions printed in the Bulletin, adding some artistic ideas of their own. But when they took the "balloon tree" out of the schoolhouse to put into a buggy, the balloons began to pop. And when they took the remaining ones into the sick person's house, many of them also popped. All that was left on the "tree" were four lonely balloons. The reason they had popped was that the change in temperature was too quick for the thin balloons. The air inside the balloons differed too greatly from the air outside. The only thing they could do was POP. So, if you are planning to make a "balloon tree," better wait to blow the balloons up until you are at the person's house, or wait for a nice spring day. We're sorry we didn't realize this before printing the "Balloon Tree" idea and hope not too many schools experienced a disappointment.

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

January 1972

MY PARENTS ARE TWO

-An Indiana Teacher

(Editor's note: In the following story a teacher tries to place herself in an eighth-grade girl's position. Though names and situations have been changed to conceal identity, the characters are real.)

MY NAME IS Marilyn Miller and I'm in the eighth grade. My teacher this year is Erma Bontrager. She's taught for quite a few years, but this is her first term at our school. It took us a little while to get used to Erma's ways, but she no longer seems like a stranger to us.

No, Teacher Erma's not a stranger, but for some reason I don't understand her. I don't know how to put it into words, but—well, I might as well admit it, she and I do not get along like a teacher and pupil should. I think she's different from any other teacher we've ever had, and I've mentioned this to my classmate, Barbara Miller, several times. But Barbara doesn't think there's anything wrong with our teacher. In fact, she's very fond of Erma.

But then Barbara's not me. It seems each day the difference between her and me gets bigger and bigger. When we were younger we used to be very close friends, but this year for some reason I have times when I feel ill at ease around her. It's not that she isn't friendly to me, but it seems like she wants to do things that don't interest me. Like the other day at recess she suggested we ask the teacher if we could wash the blackboards for her. I just stood and stared at Barbara with my mouth open. I think it's bad enough to have to wash those dusty boards when it's our turn and the teacher asks us to do it. I told Barbara that, too, and in the end she asked one of the seventh-grade girls to help her while Fannie, another seventh-grade girl, and I went down to the basement and chatted for the rest of that recess.

Fannie's about as opposite from Barbara as a person can be. She simply hates school. She's usually the last one to catch onto something new, and her grades are terrible. That alone wouldn't be so bad, but she often

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IT PAYS TO LISTEN —by Uria R. Byler

Is there such a thing as a "tattle tale" in school? What should a teacher do when his pupils "tell on each other?" This writer has good advise on a question that is as old as our schools themselves.

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AN EDITORIAL

Several years ago I was visiting schools one day. Late in the afternoon I stopped in at a school which had two rooms and two teachers. I entered the lower-grade room, chatted with the teacher a few minutes, then sat down at the back of the room to watch the classes. I was somewhat impressed with what I saw. Some of the children seemed eager and industrious and the teacher displayed traits of a dedicated teacher. But I wasn't in the classroom long until I sensed a lack of respect in the attitude the children had toward their teacher. For example, when the teacher assigned a lesson in third-grade English, several of the pupils groaned loudly. The teacher hushed them and encouraged the children to do their best. "I think you'll find time to do all of this lesson," she said.

The pupils returned to their seats and the "moaners" slumped down in a we-have-to-work-too-hard manner. Once more the teacher reproved them and patiently told them to sit up straight. The children sat up but with sulky looks on their faces.

After a while I was curious what was going on in the adjacent room. I kept hearing quite a bit of noise and every so often an outburst of laughter. I glanced at the clock and saw that I had only fifteen minutes until it was time for dismissal, so I went over to visit the upper-grade room.

At first glance, I thought the pupils in the upper-grade room were having recess, but then decided against it, for several pupils were sitting on the class bench with German reading books. In one corner five or six boys were leaning over a globe. Supposedly they were taking down notes for a geography report, but they must have been doing more than just that, for the discussion was lively and very amusing. Every so often there was an outburst of laughter from that corner. Three girls were lined up along the blackboard and a fourth was pronouncing spelling words. The spelling lesson was every bit as amusing to them as the geography lesson was to the boys.

The pupils who weren't in on these activities walked about the classroom freely—to the waste basket, to the bookshelf, and to the pencil sharpner. On their way, they stopped to whisper to anyone they pleased. Dismissing time came and the pupils bounded down the steps, showing much more enthusiasm in going home than they had in any of their lessons.

I felt sick at heart—disappointed that such conditions existed in our schools. I chatted briefly with each of the teachers after school. The lower-grade teacher was troubled with the problem, but felt helpless as long as the upper-grade teacher did not cooperate in enforcing the school's rules. The upper-grade teacher was also aware that things weren't as they should have been, but her excuse was, "It's been like this in this school for so long that I can't change it."

I left, feeling sorry for the teachers and even sorrier for the pupils. The pupils did not like school and the teachers did not enjoy teaching. "It's been like this for so long that I can't change it." The words rang in my ears. What a hopeless attitude to take!

Time passed. I often thought of this school and wondered how they were making out. The next term a beginning teacher stepped in to teach the upper grades, and I couldn't help but feel sorry for her. But they must have gotten along all right, for this same teacher was rehired for another term. It was during her second term that I took the opportunity to visit the school again.

The minute I stepped into the upper-grade room, I sensed that a change had taken place. The classroom looked much like it had two years before and I even still remembered some of the pupils. But they didn't seem like the same children. Something had happened to them. Their indifferent, bored expressions had been replaced by more pleasant ones. They were in their seats and studying like school children should.

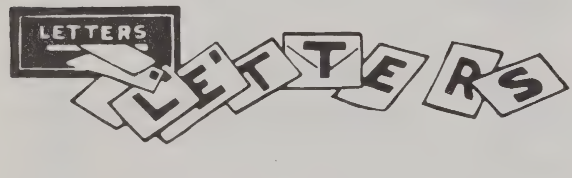
The classroom was in neat order and quiet except for the noises that go with school—the shuffling of feet, the rustling of paper, an occasional cough, and the hum of activity. The teacher had a smile for her pupils, and the pupils for their teacher. I almost couldn't believe this was the same classroom I had visited two years before.

After school when the two teachers and I were chatting, I commented on the change that had taken place since my last visit. The lower-grade teacher said that she found discipline much less of a problem since the older pupils were disciplined. The upper-grade teacher was slow in answering. "Well, they have come a long ways," she admitted. "But they still have a lot of room for improvement."

As I drove homeward that evening, I couldn't help but once more compare the school as it was now to what it had been two years before. Thinking about it, I came to the conclusion that the difference wasn't as much in the pupils' attitude as in that of the teachers'. The first teacher had felt her school had a history of being a "rough school" and she was helpless in changing it. The second teacher had done what she could to bring the school up to a better standard. And even now, she wasn't satisfied with the fact that it was much better than it had been, but saw the need for more improvement, and was still working for it.

No school is perfect, mainly because no teacher is perfect. But I have a deep admiration for the teachers who do what they can to maintain decent order in the classroom. Their pupils are privileged children. They are making the best of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. And I feel sorry for the teacher (and her pupils) who says, "That's the way it has been at this school, and I can't do anything about it."

-E.M.



Two things stood out in my mind after I read the January Bulletin. One was the letter Orpha Wengerd wrote. Now, I don't know where she teaches or who she is, but I would advise all parents and board members that if you have an Orpha Wengerd in your school to back her up and pay her well, as they just can't be found every day.

The other article was "Praise or Punishment." My heart went out to Andy who was trying to do better and the teacher didn't notice. It almost hurt.

-A school board member, Delaware

I've often found that one problem we Amish have is in knowing how to pronounce English words. Many English words are not pronounced the way they look. There is also the problem of knowing where to put the accent. Part of the reason for this is because much of our contact with the outside world is reading rather than radio and television, so we don't hear words pronounced correctly. If we go to school where an Amish teacher is teaching in English, but perhaps doesn't pronounce the words correctly either, how are we supposed to learn better? Few people have the time to look up every word in the dictionary before pronouncing it!

Many times I have been embarrassed upon finding that for years I have been saying a word wrong and didn't even know it. Of course, this isn't the worst thing in the world, but on the other hand, it doesn't give the best impression of our level of education in our Amish schools if we don't even know how to pronounce some fairly common words like "discipline."

I have thought that it might be helpful for many of us if someone drew up a list of the most frequently mispronounced words among us Amish, and showed with accents and spelling what the correct pronounciation is. I wondered if you would put a notice in the Bulletin, asking teachers and others to send in a list of the words they have mispronounced themselves, or words that they hear others mispronounce. Maybe from the help given, a list could then be drawn up that would be helpful in every community.

—Still learning, Ontario

(Editor's note: We are agreed that such a list would be helpful, and hope the readers will help by sending in words that were or still are difficult for them. We will be glad to hear from you, whether you have three words to add to the list, or three dozen.)

* * *

This is being written in regards to the article, "Something to Work For." It was especially interesting to me since I was the teacher at that school last year. I, too, tried hard to stop whispering, but it seemed it couldn't be stopped altogether.

It is true that I let Emma Hershberger sit with older pupils, trying in every possible way to get her up to class level. Seeing it was impossible for her to do the work the rest of the class was doing, I saw best not to pass her. Unfortunately, she was pushed on to the next grade, which makes it hard for her and the teacher both. However, I never did give her less work than the rest of the class.

I hope all teachers realize that some pupils try to tell their teacher things about last year's school and teacher that aren't always true.

Last year's teacher, Ohio

* * *

I think "Teacher's Pets" hit so near home. I am writing to tell you that we have the same problem in our school. In our school the "pet" is a boy. Whenever anything happens the teacher will ask him how it came about and who it was and things like that. At first this seemed to make this boy a little boastful, but now he is a scapegoat and a "tattletale" and what not all. I'm writing this with hopes that teachers will wake up and take a lesson from the article.

We enjoy the Bulletin and would not want to be without it.

--A mother, Indiana

In reading the story "The Special Meeting" I could not understand why the meeting was held in the evening. Should not a married man be at home with his family after dark? I would be glad to know how others feel about this.

—Edwin Weaver, Pennsylvania

* * *

I think the "No Dropping Chart" was a good idea and it worked out fine. And we think "There's Always Tomorrow" is a very valuable story for both parents and teachers. I had to wonder if we don't have too many Chriss Betty's in our schools. We feel the teachers try their best and if the child needs a punishment the teacher has a right to give it. We were told by our parents when we went to school that if we don't behave and get a spanking in school we will get another one when we get home.

Do other mothers have the same problem with girls not wanting to wear "overcaps" in school. I feel if we let our girls wear their summer bonnets to school in the winter, then they will not want to wear an "overcap" when they are older. I think it would be a good example if the teachers would wear their "overcaps" in cold weather and have the school girls all wear them, too. Those who do wear then and want to obey their parents get teased by the ones who do not have to wear them.

I heard a mother say, "I can make summer bonnets cheaper." So could I but if it is the rules of the church, then I think we shouldn't consider the cost so much.

-A mother, Ohio

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Are any of your books coming apart at the binding? Send for a FREE seven page booklet "A Book Repair Method." It has excellent illustrations and instructions on how to repair a book. For a free copy write to:

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OPINIONS PLEASE!

Behind in Paying

ADA GLICK WAS GETTING ready to go to town. Her school supplies were running low again. She had put out the last piece of chalk several days ago and she knew she couldn't duplicate the next six-weeks tests before she stocked up on paper. And while she was in town, she might as well buy another box of masters because she knew that was the next thing she was going to run out of. There were probably enough to last a month or so, but then her Saturdays were too valuable to keep running to town every few weeks.

Glancing at the clock, Ada hurried a little faster. She didn't want to miss the bus. If she did she'd have to go in the afternoon and she had other things to do then. Besides, she was ready and she hoped she could go and get it over with.

Taking her billfold from the top bureau drawer, Ada checked to make sure she had enough money to pay her fare to town. She didn't bother to look in the bill compartment for she knew it was empty. It had been for an uncomfortably long while. "I'd better take a few of my dimes," she thought. "Guess there's not much sense in saving them anyway." Vigorously she shook the brown bank in which she kept her collection of dimes until she had three of them in her hand. "This should do," she said. "It will take me to town and there I'll have to draw money from the bank to pay for the things I'm going to buy." Then she hurried out to stand by the side of the road to wait for the bus.

Ada turned her back toward the wind. Across the field she saw the Dan Mast home. Dan was treasurer of the school where Ada taught. She fought a feeling of contempt as she recalled the visit she had had to the Mast home the evening before. She had gone there to tell Dan that her supplies were running low and to ask how long it would be until she would get her first pay check. But as it turned out, she didn't have to ask the second question.

First Ada had told about the supplies the school needed.

"Just go ahead and buy what you need," Dan had said. "I'm not familiar with what kind of paper you want. Just buy it and keep track of your expenses and I'll pay you at the end of the year."

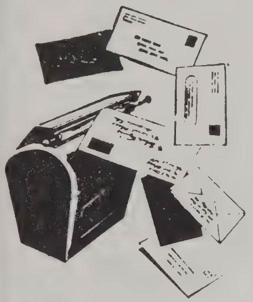
The end of the year-- Ada had been stumped. Maybe that was how this school operated. Maybe that was why she had taught for nearly four months and still hadn't received any pay. But then Dan had partly answered her question by saying, "I don't know when I can give you any pay. They're collecting money throughout the churches, but they still don't know how much each school's share will be. At the end of the term we'll have to make up what we need to finish paying you. That is, just make it up among us parents here."

Ada could have sort of taken that as an excuse, had not Dan's wife spoken up just then and said, "Ach well, girls Ada's age have lots of money. They have more than we do." Then after a laugh she had added, "In case you get hungry, let us know and we will bring you something to eat."

"Maybe it was supposed to be a joke," Ada thought. "But I think it was a rather poor one. I wonder what they would have said if I would have told them that I was drawing money from my savings account for the third time this year, and to buy things the school is supposed to pay for. She would probably have thought it was all right, and maybe I am stingy that I don't like it, but is it right that I should spend last year's pay to live and keep the school supplied until the parents get around to collecting money?"

Ada caught a glimpse of the big gray bus coming over the hill a half mile away. She moved closer to the road. "I wish I could talk to some other teachers how they feel about this business of being so far behind in pay, but I'm almost ashamed to say something because it would betray how I feel about it. OPINIONS PLEASE!

Send your answer to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario



Reader Response

When I went to school in the lower grades we each had a clown face that the teacher had made on the duplicator. We got to color and cut out our clown, and on the bottom was a place where we could write our name. On one side the clown had a big smile and on the other side he frowned. This was our cleanliness clown, and whenever we followed all out health rules, we were allowed to turn out the smiling side of the clown. If we came to school without combing our hair or brushing our teeth, or something like that, we had to turn out the frowning side of our clown for that day. (The clowns were fastened on string along the front of the bulletin board and easy to turn around.)

Then there was a larger clown, which was called the class clown. He, too, had a smiling face and a frowning one. When all the smaller faces were smiling, the class clown smiled, too. But if one of the pupil's clown had a frown, then the large one did, too. This way the class tried to work together to keep the big clown smiling.

Sometimes if the class clown was smiling for a whole week, the teacher gave us a little treat. We all took a real interest in this and the teacher enjoyed her neat and clean pupils.

Something like this may help in our schools of today if cleanliness is a problem. But it would be nice if the parents knew about it so they could encourage cleanliness at home.

—Mrs. F., Shipshewana, Indiana

In regards to "No Way to Help," we like to see children come to school clean and neat, but not "hochmüthig." No mother, no matter how poor a family may be, should be contended to send her children to school otherwise. Usually they do have soap and water to clean up. If there is not enough time in the morning, then the mother should see to it that the children clean up before they go to bed. This is a good habit anyway, for it saves the mother work in keeping the bed clothes clean.

But what can a teacher do without insulting the parents if they fail to do their duty in keeping the children clean? Perhaps she could give the pupils a lesson in health. Or she could put up a chart in plain sight for all to see. The names of the pupils should be on the chart, and for each morning they come to school with face, neck, ears, and clothes clean and hair neatly combed, a star could be put after their name. These stars mean a lot to the children. They wouldn't have to change clothes every day, but they could be encouraged to brush and clean their clothes when it is necessary, and hang them up so they aren't wrinkled.

Children who are old enough to go to school are old enough to be taught to keep clean.

—An ex-teacher, Monroe, Indiana

I think any teacher should be helped if she has a problem with uncleanliness among the pupils. Mothers, when they know company is coming, clean up their children. Even if company drops in unexpectedly, she tries to quickly do the best she can. A school gets company, too, and it is impossible for a teacher to clean up from 30 to 40 pupils at a moment's notice.

These are a few of the undesirable things a teacher would feel conscious of when visitors come: dirty hands and faces, soiled and badly torn clothes, underwear hanging out, stockings down, and others. It is embarrassing. Those pupils are more likely to be looked down on and others try to avoid them.

I think parents are in a position to help the teachers by checking on their children before they go to school.

–A teacher, Pennsylvania

In answer to "No Way to Help," I would suggest trying to work out something like a chart for cleanliness that would encourage the children to try and keep clean, or at least see to it that they are clean when they come to school. It would be embarrassing to say something to the parents, but it should be just as embarrassing to the parents to send their children to school that way.

If the parents don't care whether their children are clean or dirty to come to school, then maybe it wouldn't hurt to say something to them about it.

I think cleanliness should be taught in our schools, just the same as other good habits.

–Delaware

I can sympathize with you in this matter as I had a similar experience. When I was teaching, a first and a second grader were the offending ones. The girl as well as the boy would come uncombed, unwashed, and the stench of bed-wetting would pollute the air. I needed Divine help to love these children from the heart, impartially, in spite of the fact that their appearance and smell made them obnoxious. The other first and second graders accepted them readily for what they were. If little children look down on each other, it is some older person's fault—perhaps the parents' or teacher's.

In most cases parents would resent being accosted with such a problem, feeling the teacher is out of her place. Some things you might do are: Have health charts for the whole school, at least for several grades. (Don't single certain children out.) At various times we had them for brushing teeth, washing neck and ears, combing hair, ect. Presenting a pretty tooth brush or some other small gift to each pupil gives incentive. But do this at the beginning of the program and not as a prize. Prizes often result in unhappy children and also encourage lying.

The first and second graders I used to teach are now in the upper grades and the change is remarkable. As they become older they grow more conscious of their appearance and this is when a teacher really can help.

–An ex-teacher, Pennsylvania

Mr. and Mrs. David Luthy are the parents of a son, their first child, born on February 27th. He has been named Benjamin. David is associate editor of the Bulletin and his wife was formerly Mary Stoll, sister of former editor Joseph Stoll.

Amanda N. Hershberger, lower-grade teacher at Troy Parochial, underwent major surgery at Geauga Community Hospital on February 24th. She has now returned to her home and is recuperating nicely. Mail will reach her at Route 2, Box 147, Burton, OH 44021.

Wilma Glick is taking Amanda's place at school.

The last Holmes County Teacher's class for this term will be held on Saturday, March 18th at 9:00 A.M. at South Mt. Hope School. Bring your own lunch.

Ella Miller, teacher at Maple Dell School at Norwich, Ontario, is published to be married to Roman Miller. The wedding is to be held on March 16th.

DEAR READERS,

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

With a glimpse in my diary, I might be able to tell you about a few memorable incidents of the school term thus far. Some things, of course, I would rather forget than relate, but maybe I can be a help to some other teacher to keep him from stumbling over the same mistakes.

First of all my mind gives attention to my six first graders. How I wish I could always keep their enthusiasm for learning and completing new lessons as high as it is now. One of my first graders this year talked German in class the first few weeks. I was afraid it would cause a real problem, but he did it in a way to be helpful, so I did not reprimand him. Time has passed and he doesn't any more, nor does he talk without permission like he used to. One of his phrases used to be when we were learning the numbers and one of the others didn't recognize the "6" he would whisper, "So alt wie du bist." This usually was enough of a clue so that the other pupil would know the answer.

Next in order would be the ten second graders, but since I am not teaching them (there are two teachers at our school) I will skip them and go on to the third graders. Here we find four pupils who work together like a four-horse team. If it were possible to forget the hard time the girls had in learning long addition, this would be even more true. But with much practice and help, I feel I can see my efforts ripening.

As for the fourth graders, maybe I'd

SCHOOL PROBLEMS ARE............

—by an Indiana teacher

	Added	Subtracted	Multiplied	Erased
	When Johnny says:	When Teacher says:	When parents say:	When parents say:
1.	"Let's try it and see what the teacher will say."	"If you look for trouble, that's just what you'll find."	"Children have to be doing something."	"You know better than to try something like that."
2.	"Teacher is always picking on me."	"Try doing your best and you will feel differently. It's usually the wheel that squeaks that gets the grease."	"Johnny never could please the teacher."	"If our child needs correction, then we want him to have it."
3.	"I don't see why we have to do all that."	"You'll never be sorry for having done your best."	"That is asking too much of any child."	"It wouldn't be so hard if you did your work cheerfully and willingly."
4.	"Our teacher has pets!"	"Yes, I do have pets—twenty-five of them!"	"Some of the children do seem to get away with more than others."	"I really think your teacher tries to be fair to all her pupils."
5.	"It wasn't my fault; everyone else was doing the same thing."	"If you had any part in it, you are at fault."	"The Beiler boys are always getting our boys into trouble."	"You were as much in the wrong as anyone."

better not start on them or else I'll write too much. There are eight in this class, and they aren't as well-matched as the third graders. They found the two and three-step multiplication problems quite mysterious, and alas, when two-step dividing started, they found them not only mysterious, but impossible as well.

Fourth-grade English and spelling grades are slowly improving and by working hard, I hope they can all reach the goal by the end of the year. A spelling sentence which I want to keep in my memory's chest is, "My little brother years himself in January."

Our fifth grade contains four pupils, with only one girl. She usually keeps her balance well. These, like the third graders, match fairly well. They are especially fond of geography, which really works in the teacher's favor. Lately we made a small log cabin surrounded with a few cows and goats which were to represent an Alps pasture scene. Such projects help to keep an interest in studying.

Other incidents which we value highly is when parents and friends pay us a visit at school. They don't realize what a help they are in keeping our school on a good foundation. Equally nice surprises are the times pupils from our former school, who are now out of school, find time to come visit us at school.

Many of these nice memories would be impossible to keep if it were not for the help of my diary. Most teachers will agree with me that the sunny days outnumber the cloudy ones if we trust in the One above, Who wants to be our daily helper.

Sincerely,
Lovina Nisley

PARENTS ARE TWO (from front cover)
doesn't even try to get her work done. More than once the teacher has had to rebuke her for playing around with the smaller children instead of doing her lessons.

This isn't the first year Fannie doesn't like school. As far back as I can remember she was behind in her lessons and always getting into mischief at school. Our teacher last year used to tell her she could do much better work than she is doing if she'd only try. I used to feel the same way about her till recently. Since I'm with Barbara less and more with Fannie, I'm beginning to sympathize with her. She's told me more than once that Teacher Erma's picking on her. Must be there is something to it, because she said her parents feel the same way and that they are going to talk to Teacher Erma about it if it gets any worse.

Now that I've told you about my two friends, Barbara and Fannie, I suppose you are wondering what kind of girl I am. That is part of my problem—I'm not sure myself. There are days when I'm around Barbara and I can't help but admire her. I notice how cheerful she is and that's when I realize that she has found something in life I have not. I try to do my best and for a while all goes well. But then Fannie gets into trouble and needs my sympathy, and I'm with her more. That's when I get into trouble myself.

All the little things Fannie and I have done to aggravate our teacher don't amount to anything compared with the stunt we pulled the other day. I still can't imagine how it all came about, but the first thing I knew about it was when I noticed that Fannie was scribbling something on a small sheet of paper. I knew it was something funny, the way she giggled about it, so I looked at her quizzically. Her lips formed the words, "I will show you at recess."

Can you guess what the first thing was that we did at recess? That's right, we sought out a private spot and there Fannie showed the paper to me. It was a cleverly done picture of our teacher. Fannie had labeled it in bold letters and below it in clear headlines she had penciled the words, "FOR SALE. Will sell cheap and reasonable." And to add to the drama, she had taken a real 79¢ price tag from somewhere and glued it onto this note. At the very bottom she had written a small warning, "Beware, she may not be worth this much!"

For one fleeting instant a sickening feeling swept over me. But not for long. A wicked thought overcame, and I joined in heartily with the laughter. "May I keep it?"

THE BOOKSHELF

AMERIGO VESPUCCI

Don't let the title of this book discourage you; it is actually a very interesting book about the man for whom America is named. Amerigo was a friend of Columbus and was excited when he heard about his friend's discovery of a shorter route to "China." Later Amerigo made three voyages to "China" himself. He is credited with being the first explorer to realize that Columbus was incorrect in thinking he had gone to China. Amerigo claimed a whole new continent had been discovered; and he was right.

This book is written on a fourth-grade level but will be of interest to any pupil who is not acquainted with the man from whom America gets its name.

(Hardbound. 96 pages.)
PRICE: $2.59 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.15

PLANTS WITH SEEDS

Even the giant redwood trees in California were once tiny seeds. So were the grasses, flowers, and crops on our farms. Seeds are very important in our lives. This book tells all about different plants, their seeds, and how seeds develop. Fourth-grade reading level.

(Hardbound. 32 pages.)
PRICE: $1.60 / SCHOOL PRICE: $1.25

EIGHT RINGS ON HIS TAIL

The author of this book has studied raccoons and their various habits for many years. Here he tells about Patches whose adventures will thrill any youngster. Sometimes the adventures are funny, sometimes dangerous and freightening—but always interesting to any child.

Fifth-grade reading level.

(Library binding. 80 pages.)
PRICE: $2.73 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.33

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

I asked. I took it to my desk and put it into my English book. And that is how the note came into my possession.

When the teacher asked Fannie and me to stay after school the next evening, I had no idea what she might want with us. I was a wee bit scared, for there were a number of things she could have found out. I was more than a little shaken, though, when I did find out what she really wanted.

Her voice was perfectly steady and she seemed calm as she began, "Girls, I have a little something here that I want an explanation for. I wonder if you could give me one." Then looking at me, she said, "Marilyn, what does this mean? This fell from your English book yesterday when we were having class."

If you are any good at guessing you will know what she was holding in her hand. It was the note. Fannie looked at me and I looked at her, but neither one of us said a word. We flinched under Teacher Erma's steady gaze. My throat went dry and my voice seemed a hundred miles away. It was a long time until I finally found it. "I—I—I mean it—it wasn't me," I stammered. But when I caught Fannie's eye, I wished I hadn't even said that. Instantly I clamped up my mouth and determined not to say another word.

Our teacher talked with us a long time that evening. It was plain to us that she did not expect to give up until she had the whole story. Bit by bit, she succeeded in getting the facts from us.

The room seemed very quiet when we finished and she seemed to be weighing the problem from every angle before she spoke. "Girls," she began at last, "you surely realize that a deed like this cannot remain unpunished. I am very sorry this happened, and to be perfectly honest with you, I don't know what would be the best punishment for you." Something shiny slipped down her cheeks. It seemed like a long time before she spoke again. Her voice had taken on a new note of steadiness, even firmness.

"I want each of you to get out a piece of paper and a pencil and write down everything exactly as it happened. Be sure and copy down the note, too. Take it home tonight, have your parents sign it, and bring it back to me tomorrow morning."

Teacher Erma couldn't have said anything that startled me more. For one frightening moment I envisioned the sad face of my mother as she would read my note. But then I dismissed that thought from my mind. I knew it wasn't Mom I would give the note to. No, never!

I glanced over at Fannie. Her face was deeply crimson, and she was writing furiously. I could easily detect anger in her swift movements. Slowly I picked up my pencil and forced it to move over my paper. How we ever got out of the schoolhouse that evening, I don't know. But I do know that Fannie was angry. Not just a little, but with a seething, boiling rage. "She thinks she's smart," she stormed. "Just wait until my parents hear of this. They won't stand for it."

I was glad when we got to the corner and parted, for I needed a little time to think before I got home. My thoughts were on the note in my pocket. Then I thought of Dad, who has always been a good sport with us children. From the very beginning I had known it was Dad who would get the note, not Mom. As far back as I can remember, Dad had always been right there to help whenever one of us children needed help. "He'll be sure to understand," I thought gratefully. "Yes, indeed. I will give the note to Dad."

Now don't get me wrong about Mom. I wouldn't trade her for anyone, but she does have a few rather queer ideas. For instance, when we come home from school with stories about our teacher's faults, she won't believe a word of it. "Children," she had reproved us more than once. "Don't let me ever hear you talking like that again. Your teacher is human and makes mistakes the same as anyone else. I want you to be kind to her and respect her regardless of what she does."

I tell you, a few times like this and we don't bother running our teacher down in front of Mom anymore. At least, not unless Dad is around. Like I said before, Dad is a little different. He's a good sport. He'd be apt to side up with us children if Mom talked like that when he heard it. Yes, we can really depend on him to see things our way. A few times he's even gone to school and talked to the teacher when things didn't suit us in school.

My mom is often sad and at different times I have caught her with tears in her eyes. I sometimes wonder why, and then I remember that she is probably thinking about my oldest brother who left home a few years ago. Right now he's in Florida and working for the Ringling Brother's circus, training animals. My mom writes to him once in a while and in my heart I know she prays for him every day.

As I neared home that evening there was one thing that kept coming back to bother me. How would I ever explain to Mom why I was so late? She met me at the door. "Hi, Marilyn," she said, giving me one of her gentle smiles. I returned the greeting, though a bit uneasily, and then hurried for the refuge of my room. I must not let her guess that something was wrong. All evening I did my best to avoid her. It wasn't really hard once I got out of the house. We have a lot of chores, and it usually takes us children a long time to get them through. Often we haven't even started milking when Dad comes home from work at 6:30.

It was during milking time that Mom stopped me and said, "Marilyn, there's something bothering you. Would you like to tell me about it?"

My heart nearly stopped and for an instant I thought I was going to choke. I nearly poured out my troubles to her, but yet I did not. Something kept me from it. In the end I only mumbled something about not feeling well and slipped away. I wasn't sure, but I thought I heard Mom sigh.

My chance finally came and Dad heard the whole story. As I had expected, he was sympathetic. And when he read the note, he really stormed. Not at me, but at the teacher. "Yes, indeed, Miss Bontrager," he said through his teeth. "I will sign this note, but I will do more than sign it." I watched as he found a pen and wrote:

> TO THE TEACHER: I have read the note that my daughter brought home. I am sorry this had to happen, but don't

we at times act a little harshly when things like this come up? Wouldn't it be better if we praised the children more and scolded them less? I think the girls meant this as a little joke, and how will they feel to find out that their teacher can't take a joke?

I can not stand by and see my daughter, who is in the eighth grade, humiliated like this, as if she were a second grader. The school board is for a purpose, and if such things keep on happening, then I promise you, they will hear about it.

Signed, Herbert Miller"

He handed the note to me in a way that meant, "If you have any more trouble, let me know." I felt greatly relieved then, and wondered what Teacher Erma would say when she read the note. I was sure it was not what she was expecting, and I decided then and there that I was going to stick around and watch her face as she read my dad's note.

The next morning when I was getting on my wraps, Mom came into the room. "Marilyn," she said, "I would like to see the note you and your father had last night." Though I regretted it very much, there was nothing I could do but hand it to her. Very reluctantly, this is exactly what I did.

It was not in vain that I dreaded Mom's reaction. I had not known her all these years without guessing what she would do. I have often seen her in tears, but never had I seen her as disappointed as she was then. She did not say angry words. She did not scream at me, or shout, or yell. No, Mom would never do that. She did not say a word and in my heart I knew why. She was hurt too deeply for words. And it was me, her stupid, stubborn, thoughtless daughter who was to blame. Why did I act like this? Why did I make myself and everyone around me unhappy? For a minute I thought I was going to break down and cry, but it happened that just then Dad came into the house. When Mom saw him, she looked down, then turned and slowly went into the kitchen.

A thought flashed through my mind, and for a while I refused to give it any heed, but it was there— there to stay. I couldn't help but admit something I had suspected for a long time. There I was, face to face with a fact — cold, hard, and cruel. My parents did not agree! They did not work together! I felt weak and the color drained from my face. Was it really true? Startling as the thought was, it wasn't really new. Hadn't I been struggling for days and weeks with this very thought, yet never letting myself admit it, even to myself? But now there was no second choice. The truth was too evident to deny.

Now I am perplexed, I am troubled, and confused. I do not understand myself. What is right and what is wrong? If Mom is right, then Dad is wrong. Or is it the other way around?

The future looms up before me like some monster and it looks frightening. I will soon be past school age, and so will Barbara and Fannie. Teacher Erma will no longer be my boss, but I will still have the same parents— the same Dad and Mom. Will I know what I should do? Will I ever find happiness?

For me life is hard. I feel I am different from the other girls. At least I think their parents agree on things my parents don't. If Mom were like Dad (and I shudder to think about it), then I would be like Fannie. If Dad were like Mom, then I would be like Barbara. But as it is, I don't know who I am. My mind is in a whirl of questions, haunting and unanswered. Somehow, I know that life will go on, whether my questions are answered or not. Perhaps Mom's influence will be strong enough, and by and by I will be like her. But maybe I will be like my dad, for already I feel the pull of his influence.

Maybe someday my parents will wake up to the fact that their lives are affecting mine, and will determine what I am, not only in this life, but also in the life to come. Maybe they will realize this in time to help me.

I wish my dad and mom would stand together as one, like I've heard ministers say parents should. Then I would know which way to go. But as it is, I am mixed-up and confused. My parents are two and I can't be like them both.

schedule and these questions would stop, but they didn't. Instead, she got used to them. After all, she figured, answering those questions was easier than waiting on the pupils to finish their work.

For a while things went smoothly in the classroom. Katie wondered why she hadn't thought of this rotating method of reciting classes before. The pupils seemed happy. "An overworked child isn't a happy one," she mused more than once. "The saying is true— 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

Not only did the pupils have less work when they recited classes only every other day, but Katie found that she had less work, too. She no longer had papers to grade after school; they had time to do that in class. And she had time to prepare for classes while the pupils were studying. If she did any work after school in the evening, it was to prepare something for the last period in the day.

Then things began to change. It happened so gradually that Katie wasn't aware when it really started, but suddenly she realized the pupils no longer got their work done on time. She cut down on the size of their lessons, and it helped for a short time, then it was the same story again, "Teacher, I'm not done."

Once more Katie went over her schedule. She combined the spelling lessons and decided to have that subject for only two days a week. Later she dropped geography except for one day a week. "I'd rather see my children happy than see them overworked," Katie tried to console herself. "Even if we don't get through the books, I'm not going to push my pupils too hard. I'd rather see them enjoy school than to be so busy they don't have time for anything but work."

Things didn't get any better and one rainy morning in early December, Katie trudged along to school. Her thoughts were anything but pleasant. "I'm just going to see," she said to herself. "I've cut down the lessons to the point where they should be able to get done. I'm going to make a rule that if the lessons aren't done, we're not going to have art tonight in the last period."

When school took up Katie made her announcement. "Unless everyone is done with their lessons today, there will be no art period tonight," she said.

A fifth grader raised his hand. "That's not fair," he grumbled. "Suppose everyone is done but one person. You mean none of us gets to draw then?"

"I want you to try and be done," Katie said. "We'll decide that when the time comes."

The time came that very evening. Four of the seventh-grade boys and two of the fifth-grade girls weren't done with their lessons when it was time for English class. The pupils seemed tense and unhappy at the last recess. Katie sensed danger ahead, so she took what looked like the easy way out. "I guess I should have given you a warning ahead of time," she said. "We'll all have art this time, but try and be done the next time."

Freda, a seventh-grade girl raised her hand. "When are we going to have games instead of art?" she asked.

"Games?" asked Katie, not knowing what Freda was talking about.

"Last year when we couldn't play outside we used to play games," said Freda. "Something like having a contest to see who can carry a bean the farest with a straw, or a race to see who can blow up a balloon and pop it the fastest."

"Oh, you mean at recess," said Katie. "That would be fun."

"No, in time of school," chorused the children.

"Not in time of school," protested the teacher.

"Yes, we did," insisted the pupils.

Katie told the children to get busy with their drawing. "What next?" she asked herself. "If they act like this the first of December, what will they be like by the middle of February?" Suddenly the school term seemed to stretch out for months and months — long, tiresome months in which she was to try to please a group of pupils who were used to having their own way.

The next morning Katie was all ready to go to school. She was ready, and yet she wasn't ready. She almost dreaded going.

Loneliness and discouragement and frustrations flooded Katie's whole being. "Give me courage and strength to face another day," she prayed, brushing back the tears.

"Katie," called a voice from the bottom of the steps.

"Yes," answered Katie, bracing up. She didn't want Mary, the woman she boarded with, to know she had been crying.

"Ben Troyer's here and said he broke a piece on the stove while he was firing up this morning. He wants to know if it would be all right to not have school today."

Katie nearly shouted for joy, but she quickly composed herself. A whole day off from teaching. Nothing could have suited her better. "What—what about the pupils?" she asked. "They might be on the way already."

"Ben said he'd send one of his boys in each direction," Mary said. "Do you want to come down to talk with him?"

"Yes," answered Katie, already halfway down the steps.

Ben Troyer greeted her with a friendly "Good morning," then went on to explain about the break on the stove. "We could keep on firing today," he said, "only we can't shake down any ashes till we get the broken piece welded. Since tomorrow's Saturday, I thought it would be as good a time as any to let the fire go out today, and I can take out the piece, take it to the blacksmith shop to get it welded, and put it in again by tomorrow evening."

"Sure," Katie said, "It's all right with me."

Ben hastened home to send his boys to head off the pupils who were on their way to school. Katie lingered for a minute in the kitchen. "Well, that's a sudden vacation," she remarked.

"I'm going over to spend the day at my sister's," answered Mary. Then her face lighted up. "Say, I'm going right by Three Valleys School. Did you want to go along and spend the day there?"

Katie wrinkled her brow. Somehow, she didn't relish the idea of spending a whole day sitting in a classroom. But then, Lydia Erb, the teacher at Three Valleys, had taught for many years, and Katie often wished she could visit her school. This was her chance.

"I'll be leaving just as soon as I can get ready," Mary said. "It's up to you. I'd be glad for your company if you came along, but then if you'd rather stay home and enjoy your day off here, that's your choice."

Katie thought for another minute. "I think I'll go along," she said. "I'll take a book along to read, then the time won't seem so long."

But Katie never took the book she took along out of her coat pocket. She wasn't in Lydia Erb's classroom ten minutes until she was fascinated with what she saw. She marveled at how smoothly the classes seemed to follow each other. All morning the teacher moved from one to another, making her words and actions count.

"I'll never be such a teacher," thought Katie dejectedly. But deep down within her, she felt a stir—a longing to have a classroom like Lydia had. It reminded her somewhat of the classroom she had attended as a pupil ten years before. What was it that made it so— so— Katie couldn't find a word to name it, but there was something about that classroom that made it seem like a classroom. She glanced around. Her eyes rested on the back of a tall eighth-grade boy who was bending over his arithmetic lesson. The boy in front of him had his geography book propped up in front of him and was reading his lesson. In front of him was a girl, looking up words in a dictionary.

"What a variety," thought Katie. With a sinking heart she thought of her own classroom. When one pupil studied arithmetic, they were all studying arithmetic. When English period came, everyone studied English. Just recently she had let herself become convinced that this was the better way, but now she wondered. She was determined to ask Lydia about it during the noon period.

After the children had finished their lunches, Lydia dismissed them, telling them to go out and continue their game. "I probably won't be out today," she smiled. "Our visitor and I need a little time to talk."

A little girl raised her hand. "Teacher, will you ring a five-minute bell?"

"Do you want me to?" asked Lydia.

"Yes!" The answer was a mighty chorus.

"All right. I'll tap the bell five minutes before it's time to take up school," promised Lydia. "You're dismissed."

As the children trooped downstairs for their wraps, Lydia smiled. "When I'm not out there to remind the little ones, they like to have me ring a five-minute bell so they have time to go to the rest rooms and get a drink."

"You mean you don't let them do that after the bell rings?" Katie couldn't hide the surprise in her voice.

"No, I tell them that's what recess is for, for those very things," answered Lydia. "It's for those things, plus getting exercise and fresh air, when the weather permits them to be outside."

"And the pupils don't complain if you do not let them get drinks after the bell rings?" asked Katie.

Lydia shook her head. "It just depends what they're used to. Now, if I would let them do those things after the bell rang for several months, then suddenly told them they were no longer allowed to, then they'd probably complain. But they're used to doing it this way, and they accept it."

Katie was silent for a moment, trying to phrase the question that was in her mind. "Ah, I-I noticed your pupils were studying a lot of different lessons. I mean different lessons at different times. My pupils are used to having arithmetic periods when everyone studied arithmetic and geography periods when everyone studies geography and so on. Do you think your way is best?"

Lydia was quiet a moment before she answered. When she spoke it was a question rather than an answer. "But don't you find that some children should spend more time on their arithmetic than others, and that others should spend more time studying their spelling words? Seems to me allowing the same amount of time for every pupil to do his arithmetic would give some pupils extra time and others not enough."

"I never thought of that," Katie answered. "There are some pupils who have lots of idle time and others can hardly keep up."

"That's true with any method you use in teaching," replied Lydia.

"How much work do you give your pupils?" Katie asked next.

"I try not to give them more than they can do, but enough to make getting done a challenge," answered Lydia. "I try to, but that's hard to do."

Katie agreed, then asked another question. "Don't you ever have to tell them what to study? I mean, remind them that a certain class is coming up?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Lydia slowly. "But I try to avoid it as much as I can. I think one of the most important lessons in life is to learn to use time wisely, and there's no better place to learn to manage time than in school. In the beginning of the year, I sometimes have to remind them, but when I think they should know the schedule, then I leave it up to them to manage their time so as to get their work done on time. I think doing this for them would be robbing them of a challenge that helps to make school interesting."

Katie sat in deep thought, her heart pounding rapidly against her ribs. Was that what her trouble was? Didn't her pupils have enough work to make school a challenge for them? Then she remembered something else. "Are — are you busy all the time?" she asked, looking Lydia full in the face. "Don't you believe the saying, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?"

"Oh, yes, I do, very much," answered Lydia quickly. Her voice had the same businesslike tone she had used when she spoke to her pupils in time of school. "But there's another saying I also believe very firmly in, and that's 'All play and no work makes Jack a lazy boy.'"

It was time to tap the five-minute bell. Lydia hurried to straighten up her desk befor the children came in. Longingly, Katie eyed the stack of papers on the corner of the teacher's desk. The same wistful look took in the whole classroom. Yes, Katie longed to have a school like Lydia's. "But with the pupils I have, it's impossible," she thought hopelessly.

As the afternoon wore on, Katie slowly

came to realize that not only were her pupils slow, but they were lazy, too. The less they had to do, the less they wanted to do. And she realized something else, too. It wasn't all the pupil's fault either. Instead of straightening up her pupils and getting more work out of them, she had allowed herself to slip into the same rut the children were in. She was a lazy teacher, and as the laziness had crept in, the enthusiasm had left. Instead of putting all the blame on the children, Katie realized that it was partly her fault, too.

"I'm glad we had a day off," she thought to herself. "And to think that I was almost too lazy to come visit this school!"

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Eight – WHAT ABOUT NEXT YEAR

NOW, I KNOW YOU GIRLS have lots of things to talk about, so you go ahead and don't worry about these dishes," said Jake Petersheim's wife Alta as she arose from the supper table.

Orpha smiled at Katie Lehman, the teacher from a neighboring school who had come to spend the night with her. "Oh, we can help with the dishes," she assured. "We have time to talk later."

"Sure," agreed Katie. "I have to do something to show my appreciation of this good supper we had."

"No, no, that's all right," said Alta. "Clara and I will do the dishes. We're not planning to do anything else anymore tonight so we have plenty of time." She smiled at her daughter. "Clara hasn't washed any dishes today yet, and I don't want her to get out of practice."

The girls laughed. They remembered how well they used to like to wash dishes when they were Clara's age. "Well, we don't want to spoil Clara's fun," joked Orpha.

"I don't mind as much as I used to," said Clara, carrying a stack of plates over to the sink.

"There, that's a girl," said Katie heartily. "That's a sign you're growing up! At least that's what my mom used to tell me. She used to say as long as I didn't like to wash dishes I wasn't grown-up."

Clara blushed. The two teachers thanked Alta for the supper and for letting them off from doing the dishes and went upstairs to Orpha's room.

"Was this room warm enough to work in all winter?" asked Katie as they entered the room.

"Yes, real nice," said Orpha. "There's a register and the living room stove is right underneath. I always closed the register before I went to bed and when I left in the morning. It used to be a little cold when I came home at times, but it warmed up real fast if I opened the register."

"That's really worth a lot." said Katie. "The first two years I taught I boarded at John Troyers. They were real nice people and would have done anything for me, but I had one disadvantage there. The upstairs was too cold to work in and I had to take my lessons downstairs into the living room. With the children playing and the others visiting, you can imagine how much I got done."

"I don't think I can appreciate enough what Jakes have done for me," said Orpha slowly. "Giving me the warmest room upstairs is only one of the many sacrifices they've made for my sake."

"I've learned already that a good boarding place is worth a lot," agreed Katie. "More that we teachers really realize, I think." She paused a minute, then continued. "At Ben's where I am now I have it real nice. I can be part of the family if I want to and spend the evening downstairs. They let me help with the work whenever I have time, but I know I don't have to when I have school work to do. And I have the privacy of my own room. That's something every teacher almost has to have."

Orpha smiled a lopsided little smile. "I have been glad plenty of times I had my own room," she said. "At first I thought sharing a room with Clara wouldn't have been bad at all, because she's old enough to stay out of my things. But there were times when I sure was glad to be alone."

"I know what you mean," said Katie. "I have those times, too. When your best class lets you down or a pupil cheats after he's promised he wouldn't anymore."

Orpha looked surprised. "I-I didn't think a teacher with the experience you have would let things like that bother her," she stated.

"Not let them bother me!" Katie's tone was earnest. "Orpha, if you can overcome these feelings of discouragements and disappointment after five years, then I'm going to be surprised. In fact, I wouldn't really want to overcome them. I don't mean I'm glad I get discouraged, but those are the times when I really come to realize that of myself I can do nothing, and earnestly seek God's help in my big task. And without fail, I've always gone to school the next day with renewed courage and strength."

Orpha studied the sincere expression on Katie's face. "You mean you have times like that after five years and yet you go on teaching?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said Katie. "I've often been thankful the school term ends in spring. I think if it ended in February, teachers would be even harder to find. Don't you already find things going better since the children can play outdoors again?"

"Yes, in some ways," said Orpha slowly. "But then, what about all the mud the children drag into the schoolhouse?" Doesn't that bother you to have swept the classroom in the morning and finding it ready to sweep again in the evening?"

"Don't your pupils help sweep?" asked Katie.

"They would, but they raise such a dust I'd rather do it myself," said Orpha. "I can't stand seeing the desks and the bookshelf and everything covered with dust."

"I get the younger children to dust after the older ones have swept," said Katie. "You have sweeping compound, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Orpha. "But I can still sweep and dust cleaner than the children can."

Katie was slow in answering. "I think you have to realize a schoolhouse is harder to keep clean than a house. I try to keep in mind that there's much more traffic in a schoolhouse than in a home, so there's bound to be more cleaning. And I've learned that even second graders enjoy cleaning so I let them, even if the job they do isn't as good as an older pupil or I myself would do. As you say, it's not long until it's necessary to sweep again."

"Sure isn't," said Orpha. "Especially if the children are as careless as mine are."

"Why not try getting the children to help clean," suggested Katie. "They might be more careful if they know they have to help sweep."

"Well, it won't be too long until school's out," said Orpha, with a sigh.

"But you're teaching again next year, aren't you?" asked Katie.

Orpha shrugged her shoulders.

"Hasn't the board asked?" questioned Kaite.

"Yes, but I can't make up my mind," said Orpha. "Some days I think I might, then things come up and I don't know if I was meant to be a teacher or not."

Katie looked surprised. "But I thought you liked teaching," she said.

"Oh, I do," Orpha hastened to reply. "It's not that I don't like it well enough. I can hardly believe the term is almost over already. And—and the children, I really appreciate them. But there are so many places where I feel things should have been different that I am slow in deciding whether I will teach again next year. Maybe it would be better at another school."

"I've never liked to advise a teacher whether to go on or not, because no one knows better than they do themselves. I've seen it where teachers were coaxed into teaching and often it doesn't work out. But it does hurt me to see a teacher quit after the first year. I don't think they are fair to themselves or their school to not try it the second term."

"But what if — if things go from bad to worse?" asked Orpha.

"What things?" Katie wanted to know.

"Like the times we had," said Orpha. She told Katie about many of the ordeals she had gone through at Maple Creek. Katie listened with nothing more than an occasional nod of her head and a question now and then.

"Weren't these things worked out at the special meeting you had, and at the regular parent-teacher gatherings?" asked Katie when Orpha couldn't think of another complaint to give.

"Y-yes," admitted Orpha.

"Well, then you should forget them. Try to, that is. Talking about them doesn't help a bit, but it can cause a lot of trouble." Katie leaned forward in her chair. "You see, Orpha, no matter where you teach, you are going to run into difficulties. It seems every school has it's trouble makers among the pupils and sad to say, among the parents, too. You could change schools every year for ten years, and you won't find a school where you can step in and teach a term without having trouble of some sort. And if you did, what would that do to you? I've learned long ago that troubles in school are blessings in disguise."

"I've heard that before," said Orpha.

"It's an old term teachers use," answered Katie. "When I first was teaching I couldn't understand that phrase, but now I think I do. Like another old saying goes, 'the rainy days are the most fruitful.' "

"Then you don't think I should change schools if I do keep on teaching next year?" asked Orpha.

"I'm not saying exactly that," said Katie. "But I think you should consider well before you do. Usually it takes a teacher several months to learn to know her pupils and get acquainted with the books. If she stays with the same school, she has one great advantage the following term. Another thing, you mentioned tonight you feel at home here at Jakes. That's another chance you're taking by changing schools. Suppose the next boarding place would happen to be a place like—like." Katie lowered her voice. "Suppose you happened to get a Chriss Betty to board with."

Orpha smiled, but she didn't answer.

"Of course, if you have no hopes to improve matters next year, then the thing to do is change schools," said Katie.

"Or quit altogether," answered Orpha quickly.

Katie was silent for a long time. "If you have your mind set on quiting, then I'm not going to coax you to go on."

"Oh, I'm not really at that point yet," said Orpha. "It's just that I don't quite know."

"Remember, your hardest year is behind you. Surely next year you'll know more about teaching and things should be better. And if you don't feel you should go on after another term, then there's still time to quit." Katie paused. "But I've noticed that teachers who teach the second term usually teach a third and fourth. That is, unless they have a real good reason for quitting—like getting married."

Orpha blushed. "I'll probably be teaching for a long time if I wait on that reason to quit," she said.

"Good, we need teachers," laughed Katie good-naturedly. "I couldn't think of anything I could do to make the time pass faster. Why, it seems a term has just begun, then it's half over, and soon it's past and then I'm looking forward to another term."

"I don't know if I can ever look forward to another term or not," said Orpha.

"Oh, I don't either, at the end of the term, but usually before two weeks pass I am lonesome for my pupils and wishing I could see them again. You'll be surprised how the summer months make the trials of a school term fade into the background."

Orpha was silent for a moment. She had thought she had made up her mind, but now she began to wonder if she had or not. Katie made teaching seem so appealing.

-To Be Continued

to READ ALOUD

With a mixture of history and geography, this story tells of two very important events in America's past—its founding and its naming.

By David Luthy

Naming the New World

THE DAYS SLIPPED BY. The sailors soon began to count them. When they had counted four weeks, they became alarmed.

"Columbus is taking us to our deaths!" one old seaman exclaimed. "We've been sailing four weeks now without a glimpse of land."

"People back home in Spain warned us," spoke up another sailor. "They told us Columbus couldn't reach China in the east by sailing west. We should have listened to them."

And a third sailor spoke his mind. "Those east winds have been blowing us steadily along. The wind is always from the east. How can we turn back, there is no wind blowing from the west?"

"But we must turn back," shouted a young sailor, gripping the rope to the foresail with his clenched fist. "We're doomed if we don't." He made a sweeping gesture with his right arm toward the ocean around them. "Land? Where is any land? We haven't seen land in four weeks. The people back home were right when they told us we would sail off the edge of the world if we sailed to far west."

"Turn back we must," cried the oldest sailor. "If Admiral Columbus doesn't order us to turn this ship back toward Spain, I'll give the order myself."

"Hurrah!" chorused the sailors. "We're going home!"

It was October 10, 1492, and the sailors aboard Christopher Columbus' ship, the Santa Maria, were rebellious. Thoughts of mutiny filled each man's mind. Few had dared to voice their fears and opinions before today, but now everyone was speaking up.

Columbus was sitting in his cabin when he heard loud voices on the deck above. His wide cabin window was open and the words floated easily on the ocean breezes to his ears. He felt sorry for his crew, for he too was frustrated with the situation. Yet he was sure in his own mind that land could not be too far away. Surely, they would sight it within the next few days. Mustering his courage, Columbus left his cabin and strode onto the ship's wide deck.

"Men, men, stop this meeting of yours," he commanded. "Would you have me turn this ship around when we are almost at our destination?"

"How do you know we are almost there?" grumbled the old sailor.

"I tell you we are near land," answered Columbus. "I have been studying my charts and compass in my cabin just now, and by my reckoning we can't be more than two or three days from land."

"Two or three weeks!" shouted a heavyset sailor, his eyes gleaming with disbelief.

"No," said Columbus firmly, "not two or three weeks." He raised both hands for silence. When the crew of the Santa Maria was very still, he continued speaking, only he talked in softer tones than before. "Men, I promise you that we will turn back if we don't see land within three days." He paused as he saw each man's face soften. "And there is something else promised you. The first man to sight land will be given a reward by the King and Queen of Spain—money when he returns home and money each year for the rest of his life."

"Hurrah!" shouted the excited sailors. They began to discuss the turn of events as they went back to their jobs on the ship. No longer were they thinking of turning the ship back toward Spain. They wanted only one thing—to sight land.

The next day, October 11, found Columbus' crew no longer rebellious, but very restless. No one could keep his mind or his eyes on his work. Each was determined to be the first to sight land. At noon the tense atmosphere on board the Santa Maria reached an even higher degree when a sailor spied a branch floating beside the ship. The man was lowered on a rope to pick the branch up, and to everyone's delight, it had green leaves and fresh berries on it. Land couldn't be far off! Eager sailors climbed the ship's rigging and stared westward trying to catch a glimpse of the long-hoped-for land.

Night fell but none of the sailors went to their bunks below. The rigging was filled with silent, expectant men peering out to sea. Such, too, was the scene on the other two ships that were part of Columbus' fleet—the Nina and the Pinta. Every sailor shared the same wish, to be the first to sight land.

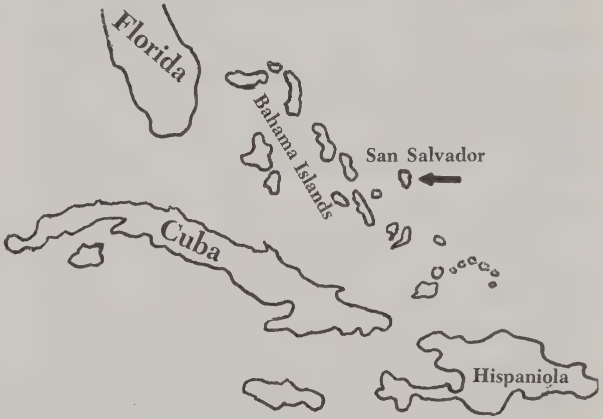
Slowly the sand trickled through the hour glass on Columbus' desk as he sat in his cabin. From the large cabin window he could see the Nina and the Pinta silhouetted against the choppy ocean water. The sky was slightly overcast. And no cry of "Land Ho" met his ears that night.

Midnight. Now it was October 12th, the second day since Columbus had made his promise to the crew. The sky was clearing and the moon shone brightly. The only sound in the still night air was the lapping of waves against the ship's sides and the creaking of the rigging as it swayed in the night breeze. One o'clock. Two o'clock. Then a sharp noise penetrated the quiet night. A cannon shot rang across the water. "Admiral Columbus," shouted a sailor, bursting into the cabin. "A man on the Pinta has sighted land!"

"Praise God!" exclaimed Columbus. "I have reached China and the East Indies by sailing west. My dream has come true."

But had Columbus' dream come true? Was this really China and the East Indies which Columbus had discovered? Columbus was wondering this very thing. And at daybreak he ordered a small boat lowered so that he and a few men might set foot on the land and investigate it. It was not long before the men came upon some olive-skinned natives whom them immediately called "Indians" thinking they had reached the East Indies. These natives were naturally very startled to see Columbus and his escorts, and called them "Men from Heaven," for they had seemingly appeared out of nowhere.

Columbus soon discovered that the land they had set foot on was an island. He named it San Salvador, which means "Holy Saviour." He presumed it to be an island just off the coast of China. So he and his men returned to the Santa Maria and sailed on, coming to another tract of land. "This must be China," Columbus told his crew. "We will prepare some gifts for the Emperor and travel to his palace in the capital city, Peking." But Columbus was in for a disappointment, for this place was also an island, though quite larger than the first one. It was the island we know today as Cuba, not far off the coast of Florida. The men from the Santa Maria did not find the Emperor of China on the island, but they did see something no white man ever had seen before. The natives were smoking cigars. This was the first they had ever seen tobacco.



If Columbus had chosen to sail west from Cuba, he would have reached the mainland of the United States. But he chose, instead, to sail east and thus continued to encounter only small islands. Yet, Columbus did not give up his notion that these were islands off the coast of China.

Three later voyages were made by Columbus. His second trip in 1493 was very similar to the first one of the previous year. He explored the islands east of Florida but never sailed far enough west to touch the continent of North America. He did, however, set foot on South America on his third voyage, and also visited Central America on his fourth and final voyage. But he never did know that the huge continent of North America existed. He died in 1506, still thinking the land he had reached was close to China. He never knew he had actually discovered a "New World."

Columbus died in 1506. Seven years later with the explorer, Balboa, discovered the Pacific Ocean, everyone in Europe realized that Columbus had been mistaken. He hadn't found a shorter route to China at all. In fact, he hadn't sailed anywhere close to China. Instead, he had discovered an entirely unknown land — a "New World" as people in Europe began to refer to it. But no one thought "New World" was a very fitting permanent name for such a large scope of land. So they decided to call the two large continents which Columbus had discovered by a new name— a name honoring a certain man. But the man whose name was used wasn't Columbus, as might most fittingly have been chosen. For we know the continent we live on isn't called North Columbus and the one south of us South Columbus. No, Columbus wasn't chosen. And it is an interesting story why not.

During his lifetime, Columbus had generated much interest in his explorations. The merchants were especially interested in his travels for they hoped to find a shorter route to China— the land of silks and spices and gold. One such merchant was Americus Vespucci who lived in Italy. After he heard of Columbus' first two voyages, he decided to take some trips of his own. He made four trips between the years 1497 and 1503.

Americus Vespucci had one talent which Christopher Columbus didn't have—descriptive writing. He kept lengthy accounts of his four voyages and allowed friends to read them. Since the discoveries of explorers were the talk of the day, it is no wonder that Americus' writings found an eager audience. Finally at a college in France they were printed in book form in 1507. The college teachers read the book and decided that the "New World" should be named after its author-- Americus Vespucci. A young geography teacher at the college made a map of the "New World" and on it he printed in bold letters: AMERICA. Maps and globes throughout Europe began to bear this name for the un-named continents in the "New World." Thus, Americus Vespucci, who would otherwise have been forgotten entirely in time, was honored down to the present day by having his name given to two large continents.

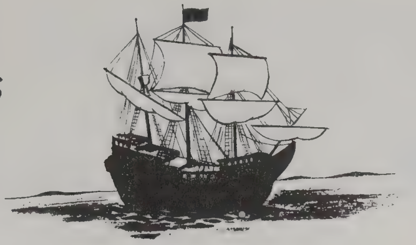
You may be wondering why our continent is called America instead of Americus. Land has always been referred to in female terms, such as Mother Earth. So the French college teachers changed the spelling of "Americus" to "America." They knew "Americus" was a Latin word and all they needed to do was to replace the male "us" ending with the female "a" ending.

Americus Vespucci was further honored when our nation was named in the 1790's. A number of people wished to see it called the "United States of Columbia." ("Columbia" is the female form of "Columbus" just as "America" is of "Americus.") But the majority of the citizens wanted the nation to be called the "United States of America." Thus, Americus Vespucci was not only honored by having his name appear on maps of the two continents, but also on the most famous nation on either continent— the United States of America. When the United States did not choose the name "Columbia," a nation in South America, chose it in 1819 and has used it ever since.

The greatest honors were denied Columbus, but his name is a familiar household word in all our homes today. His name dots our nation's map from Columbia University in the East to the Columbia River in the West. No other name, except Washington, can be found more often on our nation's schools, streets, cities, parks, counties, rivers, and institutions. Americus Vespucci may have recieved the greatest honor by having the "New World" named after him, but really he is a forgotten man. Any grade school pupil knows who Christopher Columbus was, but few realize for whom America was named.

. . Projects . . . . . .

TRACKING COLUMBUS ACROSS AMERICA



It was mentioned in the preceding story, "Naming the New World," that the name "Columbus" dots our nation's map. Why not spend some time searching for the towns and counties named after Columbus and show them on a large US map on the bulletin board? All you need for the project (besides the large blank US map) is a good US road atlas which lists each state's counties and towns (even small towns).

Once you have an adequate atlas, your pupils should take turns hunting in the index for counties and towns in each state which are named in honor of Columbus. Remember that any form of "Columbus" or "Columbia" may be used. A red mark should be placed next to each in the index or the names carefully copied off followed by their population. (Better check through the index twice to pick up any that were missed the first time.) When the names have all been found, locate each on the atlas' road maps. For example: Columbia Pines, Virginia has F-1 after it in the index. Turn to the map of Virginia; locate the letter "F" along the left-hand margin and the number "1" along the top margin. With one finger on "F" and the other on "1" draw a make-believe line until your fingers cross. The town you are looking for should be not too far distant from that point. When you have located the name, you should either circle it or write down where it is.

On the bulletin board you should fasten a large blank US map. Mark off each of the seven geographic regions using a bright marking pen, paint, or crayon.

SOUTHERN
Alabama
Arkansas
Florida
Georgia
Kentucky
Louisiana
Mississippi
North Carolina
South Carolina
Tennessee
Virginia
West Virginia

SOUTHWESTERN
Arizona
New Mexico
Oklahoma
Texas

MIDWESTERN
Illinois
Indiana
Iowa
Kansas
Michigan
Minnesota
Missouri
Nebraska
North Dakota
Ohio
South Dakota
Wisconsin

MIDDLE ATLANTIC
Delaware
Maryland
New Jersey
New York
Pennsylvania

NEW ENGLAND
Connecticut
Maine
Massachusetts
New Hampshire
Rhode Island
Vermont

PACIFIC COSTAL
California
Oregon
Washington

ROCKY MOUNTAIN
Colorado
Idaho
Montana
Nevada
Utah
Wyoming

Note----

Teachers who are interested in doing the above project may write for FREE maps of the United States. Two sizes are available: 16" x 22" suitable for a bulletin board, and 7" x 10" suitable for notebooks. Send to: MAPS, c/o The Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

A Poster to Make

+ *ADD* to the happiness of others.
— *SUBTRACT* from another's cares.
X *MULTIPLY* the pleasures of others.
÷ *DIVIDE* the good things which come your way.

When your map is ready and you have found all the counties and towns named for Columbus, transfer the names onto the map, trying to place each in its accurate location. Different sized dots of different colors could indicate different sized towns. Neatly print the population under each name. Thin lines could indicate the counties.

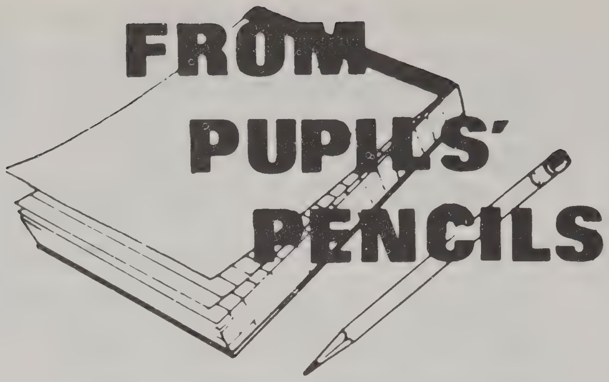
Your pupils will then enjoy finding the answers to the following 10 questions:

1. How many towns or cities are named for Columbus?
2. How many counties are named after Columbus?
3. Which spelling is the most often used to honor Columbus, "Columbia" or "Columbus"?
4. Which state honors Columbus with more names than any other?
5. Which is the largest city named for Columbus?
6. Which is the smallest town named for Columbus?
7. Which geographic region honors Columbus with the most names? Which has the second most?
8. What per cent of the towns and cities named after Columbus are smaller than 4,000 population?
9. Which is the only geographic region in the US that has no places named for Columbus?
10. Are the majority of the places honoring Columbus located in the eastern half of the US or the western? (Use the Mississippi River as the dividing line.)

The answers to these 10 questions could be written as facts and included along the perimeter of your large map on the bulletin board. Reports about Columbus could also be written and fastened to the bulletin board. Drawings of his ships might be added. And if your bulletin board is large enough, you might show the islands which Columbus discovered off the coast of Florida, the port in Spain from which he had sailed, and his birthplace in Italy.

Basically this is a geography project. It will acquaint the pupils with the 7 geographic regions of the United States and the location of various states. It will also help them to understand what an atlas is and how to use one. Once the project is completed, they will no longer think a road map is difficult to understand. Also, they will have a lasting memory of who Columbus was and how he has been honored.

If you do not have a complete US atlas, we recommend the Rand McNally Road Atlas. It has 118 pages and contains an excellent listing of each state's counties and towns. Its price is $2.95, but for SCHOOLS ONLY we are offering it at $2.00. You may purchase it from Pathway Bookstore, Route 4, Lagrange, Indiana, 46761.



A DREAM THAT MADE ME GLAD

–by John Lee Beiler

The seventh graders were studying about the Soviet Union. We talked about the freedoms and rights we have, which we just take for granted, like making our own decisions on what we want to farm and our freedom of worship and things like that.

One night soon after that I dreamed I was over in Russia. I thought the people were so poor that they lived in tree trunks. There was a boy who took me to Moscow. At the capital I asked the boy where the head government offical was. He introduced him to me. In my dream I thought he looked like a very unreasonable man.

The next day the boy asked the government official if Amish were allowed in Russia. The man said, "NO!" The boy quickly came and warned me that Amish weren't allowed in Russia because of their religious beliefs. Then I saw the government official coming. I knew I was going to get into trouble.

They took me to the headquarters and had a meeting to decide what should be done with me. Soon after that I awoke and I was surprised to see that I was in my own bed and I sure was glad to be there, too.

I was thankful that I was in America instead of Russia. I'm glad our forefathers came to America so we can have these freedoms which were being taken from them in Europe. I hope the people in the United States will keep our freedom alive.

–grade 7, age 13
Ronks, Pennsylvania

WHO?

-by Arlene Schmidt

Who can make the flowers grow?
Who can make the rivers flow?
Who can make the sunshine bright?
Who can make the morning light?

Who can help the poor and sick?
Who can make them well so quick?
Who can make a shower of rain,
Letting it splatter the windowpane?

God can do these, one and all,
Summer, winter, spring, and fall,
God with his undying love,
Sends all good things from above.

Grade 5, age 11
Monroe, Indiana

NOTICE TO EIGHTH GRADERS

The time is drawing near when you will be out of school. As the last day of your last term draws nigh, you will undoubtedly think of advantages and disadvantages of being out of school. There are things you are going to miss and others you won't miss at all.

Perhaps there are things that happened during your eight years in school that you will always remember and others that you wish you could forget. Or maybe you aren't sure how you really feel about being out of school.

This is your last chance to enter a "Pupils' Pencils" contest, and in order to give you a bigger chance to win, we will let only 8th graders enter. The title of your essay is to be "Good-by, School Days."

Here are a few rules to follow:

1. Entries must be hand-written with ink on white notebook paper.
2. You may send in your entry alone, or your teacher may send it along with those of your classmates.
3. Your full name, age, address, and parent's name must be on the same sheet or fastened to the same sheet. Having it on the outside of the envelope is not enough.
4. Entry must be postmarked on or before April 5th.
5. Mail your entry to Cousin Carrie, in care of Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

Chats with Children

by Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

One day a while ago we had chicken for dinner and before I washed the dishes I decided to take the bones out and give them to our dog. "Here, Lassie, here, Lassie," I called as I walked back to the place outside the yard fence where we feed the dog. Lassie didn't seem to be anywhere around so I just dumped the bones and started back toward the house.

Just then Tabby, our old mother cat, came bounding around the corner of the house and rushed over to where I had put the dog's dinner. She didn't wait to be invited, but immediately started eating. About that time Lassie showed up. She had heard my call after all and probably was some distance away, for she was puffing as if she had run a long ways.

Lassie wagged her tail and looked at the pan in my hands as if to say, "Well, I'm here. Can I have my dinner now?"

I stood for a minute, wondering what would happen when Lassie saw the cat eating her dinner. I didn't have long to wait, for when I didn't offer Lassie any food from my pan, she went over to the dish to investigate. With a deep growl, she informed Mrs. Cat that she was an unwelcome guest.

The cat, however, didn't run off like you or I would have if we had been caught sneaking someone else's food. She simply returned the unfriendly greeting with a growl of her own that said, "Look here, Lassie, I was here first."

Lassie ignored her objections and started crunching the bones, stopping once in a while to growl disapprovingly at her company. A dog can eat a lot faster than a cat, and Tabby must have sensed that she was getting the short end of the deal, for suddenly she spat out in anger, screaming at Lassie and scratching her in the face with her sharp claws.

Up until now Lassie had put up with her guest and allowed her a share of her dinner, but when the cat acted so ungrateful, Lassie forgot all her manners and with one great big growl that turned into a bark, she charged at Tabby and sent her flying. Then with one final growl, she returned to her plate and finished her meal as if there hadn't been any cat around.

As I returned to my work, I was chuckling at what I had seen. But soon I was thinking about some things. In a lot of ways we are like animals. We get hungry and have to have something to eat. We get tired and need to sleep and rest. We are babies and grow up just like all animals do. We have hearts to pump blood through our bodies and lungs to breathe. We have eyes to see, teeth to chew our food—. The list could go on and on.

But in one way God made us very different from animals. We have something no other creature has and that is the power to think and reason things out. Not only did God give this thinking power to us, but he also wants us to use it in getting along with each other.

No one could blame our cat for eating part of the dog's food. She was hungry and here was food, so why shouldn't she eat it? She was simply being a cat by eating what she could find to eat. Nor could we blame Lassie for trying to chase her away, for she knew the food was hers and she was simply being a dog, defending what was really hers.

But we humans aren't animals in that sense. No where in the Bible do we find that we are allowed to take forcefully even what rightfully belongs to us, much less things that don't belong to us. God wants us people to be kind and loving and share what we have with one another, even with those who treat us wrong.

Well, I hope to see you next month. Until then, remember Lassie and the cat, and be careful not to be like them.

Best wishes!

Cousin Carrie

In this issue we are publishing a story in which a teacher imagines herself to be in pupil's place. Even though some of the smaller details had to be imagined, the story as a whole is not a "made up" one. Almost every teacher runs into problem pupils and too often the problem does not stay with the pupils. I have heard the remark made that a school "problem" doesn't really become a problem until the parents and the teacher fail to work together. A child is quick to sense when this unity between the parents and the teacher does not exist. If Teacher says something is wrong and the parents say it isn't wrong, then the child is apt to think it can't be altogether wrong or else the two authorities he is under would both say it is.

Cases where the parents and the teacher don't agree are sad. But even sadder is the case where there is disunity between the two parents. Seems to be it would be like parents being headed in opposite directions, both beckoning the children to come. Is it any wonder that the child (standing somewhere between the two parents) is confused and doesn't know which way to go?

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

I hope you readers didn't miss the letter to the editor in which a writer gives a suggestion as to how our pronounciation might be improved. I think teachers especially should be conscious of word pronounciations and hope the response to this request will be good. (See page 4 of this issue.)

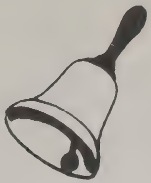
We would also like to call attention to the "Pupils' Pencils" contest for eighth graders only. (For information, see page 26.) I hope teachers will encourage their eighth graders to participate. We plan to print winners' essays in the April and May issues and would like to hear from a variety of communities. Remember, the deadline is April 5th.

Speaking of eighth graders, we have just finished something that I think teachers of eighth graders will be interested in. Just this forenoon our printer ran from the press 5880 copies of the diplomas described below.

DIPLOMAS, especially designed and made for Amish schools. Printed in two colors (black and blue) on white paper the weight and size as the cover of this publication, these diplomas should be a cherished keepsake for any grade-eight graduate.

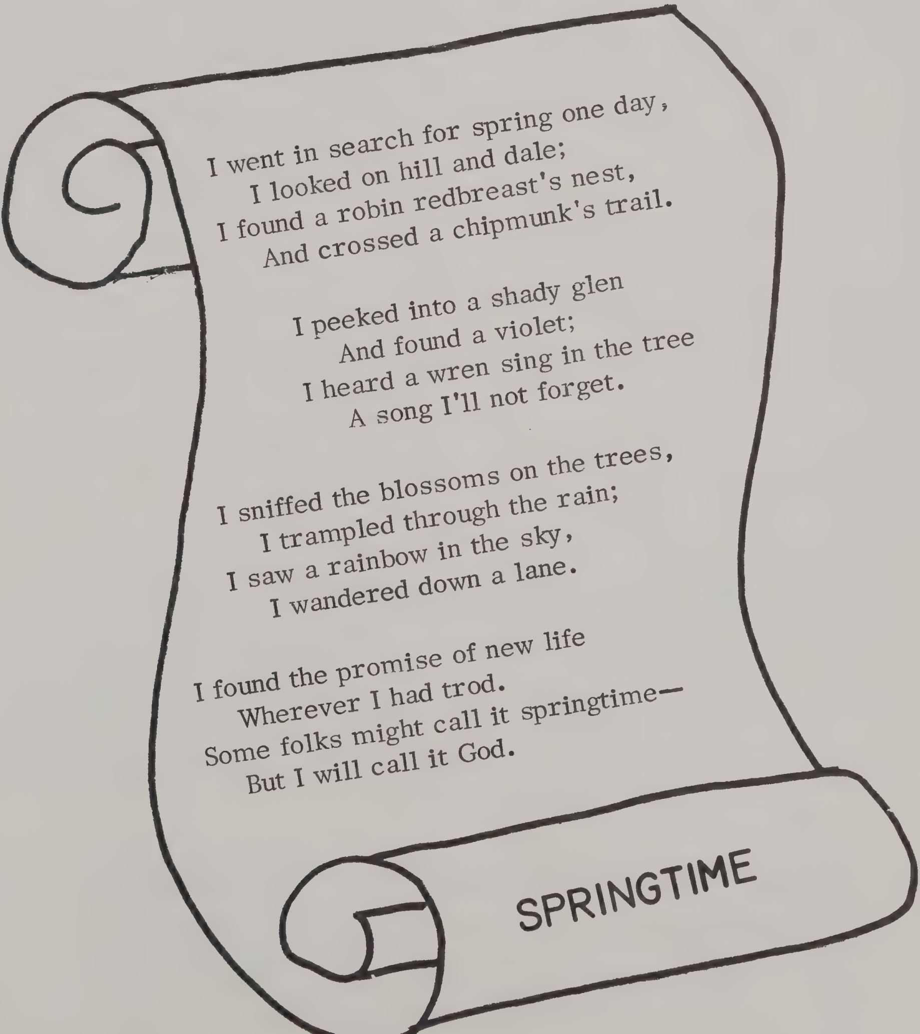
We hope to keep these on hand throughout the coming years, but you can save us postage by ordering for this year and next year. Please state how many eighth graders you have this year and how many you expect to have next year. If you should happen to run short, we hope to be able to supply you.

Send your request to: DIPLOMAS, c/o Blackboard Bulletin, Route 4, Aylmer, Ont.



BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

April 1972



SPRINGTIME

I went in search for spring one day,
I looked on hill and dale;
I found a robin redbreast's nest,
And crossed a chipmunk's trail.

I peeked into a shady glen
And found a violet;
I heard a wren sing in the tree
A song I'll not forget.

I sniffed the blossoms on the trees,
I trampled through the rain;
I saw a rainbow in the sky,
I wandered down a lane.

I found the promise of new life
Wherever I had trod.
Some folks might call it springtime—
But I will call it God.

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Coming next month!

THE BEST TALENT (A Keim Sister Story)

Mary couldn't sing as well as her friend Susan, nor draw like Katie. She was just about to come to the conclusion that she didn't have any talent when her teacher had a talk with her.

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AN EDITORIAL

The other week I was returning from town along an out-of-the-way road. It's a nice road to drive a horse and buggy on for there are seldom any cars. But this particular day as I neared a crossroad, a car approached, stopped, and a door swung open. Much to my surprise out jumped a large black dog. I recognized it immediately as being the same breed of dog I had had as a boy, a black Labrador retriever. The car drove on. I couldn't imagine why someone would dump off their full-grown dog like that in the middle of nowhere. Then it slowly dawned on me that the dog hadn't been abandoned. It was being exercised, for the car drove slowly with the dog not venturing far from it.

"Now that's a new way to take your dog for a walk," I thought to myself. "Probably a woman driving the car or a girl." But to my surprise the driver of the car turned out to be a husky teenage boy. His dog had become more interested in my horse than in following his master's car, so the car had stopped and I got a good glimpse of the driver as he stood in the road calling his dog to leave my horse alone.

I can't help smiling when I think of that husky boy sitting behind the wheel of a car while exercising his dog. When I was his age I used to take my Labrador retriever for walks, too, but at the end of a chain. I often had to wonder if I was exercising the dog, or if he was exercising me. At any rate, we both got a lot of exercise.

The subject of exercise brings to mind something else-- sledding. I remember two distinct things about sledding as a boy--the ride down and the long walk back up the hill. The ride was fun, and the walk was exercise. Now the past two winters here in Canada sledding is being done in a new way. Common sleds are seldom used except by small children, having been replaced by snowmobiles. They are like a motorbike on skis and are very common in this area. The children really love them because now they can not only ride down the hill but up as well. What about the exercise? It has vanished. A motor has replaced it.

Motors have replaced many former means of exercise. Farm boys no longer need to climb the silo ladder twice a day to throw down silage, an automatic unloader does the job. A gutter cleaner keeps the dairy stalls clean, and a fork lift on the tractor lifts the manure onto the spreader. A tractor is available to take the boy down the lane to bring the cows home where a milking machine is waiting to milk them. Yes, manual labor and exercise have been replaced on many farms by mechanization. And for the city child, his life is even more mechanized.

It used to be that most Americans lived on farms. The children got plenty of exercise around home and also by walking to school. Now most Americans live in cities, and those who are yet on the farms have little physical exercise. School buses take them to consolidated schools which are too far away to be reached by walking.

To replace the lost exercise for children, many parents and schools have turned to sports. Each school has a gymnasium and every city has its parks, stadium, and arena. Maybe this is all right for non-Amish children for they do need a certain amount of exercise to keep them physically healthy. If they don't get their exercise in sports at school, they won't get it anywhere else.

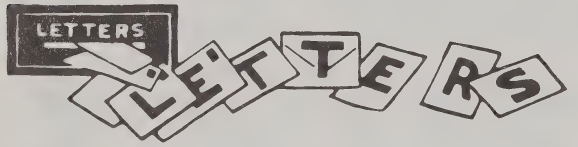
What place should sports have in Amish schools? Our children do not live in cities nor on mechanized farms. They get plenty of exercise choring and walking to and from school. They don't need sports at school to keep them physically fit.

Do sports belong in Amish schools at all? Simple sports, yes. Organized sports, no. All children need a certain amount of sports to teach them some valuable lessons: teamwork, honesty, sportsmanship, respect for rules, determination, and fair play. Sports can draw the pupils together as a group and give them mental relaxation, if the sports are kept simple. If they are organized, the good qualities vanish. Before long only the "best" are allowed to play with the rest sitting on the sidelines. The good qualities of sports will have disappeared, having been replaced with one selfish desire, the urge to win.

In Amish schools a minimum of attention should be given to sports. The world around us has an overemphasis and we must be careful not to become caught up in it. Anyone who has seen a stadium in a large city realizes that 50,000 people are sitting there watching 22 players compete. The 50,000 spectators aren't there for exercise, and neither are the 22 players. They aren't there for any other reason but to win. For Americans, sports are no longer simple, but highly organized. Sports in America are big business. The World Book says that Americans spend four billion dollars each year on sports equipment and on attending sporting events. Sports are so much in Americans' blood that it is held, "Next to the weather, people probably talk more about sports than about any other topic."

Teachers should encourage all children, not just the most talented, to take part in the sports at school. Equipment should be kept at a minimum. Games between schools should be discouraged. Parents at home should be cautious in letting their children go to other places to participate in sports, even if it is just in a neighborhood barn. Once in a while is normal, but when children have a craving to go all the time, they have been bitten by the "American sports bug" for which a little prevention is easier than finding the cure.

—D. L.



• I sympathize with the Indiana teacher who wrote the article, "My Parents Are Two." I had quite a few struggles to go through similar to those. Big girls can be a big problem but they can also be a big blessing. I doubt whether they realize how much influence they are over the younger pupils. Usually the lower-grade children want to do what they see the older ones doing.

At times I found nasty notes about myself (This was soon after I started teaching.) but what could I do about it? I felt it wouldn't make feelings better between us if I tried to straighten things out. Gradually we learned to get along. There are still times when I meet up with problems, but they are easier to work out when the parents cooperate.

–Sympathetic, Pennsylvania

• I wish to comment on the article in the Blackboard Bulletin, "My Parents Are Two." This article brought to light of how it goes in far too many homes, only there are none who admit it. I served on Public and Private school boards and have learned more than I did in my eight years of school. I hope all the readers will take the article to heart and gain by it. Sign me,

-An Ohio Reader

• I enjoy reading the Blackboard Bulletin, and an article in the last issue especially caught my attention. I felt sorry for the teacher in "My Parents Are Two." I think there is nothing that can be of more help to the teacher, children, and school than if the parents try to work in a way that is helpful to everyone. I admit teachers do have faults but most parents don't realize how hard a teacher can try without gaining much.

I think a person who takes his children's part and sends notes back to the teacher like Herbert Miller did should be worked on himself. A person like that should try teaching for a while and see how he would like to receive a note like that.

-A teacher, Delaware

• The story "There's Always Tomorrow" is such a good one. Orpha seems to have many of the same problems I sometimes have. I admire her for her courage. She seems to have more "spunk" than most beginners do. And now that the term is drawing to an end, she has the same feelings I have. I never dreamed teachers would feel so much alike.

—Another beginner, Pennsylvania

• I was glad to read about the proposed list of often mispronounced words in the March Bulletin. Studying words is interesting and I feel important. I doubt that anyone will ever learn how to pronounce them all, but I do feel teachers should be ever on the alert for any words that they may have been mispronouncing. We need to think not only of our own embarrassment, but also that we are teaching others to pronounce them wrong, too. Close friends can often help each other by kindly pointing out such words to each other. I, for one, prefer to be corrected so as to avoid the same mistake in the future.

If we are conscious of word pronunciation we can also learn much just from listening to others. Whenever I hear someone pronouncing a word different from what I do, I make a mental note of it and as soon as possible I check it in the dictionary. (No need to embarrass others nor yourself by bringing it up in front of them. Remember, they may be right and you wrong.) Also in preparing lessons for school, whenever you come across a word you aren't really sure of, check with the dictionary. Make that book a close friend of yours.

Teachers generally have a wider range of vocabulary than most other Amish people. Not that they need to use such big words to instruct their pupils, but because they will come across such words in their lessons. Do you teach your pupils about superlative adjectives and adverbs? Or how about demonstrative nouns and pronouns? Are you sure of the pronunciation of these words? Many of our readers will have forgotten all about such things, but a teacher should know about them and how to pronounce these words. Likewise, many others come up in the various subjects we teach.

In the same way, a number of words have different pronunciations, depending on their usage as a noun or verb, such as: sub´ject and sub ject´, pro´gress and pro gress´, ob´ject and ob ject´, and many more.

We could go on and on in the subject, but let us merely stress that a teacher should take an active interest in the study of words.

-H., Ontario

• I think your word pronunciation list is an excellent idea and will try to contribute to the list. Another weakness our schools have is in reading comprehension and word meanings. I think it lacks (on my part) in explaining it properly to the children.

-Pennsylvania

SPRING

A meadowlark is singing!
What memories arise—
So many other spring days
Are brought before my eyes.

So many springs, all mingled,
All different from the rest,
Yet all alike in bringing
My heart new life and zest!

New life with every flower,
New zest from every dawn!
With still a haunting sadness
For all the springs now gone!

-Almeta Hilty

OPINIONS PLEASE!

A Problem with Singing

BARBARA YODER SAT at her desk at Maple Grove School leafing through her KINDER LIEDER, looking for a song she could teach her pupils that morning. "I wish I could find one that they will enjoy and sing well for a change," she thought.

Finally she came to "Ich Hab Ein Freund Der Liebt Mich" near the end of the book. "This is just the song I need," she told herself. "The children at Hillcrest School used to sing that with so much volume I had to tone them down a little." Barbara smiled grimly as she thought of the pupils she had now. "I wonder if the time will ever come when I will have to tell these children they are singing too loudly. I can't imagine it."

Before long the children were there and it was time to ring the bell. As soon as the pupils were seated and the songbooks passed out, Barbara began, "Please open your books to number 101." She waited until the rustle of paging through books died down. "Do any of you know this song?"

A few children shook their heads and others shrugged their shoulders.

"All right, you may listen while I sing it to you," Barbara went on. "Then you may help sing it."

The children sat quietly while Barbara sang one stanza. "All right, now try to help me as I sing it again."

As Barbara began singing the second time, a few voices were heard as they tried to join her. As Barbara glanced at the children, she saw that most of them weren't helping yet. "It is a new song," she tried to console herself. "Maybe in a few days it will go better." Even after they had sung the first stanza several times, Barbara could hear very few voices besides her own.

"All right," Barbara finally told her pupils, "we'll sing something else now and try this song again tomorrow morning." She looked at Marie. "Do you have a song picked out?"

Marie leafed through her book a little. "Number 23," she said quietly.

"Hmm-m," Barbara thought when she saw what it was. "'Preis Sei Dir, O Gott.' They all know this one well."

She nodded her head at Marie, who started uncertainly. Barbara joined her and gradually a few more voices were heard. She could hear a light undertone of so-called singing. She looked at the children as she sang. Many of them were barely moving their lips. Barbara fought the discouragement that threatened to engulf her again. Must she fight this feeling every morning? Finally the song ended.

Barbara stood uncertainly before her school. She wanted to encourage her pupils, help them understand the songs they were singing. She wished she could make these children enjoy singing, but she didn't do any of these things. She knew they had all heard it many times before and it didn't seem to affect them at all. Trying to shake the discouraging feeling from her, she gave out one more song to sing.

"Turn to number 88," she said. "We learned this song several weeks ago, so you should all know it well enough to help sing."

It was the same story. A few of the faithful ones joined her and the rest had that undertone that could hardly be called singing. Barbara felt like quitting the song at the end of the first stanza, but she went doggedly on to the end. Again, instead of feeling refreshed after singing several songs, her spirits were dampened and she was discouraged.

"What is really the problem?" she asked

herself. "Am I doing something wrong? What could I do to help my pupils to really enjoy singing?

OPINIONS PLEASE!

Send your opinion to:
Reader Response
c/o Blackboard Bulletin
Route 4
Aylmer, Ontario

Your answer must reach us before May 5th, 1972.

Reader Response

(BEHIND IN PAYING)

◊ In regards to "Behind in Paying," I think a school should be prepared to pay the teacher so much a week or at least so much a month and have a setup so that the teacher is furnished with the money to pay for the supplies she buys for the school. I don't think it would hurt to ask other teachers how they have it, or even talk to the board about it. I don't know how they expect a teacher to work a whole term without pay. And what Dan Mast's wife said to Ada, joke or no joke, wasn't a very nice thing to say. Seems it would make it hard for this school to get a teacher for the next year. Seems to me the Golden Rule would fit in here.

—Deleware

◊ I'm a school teacher and I don't have this sort of problem. I had to think of an article in a previous issue of the Bulletin that said if the teacher were behind in sending the pupils home, this would cause problems. It also said therefore the parents should pay their tuition fees on time, as teachers appreciate having their pay on time just as much as parents appreciate having their children at home from school on time. I don't see how this school expects to keep a teacher for any length of time.

—Monroe, Indiana

◊ This is my first year of teaching and I can't imagine paying for school supplies. If they don't have the money now, will they have it at the end of the term? Seems to me if I had children in school, I would try to pay my fees promptly so as to create a good feeling between the parents and the teacher. No teacher can do her best in her work if she lets something bother her.

I don't have a problem like Ada does, and I am thankful I don't.

—Paid Promptly, Indiana

◊ I think a teacher should be paid once a month unless some other agreement has been made. A farmer looks forward to his milk check once a month, too. I think the parents and the school board should meet once a month to pay the teacher and other bills, and check to see that the teacher has supplies to operate successfully for another month.

I have served as a board member and a teacher both and each month at the meeting the first thing considered was whether there are sufficient funds to meet expenses.

I think it would take a very patient teacher to wait so long to be paid.

—Peter E. Miller, Ohio

◊ Maybe you can't use my opinion as I am a parent rather than a teacher, but I still feel sorry for Ada Glick. I feel a teacher should be paid every two or four weeks. They are being paid less than they could get in a factory as it is. Dan Mast should try to change his wife's attitude, too.

— A. W. M., Pennsylvania

◊ Whether girls Ada's age have a lot of money is of no concern except the girl herself. The attitude displayed was very unfair, unjust, and not very nice.

I am sure most teachers are reasonable and willing to keep the school's expenses as low as possible, and feel they wouldn't complain if their pay came a week or two late, but four months is too long.

—A teacher, Virginia

◆

It is evident that a poor relationship existed between Ada Glick and Dan Mast, the treasurer. Seemingly the greater fault was on the Mast side, as well as on the other school board member's, for not having a better understanding with their teacher.

However, if it were the case that the community was a new one or the school was just getting established and had finincial difficulties and the teacher had been asked in a considerate way, I think she would have found pleasure in waiting till the end of the term for her pay. Her money would have brought better dividends than her savings account in the bank.

-Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania

◆

The teacher should not have to wait till the end of the term for her pay. She should be paid monthly. It is all right for her to go to town to buy supplies but she should not have to draw money out of her savings account for school supplies.

What Dan Mast's wife said about girls Ada's age having lots of money was not a joke; it was an insult and showed no respect for the teacher.

We are Mennonites and do not get money from the church to support our schools. We collect from the parents twice a year. We try to buy supplies in the summer for the whole term. When funds are low, I would rather pay out of my own pocket and have the school owe me than have the teacher waiting on her pay.

Could Dan Mast keep on farming if he had to wait till the end of the year for his milk check?

—A school treasurer, Pennsylvania

◆

I think Ada was mistaken in feeling bashful about discussing her problem with other teachers. I am one of the many beginning teachers and find it helpful and encouraging to talk things over with older teachers because they understand as no one else does.

I can easily guess that Dan Mast was never a teacher or he would have made more efforts in getting Ada paid. A teacher's job is not such a money-making occupation as some people might think, as a teacher's pay isn't all profit.

—A teacher, Pennsylvania

◆

In answer to "Behind in Paying," I think a teacher should be paid every month. They have expenses to meet, too. What would a farmer do if the milk check would only come every four months, or the carpenter if he were to get his pay check every few months? They wouldn't accept it, and yet they think a teacher can live without money.

I am one who gets paid promptly every month and I appreciate it very much. I've found out that if my treasurer doesn't have enough money, he's paid me out of his own checking account.

—S., Ohio

◆

In regards to "Behind in Paying," it is kind of a poor policy according to the Pennsylvania standards of Old Order Amish and Old Order Mennonite parochial school system. It states in standard 3(b) that the treasurer shall make payments as requested and keep a true record of all expenses and income.

I feel the teachers have enough responsibilities without making her carry those of the school board, too. If a school is in a financial standing like that, I think it is time to look into matters and get it on a basis where the teacher gets support from the school instead of the teacher supporting the school.

-Millmont, Pennsylvania

◆

Must be Ada Glick is teaching the school I used to teach. I know what she is talking about. Then later I taught at another school where I was paid promptly. Needless to say, I appreciated it very much.

—Got all my pay eventually, Ohio

Let's Encourage (but not coax) Beginners

-by Elizabeth Miller

WITH THE CLOSING of this school term a certain number of teachers will say farewell to their occupation and leave openings for others to fill. Already the school boards of such "open" schools are looking around for someone to fill the vacancy in their school. They know the longer they wait, the less possibility there will be to hire an experienced teacher. Even though certain schools will be fortunate enough to hire teachers who have had teaching experience, we know a large percent of the schools which are faced with hiring a teacher will have to give the position to a beginner.

It is only natural that teachers with experience are sought after first, but to look down on beginners and hiring them only as a last resort is taking a wrong attitude. It is well to remember that all experienced teachers were beginners at one time, just as all the farmers and carpenters and masons had to make a start in their occupation. No head carpenter expects as much from a new hand as he does from a more experienced one, but at the same time, he will hire inexperienced workers, providing they have promising potential. The only way to train workers of any occupation is to give them a fair chance as beginners.

Before going further on the subject, it might be well to take a look at reasons why teachers quit. It is true, a certain number have valid reasons for discontinuing. Since the majority of teachers are single girls, each year some of them get married and take up housekeeping. Others see that their parents are no longer able to take care of themselves and quit teaching to help out at home. Still others find they are physically and emotionally unable to continue teaching and drop out for that reason. But these three reasons combined still probably cover less than half of the teachers who quit. I have heard the remark from some drop-outs, "It took me only one year to find out I wasn't a teacher." Why, then, did they start teaching. The fault is not always their own.

Several years ago a certain school was minus a teacher. The school board of this school wasn't about to wait until the last minute to hire a teacher, so they set out soon after the end of the previous term. They had but one determination— to hire a teacher. It wasn't long until they had a possibility. Barbara Zook (as we'll call her) was a girl in her early twenties who worked here and there by the week. When the men first went to talk to her about teaching, she showed very little interest. "I don't think I'd make a very good teacher," she said.

"You've never tried it," urged one of the board members, encouraged because Barbara hadn't given a definite no. "You should talk to Leah Stutzman and Fannie Byler. They sure like teaching."

"You wouldn't have to work as a hired girl any more," added the second man.

"We have a real nice little house fixed up where you can live alone and be your own boss if you want to. And if you get lonesome you're always welcome over at the neighbor's," said the third man, willing to do his share.

"I've never considered being a teacher," remarked Barbara. "For one thing, I wasn't very smart when I went to school."

"That would only help you be more patient with slow learners," smiled one of the men. "I've heard say teachers who were always "A" pupils when they went to school don't have much patience with slow learners."

The men talked for a while longer, making teaching sound like just the occupation for Barbara. Finally they had coaxed a half-way promise out of her. "I'll think it over," she said finally. "And if you find someone else in the meanwhile, it will sure be all right with me."

The men went home, feeling their mission was completed. They quit looking and some time later sent Barbara word they were still counting on her. When school opened in the fall, Barbara Zook stepped into the schoolhouse and took up a role she felt she was not capable of filling.

For a while things went fairly well, but as time went on, troubles came up. Barbara, still convinced in her own mind that she was not meant to be a teacher, was unable to cope with the problems.

The parents and the school board worked together as best as they could, but everyone was relieved when the term was over. The parents readily agreed that Barbara was a nice girl, but she wasn't a teacher. Even the school board was ready to admit what Barbara had tried to tell them a year ago. By fast talking Barbara into teaching, they hadn't really gained a thing. True, they had found someone to fill their vacancy in the schoolhouse, but they hadn't found a teacher. Now, a year later, they were back to where they had been a year ago— ready to go look for a teacher. And in the meanwhile, their school had lost out, because not only had they hired an inexperienced teacher, but an uninterested one as well.

Not all the teachers who drop out after a year or so were coaxed into teaching. There are some who show interest in teaching and seek a position, then after a term or two, find they aren't qualified to go on. It is to be expected that any occupation will have drop-outs, but more careful screening of possibilities should lower the percent of teacher drop-outs.

Here are a few qualifications a teacher should meet:

1. A teacher must, first of all, love children. Anyone who finds children to be hard on the nerves had better stay away from the schoolhouse. Teachers are liable to see both the best and the worst in their pupils, and it takes a person who not only professes to love children, but one who is able to put this love into action.

2. A teacher must show signs of maturity. There must be a definite gap between "pupil" and "teacher" and many would-be teachers have failed because they were unable to keep the margin wide enough so as to gain the respect of their pupils without making it so wide that they appear to be dominating and unsympathetic.

3. A teacher must have a substantial education. It is true that a smart person isn't necessarily the best teacher, but it is not true that a slow learner will always be an ideal patient teacher. A teacher must be open-minded and willing to learn rather than one who knows everything already.

4. A teacher must be willing to work for reasonable wages. The very fact that a person is willing to quit a high-paying job to be of valuable service to a community which shares her faith might be one of the true marks of qualification.

5. A teacher must be energetic. Teaching is hard work. The day does not end when the children go home from school in the afternoon. In fact, some teachers say they spend almost as much time working before and after school as they do in school.

6. A teacher must be able to take criticism. It is impossible to please everyone and a teacher especially puts herself into a position where she is a good target for criticism. Not only must she be able to accept criticism, but she must also be able to discriminate between constructive criticism and

Emma L. Yoder, teacher of Greenhill School, Dover, Deleware, was married to David A. Miller on March 23rd. This was Emma's third term of teaching.

Malinda M. Miller, upper-grade teacher at Rose Valley, Dover, Delaware, and Joe W. Miller are planning to be married on April 6th. Malinda had discontinued teaching earlier in the term.

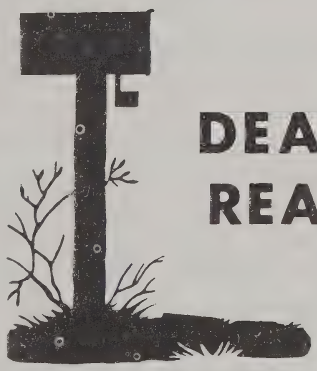
petty "picking." And she must learn to apply constructive criticism to her teaching and improve by it, and ignore the "picking."

7. A teacher must not be easily discouraged. Teaching, like any other occupation, is not always as rewarding as we wish it would be. It is keeping on when there seems to be no use to do so. It is loving children (and their parents) when they seem to least deserve our love. It is solving one problem only to be confronted with another one. All in all, it is a task that calls for patience and undaunted ambition, spurred onward by an optimistic outlook.

8. Last, but not least, a teacher must be a Christian example to her children. Only when a person has been firmly anchored in a living faith and made himself recipient of God's promised grace will he be able to fill the other qualifications of a teacher.

The eight listed qualifications of a teacher are by no means meant to discourage would-be teachers. I doubt if there is any teacher who would feel she wholly fills any of the qualifications mentioned. As in Jesus' parable of the sower, the most earnest attempts often fall short of perfection. The teachers who keep on teaching are not those who never make mistakes or fall short of being what they want to be. They are the teachers who are willing to learn from their mistakes, forgive when they have been wronged, and look to each new day with renewed courage.

No one should be coaxed into filling a position in a schoolhouse. The teachers who have to be coaxed rarely make good teachers. On the other hand, there are people who possess an interest in teaching, have a love for children, and seemingly have the personality that qualifies them as teachers. These are the ones that should be encouraged (but not coaxed) to consider teaching.



DEAR READERS,

BALTIC, OHIO

DEAR READERS,

As I sit here by the warm schoolhouse stove I can hear the cold west wind howling. The snow is being blown in wavy whiteness and left on small heaps here and there. It is the fourth day of February and school has begun for the day. It was opened by reciting the Lord's Prayer in German, which was followed by three songs. Then classes started and continued one after the other. Right now it is after recess and the teacher, Miss Elizabeth E. Miller is having reading.

I keep glancing at the clock and am surprised at how fast it seems to move toward its goal. "Its goal?" you might ask. "What goal?" Twelve o'clock seems to be its goal and without hesitation it starts all over again. Isn't this a good example for us, too, whether we are in school or out of school?

Above the clock is a nice proverb saying, "Take a lesson from the clock; keep your hands moving."

Since this is Friday, the upper grades are having German reading. The fifth graders are reading out of the Testament. Can we be thankful enough to have the privilege of such reading classes? It makes a person's heart feel good to hear school children learning German and I hope it will be a help to them in later years.

Some people used to think it would get the pupils confused by learning two languages at one time. But it has been proven that at the grade four and five level they are able to learn two languages.

No school can be run without small problems arising from time to time and this one is no exception. But why should there by major problems when everyone stays in his place? Problems often develop from misunderstandings. Misunderstandings only grow to be problems when cooperation lacks. We feel thankful for the cooperation which has been shown here so far.

I would encourage all parents to visit their school. It will give you a better understanding of how the school is run and at the same time, encourages the teacher and the pupils.

It looks like the children will have warm sandwiches for lunch. They placed their sandwiches (wrapped in tin foil) on top of the furnace at recess. This is something we did not have the privilege of in the school (public) when this writer attended.

The clock shows that it will soon be time for lunch. I will close with best wishes.

A parent,
M.E. Hershberger

ELMIRA, ONTARIO

DEAR READERS,

Greetings from wintery Ontario! May this find teachers sliding along as smoothly in their classrooms as we can on the roads at present. It seems February is passing by and before we know it, we're hustling to get those Easter reports finished. (Didn't we just stack them away a few weeks ago?)

I guess it's our own fault if we don't have so much to show up for February. One afternoon a thoughtful parent hitched up his team to a sleigh and took us all to visit the Winterbourne School. The same week we held an "open house" one afternoon with all the parents attending, excepting one who couldn't come on account of illness. How heartwarming it is to see the parents care!

Then last week—may I share a few pages from my diary?

Monday—in reply to "Any news this morning?" someone wondered when we would go sledding. Since the closest hill is over a mile away, we had to make arrangements beforehand. We decided we would go the following afternoon, weather permitting.

Tuesday—We awakened to see a heavy wet snow falling, but by noon it had cleared some. Bearing sleds, toboggans, and plastic freezer bags, grades three to eight trouped back to the hill. I took grades one and two with me in the cutter. What a breeze to escape language lessons!

With two or three little ones trying to tell me something at once, the ride didn't seem long enough. What I learned in those few minutes! Those tender hearts certainly take some things more seriously than we realize. May we, as teachers and parents, not "snap off" their earnest questions.

After an enjoyable afternoon, upon arriving back whom did we meet but visitors— two board members from another section.

Wednesday— back to good old-fashioned hard work.

Thursday— We were ashamed with our dirty floors so we armed the boys with soap, hot water, rags, and scouring powder. In spite of their good-natured protesting like, "I'm afraid I'll get lady's hands," they did an excellent job of scrubbing. (Even the girls said so.) While the girls were waxing a third grader announced, "Guess what! We are getting company."

Friday—"Everyone ready for their spelling test?........" In the afternoon we relaxed with woodworking and sewing. "I just can't thread this needle....." "This is the second blade I broke......"

Saturday— A day off! A day to accept another teacher's invitation to her home. A day to prepare history tests. A day to get those mittens darned.....

Sunday— Blessed Sabbath, day of rest. Temperature ten below.

Monday— This week we'll have to settle back to work. There are some tests waiting to be taken. When I asked my first graders what we can buy at a store, their first replies were, "Ice cream, chocolate bars, and candy." May we, as teachers, not expect our classroom to be all "chocolate bars and ice cream." Let us remember that the same stores also sell vinegar and mustard.

Yes, some days will be cloudy and moments of indecision will surround us. What a wonderful opportunity to look up and receive that blessed assurance of His never-failing guidance.

Best wishes to all!
Anna Martin

Is It Worth the Effort?

IT WAS THE beginning of another day for Teacher Mary Eby. As she neared the schoolhouse she breathed a prayer for help and guidance that she might know, even on the spur of the moment, what to do with the problems that might arise. As she sat down at her desk, she remembered that she had to prepare questions for seventh and eighth history. After that she got arithmetic assignments ready.

Looking down the road, Mary saw a few of her pupils coming. Soon they were at the door and as the Weber sisters entered, she greeted them with a hearty "Good morning." They had a friendly smile for their teacher and a few overnight happenings to tell which Teacher Mary was interested in hearing. Shortly after that other pupils came and soon the schoolhouse and the playground were again ringing with children's voices.

Just as Mary was ready to ring the bell little Sally Yoder came in crying. She had fallen and had scratched her leg, so Mary became a "nurse" and soon Sally was smiling again.

Mary rang the bell which brought the children trooping in. It took them a while to take off their boots and wraps. After morning devotions, classes began. Quite a few hands went up and Mary had to keep on the move to answer them. Ada Weber had forgotten her arithmetic book and Mary supplied her with another one.

"Fifth graders, go to the board this morning," Mary said. "I would like to see you work some fractions. It seems some of you still don't understand which fractions can be reduced to lower terms." After going over it quite a few times, the lesson finally seemed to soak in.

Quite a bit of Mary's time this morning was spent in helping Johnny, a slow first grader, with his arithmetic. Even then, when she checked over his work, she still found quite a few wrong.

"Now, Johnny," she said, "if you have 6 balls, and I take one away from you, would you still have 6 left?"

Johnny seemed more sure of himself. He quickly erased the "6" and put down a "4." Mary started all over again and explained it a few more times until Johnny finally came up with the right answer. Keeping at it in this manner, the page was completed.

Mary felt a little ripple of excitement go through the classroom, and when she looked up most of the children were looking out the window. Naturally, her glance followed and she saw that it was snowing. No wonder the children were excited. Somehow, the snow had an affect on the teacher, too.

During the lunch period Daniel Eby came in and complained that the other children did not let him play. Mary went out to see about it, and the others insisted he didn't play fair. After a bit of counseling, Daniel joined the game and everyone played as if nothing had happened.

It was still snowing in the afternoon, which made it hard for the children to concentrate on their lessons. Once or twice Mary had to remind Emma King to keep at her work and stop looking out the window. Daniel Eby was not finished with his spelling and Johnny Anderson couldn't find his reading book. Wayne Miller, a fifth grader, still had trouble with his arithmetic. He just couldn't understand about reducing fractions to their lowest term. With a silent prayer for patience, Mary explained it all over again. The clock ticked on, much too fast for the teacher.

At 3:00 the pupils were dismissed and Mary watched them as they disappeared from sight. Then she turned back to her desk. As she surveyed the helter-skelter appearance, with so many papers to grade, she suddenly wondered if teaching was really worth all the effort she put into it. She was on the verge of discouragement, but then she remembered something else—the apple she had gotten from Miriam Weber. It wasn't as much the apple as it was the smile that had come with it. She remembered how excited Wayne Miller had been when he told her that their dog had puppies and the friendly "good-by" she had received from Daniel, when such a short time before she had scolded him for not being done with his work.

Mary went on thinking for a while, then she asked the question again, "Is teaching really worth the effort?" This time, having thought of all the joys that come with teaching, she answered wholeheartedly, "Yes, it certainly is worth all I can put into it!" —Pennsylvania

IT PAYS TO LISTEN

by Uria Byler

SOME YEARS AGO a teacher was sitting at his desk during the noon hour catching up on some odds and ends. There were several stray papers to check, some lessons to prepare for the afternoon activities, and a few other things to see after. It had been a routine day in midwinter, perhaps even bordering on becoming boring and monotonous. Things had been running smoothly for a while now and only the evening before this teacher had commented to his wife about how nice it was not to have to be constantly admonishing the pupils.

Soon the teacher went out to the playground to check on what his pupils were doing. Off to one side the upper-grade boys were having a snowball fight. It wasn't anything serious — just good, healthy winter fun. The smaller boys were having a "fox and geese" game, and a few girls were making snow men and women.

In the basement the main group of girls was playing school, complete with books, arithmetic lessons, and all. This warmed the teacher's heart, for didn't that show an interest in school and teaching? Coming back to his desk, the teacher sat down and continued his work. He was happy that the children were busy and contented. As usual, there was a group of children standing around his desk, whispering and talking in low tones as they watched him work. With one ear tuned to their talk, the teacher went on with his work until it was almost time to ring the bell.

Suddenly he became aware that the talk had a slightly different tone than usual. It seemed more restrained, more serious, and not the usual light-hearted chattering. Pretending not to hear, but all ears now, the teacher busied himself a while longer than usual and soon had enough information to tell him there was something on the little girls minds that they wanted him to know, yet didn't have the nerve to tell him.

"You tell him."

"Nay, ich shem mich."

"I don't want to be a tattletale."

Expressions such as these were batted back and forth until the teacher's curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Something was going on and he determined to find out what it was. But how? Should he take them aside and ask what was bothering them? Perhaps it was only some child's minor worry, but how was the teacher to know? He had a feeling it might be something more serious.

The teacher had had several years of experience, and he had learned never to pass off such childish concerns as "tattling." Several times before, a potentially bad situation had been caught in time to avoid a crisis, simply because some innocent child's conscience had been bothering him. Knowing the act to be wrong, he had told his teacher about it, and the matter was taken care of before it got out of hand.

Rather than pressing the children to tell him now, the teacher decided to wait. Probably when they were ready, they would tell it better and more accurately. Meanwhile, he determined to keep his eyes and ears open and see if he could detect anything unusual. He went over to his assistant's desk, told her about it, and rang the bell. Everything went on as usual the rest of the day. The teachers watched closely during classes for cheating, passing notes, and other violations of the rules, but nothing showed up.

The next day the teachers both spent most of the recess and noon periods in wandering around, looking as innocent as possible, but nothing unusual was noted. The same children gathered around the teacher's desk several times, but the talk was about everyday topics. Everything seemed almost normal, but not quite. There was a mysterious feeling of something different in the attitude of some of the pupils. Was it the way the upper-grade boys looked at the teacher when he went to the basement to check the fire at recess? And instead of going right out to play they first stood around in little groups. This was unusual. The two teachers talked it over when the children had all gone home that evening, and it was decided they would go on as before until something definitely came up. After all they couldn't do much with what little suspicions they had so far. They were convinced that something was stirring and felt sure if there really was, it would show up soon. They agreed to be on guard, alert to any misdoings. Before locking up the schoolhouse for the night, the teachers made a thorough search through all the desks of the upper-grade boys and girls. Everything seemed to be in order.

A day or so later the big break came, not through a bright stroke of genius on the teachers' part, but once more through the troubled conscience of a child— a child who had been taught by her parents that it was wrong to misbehave in school, as well as at home. She had evidently been carrying the knowledge of what was going on for several days, then she could no longer live with it.

Very early that morning two little girls came to the teacher's desk and without hesitating a moment, told the teacher of a nasty bit of literature which had been circulating among some of the boys. How did they know? An older brother of one of the girls told them and asked them to tell the teacher. He, too, had a conscience against it, but didn't have the nerve to tell himself.

"Do your Dad and Mom know about it?" asked the teacher.

The little girl hung her head a little sheepishly, then replied, "No, they don't want us to come home and talk about school all the time."

The other girl added, "My parents don't either. They have enough troubles of their own, without listening to ours yet, too."

Using the information the teacher got from the pupils, he started his investigation by separately questioning some of the older boys who, except for a few, willing told the teacher all about it. They, too, knew right from wrong and seemed relieved to get it "off their chests." Because of their cooperation, the trouble was soon cleared up.

At the next parent-board meeting one of the main topics was "tattling." The teacher asked the parents to please listen to school talk at home, and if it appeared that there might be anything serious going on behind the teacher's back they should either report it to the teacher, or ask their children to do so. They were told that in such incidents, the names of the parents and pupils who "tattled" would be kept strictly confidential, and that the parents must realize teachers simply can not be all over the school property at the same time keeping track of what is going on, no matter how hard they try. In short, the parents were asked to lend the teacher their assistance in running a well-behaved school.

During the discussion one parent brought up a good point. "Would you want us to believe everything our children tell us at home, including criticism of the teachers? Suppose, for example, they would complain that you are not helping them with arithmetic, or that you have pets in school?"

This brought a few chuckles and possibly caused the teacher a bit of embarrassment, but it was a good question to ask at that time. There was only one answer to that. If the children's complaint seemed logical, no matter what it was, the parents were encouraged to talk it over with the teacher. Children do have a lot of capacity for imagination in their minds, but it shouldn't be hard for Dad and Mom to distinguish imagination from fact. So, it was explained, the teacher would appreciate if the parents would never cut off their children with "I'll hear no more of your school talk." They were encouraged to at least listen, then weigh their complaints before passing judgment, even if the teacher's conduct was involved.

After a long and thorough discussion the parents agreed to the teacher's request, although a few had misgivings that it would lead to a lot of useless complaints and tattling, and that it might cause ill feelings among the pupils if they knew they were being told on by each other.

The old school bell has rung many times since then, and a lot of classes have been called. Details have become rather hazy, but enough stands out clearly today that it can be said those parents' fears were unfounded. There was no trouble or ill feelings because of this. What really developed out of it was parent-teacher cooperation at it's best, and children always got along fine with each other.

THE BOOKSHELF

BLITZ, A FIRE HORSE

This book takes the reader back to the days when the only fire engines were horse-drawn ones.Blitz, carefully trained and well cared for, soon became the most-talked-about horse in the county—fast and sure and first at almost every fire.

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Children are not stupid. They know right from wrong and they also know what a teacher expects of them. In their innocent way, they have a conscience and they enjoy a well-disciplined school better than one where discipline is lax, or non-existant. For that reason they are willing to cooperate with the teacher, especially if their parents do their part.

I know of one teacher who has made enough mistakes and wrong decisions during his school-teaching days to worry about it the rest of his days. Remorse and doubts of bygones still come back to haunt him in those moments when he thinks back over his teaching days. While visiting schools, reading the Bulletin, and listening in on teacher's conversations, he wonders why he did not try this, or do that. But it doesn't pay to mope about it now.

However, he never has had to regret that he encouraged his parents and pupils to report any mischief and wrong doing. He also never has been pestered by "tattlers." Really, he has had to wonder if there is such a thing as "tattling." Sure, Mary has come to him with a heavy heart because Katie made a snout at her, and Danny couldn't understand why the other boys wouldn't let him play with them. But a few kind words usually healed their feelings. This isn't tattling; to children these are serious matters.

We are altogether too apt to underestimate children in many ways. If they are being raised in Christian homes, they will soon develop that sense of right and wrong. They are taught to obey and to report any wrong they or someone else do to their parents. Then they start to school and are in strange surroundings, among strange people and are under a strange authority. Everything seems different.

The time will come, sooner or later, when the beginning pupil will hear a nasty word, or see someone cheating, or roughing up someone else, or calling him a name, or see someone making fun of some child's worn-out rubbers. This hurts him, for he knows it is wrong. His first thought is to tell someone. That someone is whomever he knows to be in authority. Is this tattling? No, it is merely unburdening a heavy heart by telling someone what's bothering his conscience.

What if Teacher cuts him off with words like, "Run along now. Go out and play. We can't have any tattling in our school." Isn't the child likely to get the impression that such things aren't wrong after all, and as he grows up, he will keep his thoughts to himself? What's the use of telling someone if they don't listen?

In one ex-teacher's opinion, it pays to listen. In fact, we can't afford to not listen.

by Cousin Carrie

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This is the story of 13-year-old Emma Bontrager who like most girls her age finds life frustrating. She is subject to sudden changes of moods and has difficulty getting along first at school and then at home. But as the story progresses Emma sees that much of her trouble is with "self" more than others.

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THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter Nine -- A Problem and a Decision

ORPHA SLOWLY MADE her way to school that lovely spring morning. In her heart was none of that joy a beautiful morning usually brings. She was unaware of the red-winged blackbird's cheery call as it lighted on the telephone wires, nor of the song sparrow's trill from the fence. Her heart was heavy as she thought once more of the discovery she had made last night just before she left the schoolhouse. Just when she thought she had made up her mind to teach another term at Maple Creek, she had found that magazine in the basement of her schoolhouse. She had to face the cold hard fact that one of her pupils had brought it to school. Orpha shuttered as she thought of the obscene pictures the magazine contained. Yes, the shock was enough to bring Orpha's spirits to a low ebb and had caused sleep to elude her most of the night.

As Orpha had tossed and turned the night before, she had been tempted to ignore the whole thing, partly because she didn't know how to go about finding out who had brought the magazine to school and partly because school would soon close. Couldn't she just forget it, hoping the problem would dissolve with the closing of the school term? But now she rebuked herself for even thinking such thoughts, for she knew it was her duty to do what she could to help her pupils see the seriousness of having such literature in their possession.

But the magazine alone was not the cause of her low spirit. She had thought she could trust her pupils. Sure, Danny Troyer and Alvin Erb and a few other boys had given her some trouble earlier in the term, but the last while they had done a lot better and Orpha had been able to build up quite a bit of confidence in them. Were they the ones who had brought the magazine to school? Orpha couldn't believe that any other pupil at Maple Creek would have such a book. Not only did she know that the magazine was in school, but was forced to wonder how many of the boys had looked at it. It had been on the floor, as if it had carelessly been left there. Why, maybe even the first graders had seen it.

Thus Orpha's mind continued churning in a turmoil as she unlocked the schoolhouse door. Absently-mindedly she built a fire in the stove to take off the morning chill and began making a few last minute preparations for the day. "I think I'll give the children the opportunity to come to me and confess," she decided hopefully. "If they come to me and confess, that would make it so much easier for everyone concerned. But would Alvin or Danny confess something like this? Well, I'll give them a chance," she thought. With that decision, she was able to greet the children and begin the day almost like usual.

"Boys and girls," she began before she started with classes. "Last night when I went downstairs to close the door before I went home, I found something that made me very unhappy." Orpha slowly looked from one of her pupils to the other, carefully searching their faces for any sign of guilt, especially Danny's and Alvin's. "It was a small magazine someone must have brought to school. I don't need to go into any details describing it, but I'm sure anyone who saw it knows what I am talking about." She cleared her throat and took a deep breath. The classroom was very quiet and warm.

The children's faces seemed to be masked this morning. "Will any of you who know anything about this please come and confess sometime today?"she continued. "This would make it much easier for you and for me and for everyone concerned."

Most of the children seemed to be staring at their desks or at the blackboard. Though the children were somewhat subdued, the morning work continued as usual. When recess came, Orpha stayed close to her desk, hoping one of the boys would seek her out and make a confession. Her heart pounded as recess drew to a close and she still didn't know more about it than she had.

Were the guilty ones going to be stubborn about it? Had they secretly been reading such things for a long time? Where had they gotten it? Perhaps from an older brother at home. Yes, Danny Troyer had an older brother, and it would be just like him to bring it to school. And Alvin Erb would be just the one to delight in being in on the secret. Orpha's stomach tightened when she thought of the problem she would face if one of the Erb children would be in on this. On and on her thoughts rambled. The longer she thought about it, the more disgusted she became that such things were available to her pupils. If they could get such literature in their own homes and bring them along to school, what was the use of trying to teach them something better? She might as well go back to housework where solving such problems wasn't her responsibility. There she could work

SCHOOLS, THEN AND NOW

-by Mrs. Ruby Bontrager

Our one-room schools of yesteryears
Have faded out of sight;
Our schools today have many rooms,
And halls so long and wide.

The children now are called from play
By just a buzzer sound,
Our school bell on a quiet morn
Was heard for miles around.

The children now write on chalkboards
That are green instead of black;
And boys' and girls' rooms down the hall;
No more "houses" out in back.

The lunch pails are not needed now;
Hot lunches are a treat,
They're served from modern kitchens, too,
On tables long and neat.

We got our drinks out by the pump,
Complete with rusting sink.
On cold days, though, we'd fill a pail
And bring it in to drink.

They drink from fountains in the hall,
No fear that they will freeze;
Their sinks have faucets, hot and cold—
And also soap, if you please.

Our softball bases— boards for bats,
Are things they'd laugh about;
Our balls were sponge balls, any size,
And over the fence was out.

The children now belong to leagues,
And travel miles to play;
Three "R's" have been replaced by sports,
With trophies for display.

Along with neighbor boys and girls,
We usually walked to school;
Come winter days, we'd wear our coats
And mittens made of wool.

They ride on heated buses now,
With seats so soft and nice;
So physical education classes,
Provide their exercise.

They have big gyms for indoor games,
On cold and rainy days,
My, oh my, how things have changed;
We've modernized our ways!

hard all day, but in the evening she would at least have the feeling she had accomplished something. She'd let someone else solve problems like this next year. She was almost glad this had come up, for otherwise she would probably have let someone talk her into teaching another term.

Glancing at the clock, she walked back and rang the bell. From where she stood, Orpha could see the children drop their playing and hurry to the schoolhouse. At that moment Lizzie Mullet came to the door. When she saw Orpha, she smiled cheerfully. Orpha smiled back. "Yes, I'll miss the children," she said to herself. "But I won't miss the problems that go with teaching. I've had enough of those."

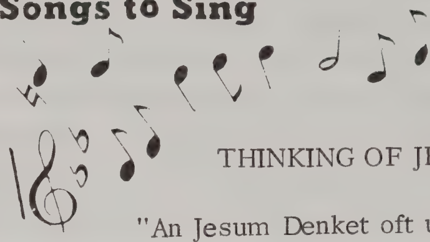
The day continued. The noon period brought its tenseness, hope and dread—hope that someone would come and confess, and dread for the ordeal if they didn't. Before the last recess Orpha once more reminded the children about the magazine she had found and asked for confession. "Remember, I'll take this up with the schoolboard if I can't find out who it was," she cautioned.

As Orpha helped the girls with their usual cleaning at recess, she kept thinking, "Probably it was one of those two boys. And what if it was Alvin? How will I punish him without getting into trouble with Chriss Betty?" Orpha couldn't help but imagine the worst. The other time she had punished Alvin, she had done it innocently, for she did not have any idea that Chriss Betty would object. But this time she knew, and what should she do about it? Yes, this was the day Orpha had hoped would never, never come.

Finally the day ended and she dismissed the children to go home. After the schoolhouse was quiet, Orpha sat at her desk, her chin resting in her hand. "Now what?" she asked herself. But before she could think any more troubled thoughts, there was a slight noise at the door. Orpha held her breath as she waited. Would it be Alvin or Danny?

It turned out to be neither of the two boys Orpha had expected. She couldn't help but give a surprised little gasp as she saw Marvin Miller, a seventh grader step inside and close the door. Marvin, of all her pupils, was one of the last ones she would have suspected. He was quiet, likeable,

Songs to Sing



THINKING OF JESUS

"An Jesum Denket oft und Viel"

8,8,8,8.

Thinking of Jesus day and night
Brings joy unmeasured, great delight;
As sweet as honey to the taste,
To me the presence of his grace.

There's naught my tongue would rather sing,
Naught purer in my ears can ring;
There's nothing sweeter to my heart
Than thou, beloved Jesus, art.

O, Jesus, my joy and delight!
O, well of life, O, sun so bright;
Without thee every joy is vain,
And what man on this earth could gain.

Thy love, dear Jesus, is so sweet,
When locked within my heart so deep;
Reviving me from boundless store,
A thousand thousand times and more.

O, love and praise the Lord with me,
His love remains eternally,
Rewardeth love with love always,
And ceaseth not through endless days.

His name is always in my mind,
I come and go and where I find
Myself, how happy I shall be,
If he is mine eternally!

In Thee is all my heart's desire,
Thy faithfulness doth me inspire;
Thine be the glory, Lord divine,
Jesus, thou Saviour of mankind.

and well-behaved—not at all the type of boy who would bring an obscene magazine to school.

Silence filled the room. Orpha held her breath, but when Marvin didn't speak, she said, "Was — was there something you wanted?"

"I — I brought t-t-that magazine to school," Marvin faltered.

Orpha was shocked, stating it mildly. "Why?" she asked.

"I— I found it on the way to school yesterday morning," said Marvin slowly. "It was lying in the ditch down by Jake's lane and I picked it up and looked at it." He shifted from one foot to the other nervously.

"Did any of the other boys look at it?" she asked.

"Reuben did," said Marvin slowly. "And Levi. Levi said I'd better get rid of it and fast, too," said Marvin.

"And why didn't you?" asked Orpha. She was glad that Levi Hochstetler knew enough to rebuke the younger boys for having such a magazine in their possession.

It was a long time before Marvin answered. "I— I wasn't done looking at it and I— I wanted to take it along home," he said slowly. "When I got home it wasn't in my pocket anymore."

Suddenly Orpha knew that Marvin was saying the truth. The magazine had fallen from his coat pocket as he was getting ready to go home. The things weren't as serious as she had imagined they were, but she still knew it was her duty to try and get Marvin to realize how much harm such a book would do to him. He listened respectfully as she talked to him about the evils of such literature.

"I— I'm sorry," he said when Orpha was through. "I wanted to— to tell you at recess, but— but I was afraid the others would find out."

Orpha assured Marvin that she understood and thanked him for telling her before he went home. "I feel a lot better, and I'm sure you do, too. Don't you?"

Marvin nodded his head vigorously, a tear glistening in each eye. Orpha's voice was not quite steady as she thanked him again and told him he could go home.

After Marvin had left, Orpha once more sat at the desk in deep thought. After such a simple solution she should have been happy, but she wasn't really. She couldn't dismiss the thought that she had been so quick to blame Danny and Alvin for something they had been completely innocent of. And on top of that she had imagined all kinds of things about Chriss Betty. She had mentally accused her pupils' parents for being unconcerned about a matter they probably were very much concerned about. For the next few minutes Orpha relived the tenseness and frustrations of that day and she realized they had been caused by her own ungrounded imaginations and self-pity. She felt very much ashamed of herself.

With a lighter heart Orpha reached for the stack of papers that were waiting to be graded. She glanced through them to see what all she had to check. First grade numbers— she put these aside for an idle pupil the next day. Letters the sixth graders had written, writing papers from the four lower grades, and spelling sentences from all the grades. Orpha decided to start on those. She was pleased with the sentences, for they showed definite improvement. On and on she checked. Then she was on the last paper, Lizzie Mullet's. Her second last sentence read, "I think we have all learned to appreciate what our teacher has done for us."

Orpha wondered how she could be so burdened one minute and so happy the next. Somehow, the problem that had seemed so monstrous that morning had been solved. And in her heart, Orpha knew there was another problem that had been solved along with it. She was no longer wavering in indecision. She realized that these children were very dear to her and she was thankful the school board had overlooked her shortcomings and were willing to give her another chance. She looked forward to giving them her answer next Friday evening at the monthly meeting. With eager anticipation, Orpha already was mentally making plans for next year— her second term at Maple Creek.

(to be continued)

to READ ALOUD

Will didn't feel quite right. Somehow, he didn't feel as if he deserved the praise the teacher had given him.

THE PICTURE

-By Elmo Stoll

WILL BEILER SAT AT his desk, wondering what he could do next. He looked at the clock on the wall. It would be another half hour before school was dismissed.

He pulled out his reading book, and paged through it, glancing at the stories without interest. He had read all those stories several times already. Who wanted to read them a third time?

The book fell open at the picture of a large owl sitting on a tree in the dark, a round moon peeping over the hills behind it. Will sat idly studying the picture. He always had liked that picture. The owl looked so real, almost as if it might lift its wings and, flapping heavily, fly away into the night.

Will's eyes followed the sharp, clear, black lines in the picture. "Whoever drew that really was an artist," Will said to himself. "I wish I could draw like that."

He sat and thought a while longer, then glanced at the clock again. The black hands scarcely moved. He still had a half hour before school dismissed.

Reaching into his desk, Will took out a large tablet. He opened it to the back, and carefully tore out a sheet of paper. He placed it over the picture to see if it was large enough. It was.

"I don't want to trace it," Will thought. "Anyone can trace a picture. I just want to look at the picture and see how nearly I can draw it." So he lifted the paper from the picture and placed it on the desk alongside the book.

But the sheet of paper looked so empty. Will hesitated, almost afraid to begin. He really wasn't too good at drawing, and feared he wouldn't have much success with the owl scene. Once again he placed the paper on top of the picture. "I'll just make a light dot at the top of the owl so I'll know where to start," Will told himself. He placed the dot very lightly at the top of the owl's head, then two more dots, one at the tip of each ear. "I need a dot to show how far down to come with the owl," Will decided next. So he placed another dot very, very lightly on his paper. He surveyed the paper critically. Moving quickly, he placed some more dots, marking the base of the tree, the spot where the limb left the tree trunk, and some of the markings on the owl. He placed dots on each side of the moon, too.

"There, "I'm ready to start," Will told himself. He lifted the paper from the book. Carefully he filled in the picture. He was surprised at how easy it was. With the help of the dots, he could fill in each part of the picture piece by piece, and before long he had drawn a picture that looked a lot like the one in his reading book. It wasn't nearly as good, of course, but it was still pretty good, much better than Will had figured he could do. There were a few smudges here and there where he had erased a line and gone over it a second time. Then, too, his lines were more irregular and not so even and smooth as the picture in the book.

When he was all finished, Will sat admiring the picture he had drawn. He half wished the teacher would come down the aisle and notice the picture. She would be surprised he could draw so well.

Will glanced at the clock. Five more minutes.

"Put your things away," the teacher said. "It's time to dismiss."

Will bent to pick up a few scraps of paper from the floor, and put his reading book inside his desk. He left the picture lying on the top. He decided he would take it home and show it to the others at home. They would be surprised that he could draw such a good picture.

School was dismissed, and Will suddenly remembered that he needed a large envelope or something to put his picture into in order to take it home. He didn't want to fold it, or wrinkle it. He took some books out of his desk. It seemed to him that he had a paper bag folded and placed in the bottom of his desk, but now he couldn't find it.

He decided to ask the teacher if she had a large envelope he could borrow.

"What do you want it for?"Teacher asked.

"I drew a picture and I want something to put it into to take it home, so it won't get dirty and wrinkled."

Teacher looked in her desk drawers. "Here's one you can use if you bring it back," she said, handing it to him. "May I see the picture?"

"All right," Will said shyly, but secretly he was pleased. "I copied it from the picture in our reader. It's not too good."

Will walked back to his desk and picked up the picture and showed it to Teacher.

"It's nice," she said. "Could you see very well to trace it through this paper. It's almost too thick."

"But I didn't trace it," Will said. "I drew it looking off the other picture."

The teacher looked at the picture closely. "This is really good," she said slowly. "Let's see the picture in your reader. I do not quite remember how it looks any more."

Will took out his reader and opened it to the owl picture. The teacher studied it, then looked at Will's picture. Her eyes glanced first at one, then at the other, then back again to the first. It was easy to see that she was puzzled, and didn't know what to make of it. The picture wasn't quite good enough to have been traced, but almost too good to have been done freehand.

"You say you didn't trace it?" she asked again.

"No, I didn't," Will said, but this time his face felt warm. But then he couldn't see why he should feel so uncomfortable. He was telling the truth. He hadn't traced the picture. All he had done was make a few dots to help him know where to start. That certainly wasn't tracing.

At last the teacher was satisfied. "I had not known you could draw so well," she said, smiling, reassuring Will that she believed him. "Be sure and bring your picture back to school tomorrow morning. I want to put it on the bulletin board. I think it's really good."

She handed the picture to Will and he took it without speaking. He didn't know what to say. He felt good all over to have her praise his drawing. He had always dreamed of being able to draw well, and now at last he had succeeded. But still he didn't feel quite right. Somehow he felt as if he didn't deserve the praise the teacher had given him.

The teacher walked back to her desk, and Will gathered up his things, grabbed his coat and hat, slipped on his boots and started for home. He tried to remember the words of praise the teacher had given him, "I want to put the picture on the bulletin board. I think it's really good..."

And remembering, Will felt good. Yet he felt a little bad, too. He wondered if the teacher would have praised him so much if she had known that he had made the picture with the help of some dots.

For some reason, when he got home, Will didn't feel like showing the picture to his brothers and sisters. He slipped it under his coat. Maybe later in the evening he would bring it out.

But the evening passed and Will didn't bother bringing out the picture to show it to the rest of the family.

When bedtime came, Will went to bed. Once again he recalled the words of praise his teacher had spoken. But when he tried to sleep, those little dots he had made seemed to keep him awake, like so many pebbles in his bed. At last, though he fell asleep.

The next morning Will awoke, and hurried downstairs. He remembered his picture, and placed it below his coat, so he wouldn't forget to take it back to school. In his mind he could already picture all the other children gathering around, surprised that he could draw such a good picture without tracing. He could just see them looking at him, admiration in their eyes, envy in their voices.

At first Will walked with long, quick steps, hurrying on his way to school. But the closer he came to school, the slower he walked. He began thinking about those troublesome dots again. Had he really deserved the teacher's praise yesterday?

Will shook his head. Deep down inside he knew he wasn't really that good an artist. His drawing ability was just about average. If he let the teacher put his picture on the bulletin board, all the other children would brag on him. But he himself would know better. He might trick the others, but he couldn't trick himself.

Then Will thought of something else. If he pretended to be a good artist and really was not, he might get himself into a tight spot. People would expect more of him. If he gave himself such a reputation, would he be able to live up to it? Of course not. The first time he drew something when someone was watching, they would see that he couldn't draw so well after all.

"I'd better just not pretend to be something I'm not," Will told himself. He was almost at the schoolyard now, so he once again began walking faster. Now that he had made up his mind what he would do, he figured he had better hurry before he backed out again. Entering the schoolhouse, Will saw that the teacher was at her desk.

She looked up as he walked up the long aisle between the desks. "Good morning, Will," she smiled.

"Good morning." Will held the picture under his arm.

"I see you didn't forget your picture," she said. "You can just put it here on my desk and I'll put it up at noon." She pointed to the left side of her desk top where she had a stack of notebooks and papers.

Will hesitated. He had to say it now or never. He felt like just putting the picture on her desk and walking away. That would be the easiest way, and no one would ever know what else he had resolved to do. But then he remembered that guilty feeling he had when the teacher had praised him, and he knew that he hadn't really earned that praise. He didn't want to have that guilty feeling again.

Will took a deep breath. "Ah-er, er, Teacher," he stammered. "I-I, I think-uh, I-I mean I don't want you to put my picture on the bulletin board."

The teacher looked up. She seemed surprised. "You don't? Why not?"

Will felt his face turn red. "I-I don't want to make everyone think I can draw that — that good, because I can't. You see, I didn't exactly trace the picture, but I still made some dots that helped me a lot in drawing it."

"Some dots?" the teacher asked, puzzledly. "I don't understand."

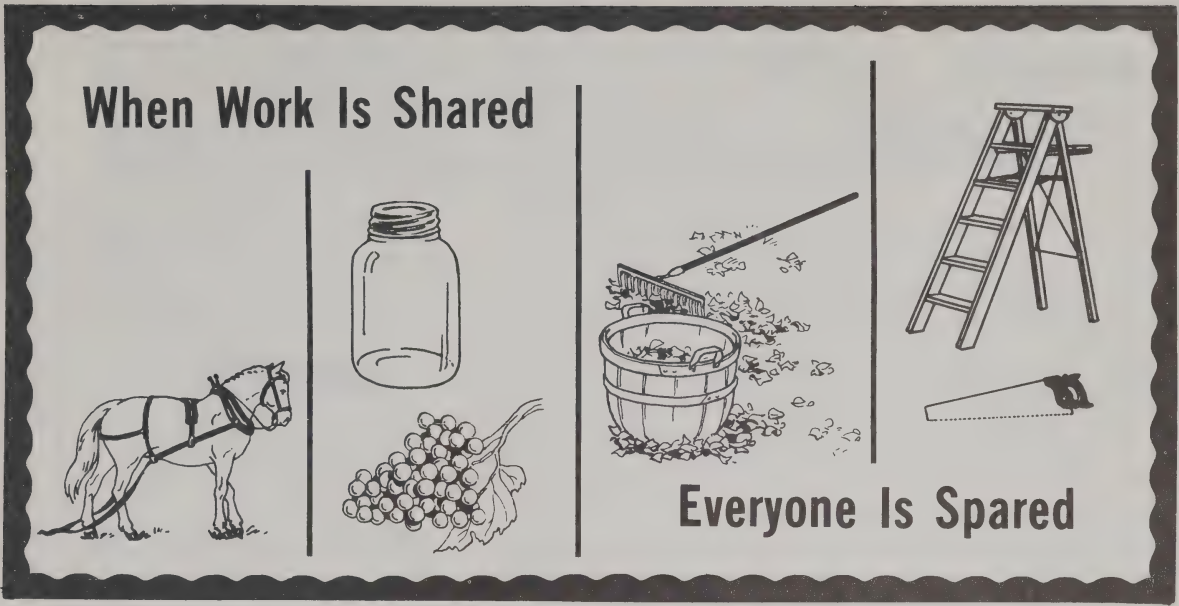
Will wished he wouldn't have to talk about it any more, but he didn't know how to get out of it now. "I put my paper on top of the picture in the reading book, and made some dots so I would know about how big to make things, and about where to place them. I wasn't going to make very many dots at first, but by the time I was finished, I had made quite a few, so I didn't think it was quite fair to say I drew the picture freehand. In a way I did, but in a way I traced it too."

"I see what you mean," Teacher said. She looked kindly at Will. "You did the right thing to tell me," she added. "There wasn't anything wrong with making dots to help you draw, as long as you didn't pretend then that you did it completely freehand. So you did the right thing in coming and explaining. It's worth a lot more to be honest than to be the best artist in the world."

Will just swallowed. He didn't know what to say. Teacher turned back to her work, so Will put the envelope on the desk. But first he took the picture out. He wadded it up and threw it in the wastepaper basket.

As he walked back to his desk, he was thinking about what the teacher had said. She hadn't scolded him at all. Why, in fact she had praised him. "You did the right thing," she had said. That was praise, wasn't it? And this time, knowing that it was praise he had really earned, Will felt good without feeling guilty at the same time.

. . Projects . . . .



The theme of this project is cooperation. In today's world it is pretty much "everyone for himself." But in Amish society there are many areas where work is shared. By combining art work with essays and discussion, you can bring this idea of mutual help (cooperation) across to your pupils.

Divide your bulletin board into four sections, one for each of the seasons. Have your pupils draw pictures of the different shared work which is done in each season, work which requires teamwork from the family or the neighbors. (The following 4 colors would make nice backgrounds behind the art work: light green for spring, yellow for summer, orange for autumn, and white for winter.)

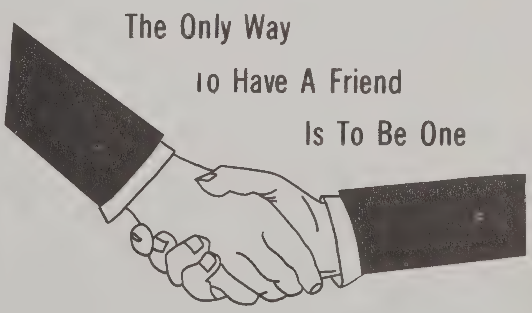
Have each pupil write an essay or first-person account on the theme of the project which is that when people work together they each bear some of the load. An old way of saying this is: "Many hands make work light." Fasten these essays to the bulletin board or hang them along the border.

Following are some ideas for essays:

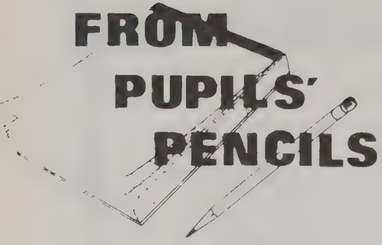
The Family Garden
Spring House Cleaning
Caring for the Yard
Cutting and Shocking Grain
Threshing Day
Silo Filling
Canning Food
Husking Corn
Buzzing Wood
Butchering Day
Getting Ready for Church
Building a New Building
Rebuilding after a Fire
A Quilt Making
Cleaning the Schoolhouse
Chore Time at Our Farm

Perhaps your pupils will have ideas of their own to write about. Tell them to think of a time when they were working and appreciated a helping hand from another person.

A Poster to Make



It's a funny thing but true:
The folks you don't like, don't like you.
I don't know why this should be so,
But just the same I always know
That when I'm sour, friends are few;
When I'm friendly, folks are too.
And when I change my tune and smile
I find 'twas catching all the while.
For it's a funny thing but true:
The folks you like, they sure like you.



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Leroy S. Zimmerman

In all my eight years of school I never broke an arm or a leg, or swallowed an eraser, or had any accidents on that line. I did, however, have some experiences which I shall never forget. Some I wish I could forget and others will be memories that I will always cherish.

I attended four different schools, three of them being public. The first one was a large school. Fortunately, I had two older sisters who directed me to the classroom that I was assigned to. I soon became acquainted with the other pupils and the routine of school.

When I was about halfway through the second grade we moved and I changed schools. The new school was larger, having approximately five hundred students enrolled. It taught grades one through six. It seemed the new school was not as far with its lessons as the one I had previously attended, so I liked the change.

In the fourth grade I had a young teacher who liked to tease us boys and favor the girls. Of course, we didn't approve of this, so we started to tease the girls. The teacher punished us, but that only made things worse. She only taught for the last half of that term, or it wouldn't have turned out as well as it did.

In the sixth grade I won a school spelling bee. It was among the three sixth-grade classes. The winners competed with the other schools of the district, including the seventh and eighth graders of the junior high school. One of my competitors was my sister in the eighth grade. Obviously, we sixth graders didn't have much of a chance for winning. I ranked only seventeenth in that match. I won a pen as a prize.

The next year I went to junior high school, nearly ten miles away. We went to a different classroom for each subject. We had half an hour off for lunch each day, but we didn't get any recess. We did have gym three times each week, but it wasn't any fun. As if that wasn't bad enough, we got a lot of homework on top of everything else. This daily routine became boring and I was glad when the term was over.

Last spring a new one-room parochial school was built in our neighborhood. I watched the men build it and did odd jobs for them. That fall I, along with thirty-one other pupils, were enrolled. Of all my school days, those at Trostle Hill (as the new school was names) were my best.

-Mohnton, Pennsylvania

[redacted]

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Ruth Elaine Miller

Soon I will have to say "Good-by" to the school days which I have spent the last eight years. Good-by to those many happy ball games and other games we played together. Although I wasn't always the best sport, I think I enjoyed it anyways.

Good-by to the happy voices talking, laughing, and singing together. Singing together is one thing I have always enjoyed.

My first three grades were completed in a public school. I remember vividly when I found out we would attend a parochial school the next year. And I remember how I felt when I came home after the first day at Shady Grove. Although I had sort of dreaded it at first, I knew I would like it there. That was my fourth year and I attended that school for three years. I enjoyed those years immensely and know I will never forget them. I didn't always do what was right and now I wish I would have tried harder to get better grades.

In 1970 we moved to Martinsburg so I attended Locust Grove School. These last two years I have tried the hardest to get my grades where they belong.

One thing I especially remember are the enjoyable singings we used to have in grades four to six. They were held in the evening or afternoon so the parents could attend and help us sing.

As I say "Good-by" to my schooldays, it is my dream that I may someday return to school and be a teacher.

-Utica, Ohio

[redacted]

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Anna Mary Beiler

Some days in school my desk seems to be awful hard and my mind doesn't want to concentrate on the words in the book on my desk. Then all of a sudden I think, "Now listen here. This is your last year in school and if you don't brighten up and learn what you can, your chance will soon be gone." So I get myself in a proper position and try to keep my mind from straying and then I can study.

Other days I wish the days would be longer. But all the same, I'll be glad when the term is over and I can be home again. None of my school years would I want to live again, but none of them would I have wanted to miss. My best years were those I spent here in our parochial school which I attended three years. Before that we went to a public school on a stuffy bus. Now we walk in the fresh air of the morning.

Now when I think back over the times when I thought teachers were unfair, I realize it was for our good instead of an unfair act. I'm sure I learned much and of course, there are things I wish I could forget, but others I hope to always remember.

-Narvon, Pennsylvania

[redacted]

See this page next month for 3 more "Good-by, Schooldays."

[redacted]

Chats with Children

by Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

Even though it is still rather cold outside, we have signs that tell us another spring is coming. Already we can eat supper before lighting the lamp, and in the morning the sun shines on the breakfast table. The first robins have made their appearance and this morning when I came in from milking I saw a flock of wild geese on their way north. I heard killdeers in the field behind the barn, and red-winged blackbirds were chirping in the early morning sunshine. Yet as I sit here writing, I can glance out the window and see a snow drift in the garden and ice on the pond. Maybe spring isn't coming right away after all.

I am looking forward to getting outside and planting the garden. It will be nice when we can let the fires in the stoves go out and open the windows and let fresh air into the house. I can almost smell the fresh green grass as I mow the yard and see the lilacs in bloom. Yes, spring is a lovely time of the year and everyone looks forward to it.

There is a wrong way and a right way of looking forward to something. Suppose I would sit here and look at the snow drift in the garden and say, "I don't think spring will ever come this year. It's the last week in March already and the garden's still frozen hard and not one bit of green grass shows on the yard. Why, the buds on the trees haven't even begun to grow. And when it does warm up a little bit, it'll probably rain for days and days and it will be even longer until we can plant our garden."

That's one way of looking forward to spring—with complaining and impatience and bitterness. Then there's another way, a more pleasant one. That is by thinking, "I know spring seems to be a little later this year than some years, but then I know it will come by and by. God promised long ago that spring would come every year and it always has, too. That snow drift in the garden is a lot smaller than it was a week ago, and if the sun keeps on shining like it's shining this morning it can't last too long anymore. I have some work in the house I want to do before the outside work begins and I'd better get busy and do that or first thing I know it will be time to plant the garden before I'm ready."

Which do you think is the more pleasant way of waiting for spring? The second way, of course. We might as well be patient and pleasant, because all the fretting and worrying and complaining won't make spring come one day sooner. Besides, we only make ourselves and others miserable with our unpleasant attitude.

There are many other things in life we look forward to besides spring. One thing boys and girls will be looking forward to at this time of the year is the last day of school. There's nothing wrong with being eager for the closing day, but there is something wrong with complaining because it doesn't come as soon as we wish it would.

Sure, it's nice to have a summer vacation and be free from school duties and be outside in the open air and sunshine, and to work side by side with your parents and brothers and sisters. But being in school is nice, too, if you make it that way for yourself and others. I'm sure if you look around you'll find plenty to do during those last days. By keeping busy your waiting won't seem so long. By being pleasant you'll make the last days of the term pleasant for yourself, your classmates, and your teacher. By complaining you will make it hard for yourself, for then the time will seem even longer than it really is.

Well, I hope to see you again next month. Until then, remember that looking forward to something without complaining is one sign of growing up.

Best wishes!
Cousin Carrie

We have been receiving a lot of mail the last while, mainly because we had offered free maps and diplomas to the teachers. We often ask to have the letters addressed to "Maps" or "Diplomas" or whatever it might be. This is to make sorting the mail easier and it saves the main office girls some work. However, it is not necessary to use separate envelopes when ordering from the different departments.

This month we received two letters from the same teacher one day. One was addressed to "Maps" and the other to "Diplomas." A few days later a third letter arrived. This time it was addressed to "Pupil's Essays." All three letters landed on the same desk and could have been sent with one stamp rather than three.

It is true, there is more chance of us overlooking a request for diplomas if it is written on the bottom of an article for Family Life or on the back of a renewal slip, but we do try to fill these orders, too. It would help a lot if you wrote each request on a spearate sheet of paper and included your name and address on each sheet. That way it could be taken out of the envelope and placed with the others of its category.

With postage as high as it is, I think we all tend to save stamps whenever we can. So after this, remember that it is possible to write to the different departments at Pathway with one stamp.

Return Addresses:
In Canada — Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A. — Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

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FORWARDING AND RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

We didn't make ourselves clear enough when we described the free diplomas last month. We said they were printed in two colors, blue and black. What we meant is that each diploma is in two colors— the bell symbol and the title are in bright medium blue and the print is black. Imagine our surprise when the very first order that came in asked for three blue and seven black diplomas! Only then did we go back and reread the offer. We can easily see how it could be misunderstood. About one-forth of the teachers who ordered diplomas asked for a cercolor. We hope they are not disappointed with what we sent them.

Speaking of diplomas, we still have lots of them on hand. For those who might have missed the ad last month, these eighth-grade diplomas are printed on paper the size and weight of the cover of this publication. The symbol (of a bell) is on the lower left-hand corner. We feel any eighth-grade graduate would cherish such a diploma as a remembrance of his school days.

If you have not ordered yours, there is still time. You can save us postage and handling charges by ordering for this year and next.

We got two letters this month from people telling us we made a mistake on the March Bulletin cover. By the time the letters reached us, we already knew. In fact, it was discovered the day we were assembling and mailing the issues. We forgot to change the date on the cover and it appeared to be the January issue. Anyone who is saving all the issues can probably save confusion later by penciling in the correct date. We are sorry for the mistake. Incidently, this time when I started pasting up, the first thing I did was to change the date on the cover. —E. M.

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

May 1972

VACATION —"PLUS"

-by Martha Helmuth

Bertha Miller sighed with relief as she set the heavy suitcase on her bed. "My, it's good to be home," she said to herself. "I'll hurry and unpack before supper and then I can relax with the rest of the family tonight."

Bertha hummed as she emptied the suitcase and put her things neatly into their proper places. Her heart was light. She remembered the children's chant the afternoon before when they left for home. "School is out. School is out." She had only smiled at them, for had she been seven years younger, she probably would have chanted right with them.

It wasn't that Bertha didn't like teaching. In fact she had enjoyed her first term very much, but as spring drew nearer and the weather became warmer, it became increasingly hard for her to concentrate on the school work. The many responsibilities as a teacher had been somewhat a strain on her and she longed for a vacation. After two especially busy weeks of tests, grading papers, and filling reports, vacation was suddenly here. Bertha could hardly describe the feeling that filled her. Tomorrow she wouldn't have to hurry out of bed before the others got up in order to do a few last minute jobs before going to school. For four whole months there would be no papers to grade, no lessons to prepare, no report cards to fill in, and no squabbles to settle between children. "I'm on VACATION!" she told herself for the tenth time that day.

No, vacation wouldn't be time for idleness. There would be many things to do, but it wouldn't be school work. She would be free of those responsibilities. She wouldn't be making any more difficult decisions again until next fall.

During the next few days Bertha did some sewing and helped her mother in the garden and any other job that presented itself. The following Monday she would begin her summer job, working on Moyer's Fruit Farm. This was her fourth summer on the fruit farm. Bertha knew she wouldn't be able to help until the season was over as she had promised to teach again next fall at Sunny View. School would begin before all the fruit was picked, but she was glad to help while she could. She had always enjoyed working out doors and now after being in the school room for the past eight months, she was especially looking forward to being there. There would be a number of jobs to do that go with fruit farming and then it

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Thanks to everyone who sent in stories, articles, reader responses, and comments during this past term. We appreciate your help in making the year a successful one.

Remember, there will be no **Bulletin** now until August.

-The editors

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AN EDITORIAL

Once when I was attending a school meeting the question came up, "Of the 'Three R's,' which should be stressed the most in our schools?" In the discussion that followed, it was evident that reading and arithmetic rated highest, with reading getting the stronger support.

Had the question been changed a bit, I think it would have been easier to answer. If it had been, "Of the 'Three R's,' which subject is being taught the least?' then I think the answer would have been "writing."

Most schools do have writing. In fact all of them do. A pupil without a pencil would be a handicapped one. It wouldn't be long until he raised his hand and asked for one. Writing is part of almost every subject he studies. He writes numbers in arithmetic, sentences in English, paragraphs when he makes geography reports. Perhaps it's not fair to say writing isn't being taught.

Reading is also a part of nearly every subject. Before a pupil can write anything down, he must first read and see what he is supposed to write down. And yet, besides all the reading he does, a special class is held in which the pupil practices reading—simply reading for the sake of learning to to read. Shouldn't writing have its own class, too, —a period in which the children write simply for the sake of learning to write properly?

In all schools first graders have writing lessons daily. They must have in order to learn how to form the letters. Most schools have daily writing lessons in the second grade, for by then the pupils will probably be changing from printing to cursive writing. Some schools have daily writing lessons for third graders, but in too many schools handwriting as a subject is dropped long before it should be.

Learning to form the letters correctly is not enough. Some people have good handwriting, but have not learned to combine skill and speed. They write either slowly and properly, or fast and illegibly. This is because they never practiced free hand movement while writing. And free hand movements are not picked up without supervision, practice, and preseverence. For that reason teachers should teach handwriting in all the grades, if not daily then at least three times a week.

Should secular writing pads be used? In lower grades, yes. But with a little extra effort the teacher can make writing in the upper grades interesting, meaningful, and worthwhile. Instead of having the pupils copy writing lessons in writing pads, she could supply her pupils with spiral or looseleaf notebooks. (Be sure you have paper with wide ruling for elementary schools rather than narrow - ruled college composition paper.)

These notebooks are the pupils' writing books into which they will copy the writing lessons the teacher has put on the blackboard. The writing lessons could be poems, short articles or essays, historical facts, reports on current events, or even short stories which are continued from one day to the next. (They must hold the pupils' interest from one period to the next.) Once a week the writing lessons could be an account of the week's happenings at school. The older pupils could be asked to submit material for writing lessons, and in one school even the parents were on the lookout for suitable writings for this purpose.

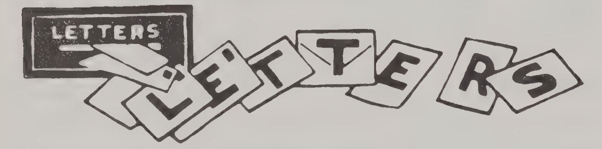
In the middle of the winter when school gets dull and having writing daily loses its flavor, then the children might exchange books and each do a writing lesson in his classmates' book. By having a system of rotating the books, no one will be skipped and in later years these pages will serve as memorandums of classmates. Another activity that makes these writing books interesting is to have periodical art lessons rather than writing lessons. The pupils should also be encouraged to spend some of their spare time illustrating some of the writing lessons.

A teacher must be careful not to let this writing period lose its purpose. She should stress that it is a time when proper posture, careful writing, consistent speed should be practiced. It is not necessary to coach this period every day, but periodically she should spend some time with her pupils while they are doing their writing. Individual help can be given and errors pointed out.

Most errors in handwriting result from habits that have been formed. One of these is gripping the pencil too tightly. Another is applying too much pressure. Both of these habits tighten the arm muscles and obstruct free hand movement. A teacher should have a penmanship manual that teaches her how to teach handwriting to her children. (Zaner Blosser Company, 612 North Park Street, Columbus, OH 43215 has these, plus a variety of writing pads, paper, and all kinds of supplies at a reasonable price. Teachers may send for free catalog.)

You might think school is out and it is the wrong time to publish an editorial on the subject of handwriting. But it isn't really. A teacher who sees the need for handwriting improvement in her school should start now to prepare herself to teach it. This is especially true if she would like to use the notebook method for upper graders. Now is the time to start gathering material for it.

-E. M.



The serial "There's Always Tomorrow" is always interesting to me and I hope it will continue for a long time. To me, all the characters are very real except Chriss Betty. This is probably because as far as I know there are no Chriss Bettys in our community. The absence of the Chriss Betty type of advice is one of the reasons I have been able to enjoy my first term of teaching so much.

More young girls who are undecided about their future should try teaching. It has its difficult and trying times, but no worthwhile occupation is without trials. I can say from experiences that the rewards outnumber the disappointments, though anyone listening in on a teachers' gripe session would have good reason to think otherwise.

So girls, if you're considering teaching, begin to do something about it now. The summer will be short once you've started preparing. -Sally Brubacker, Maryland

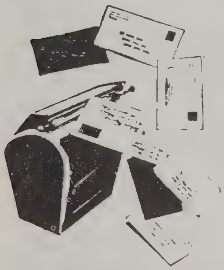
Reading "My Parents Are Two" (Jan. issue) brought tears to my eyes. I believe there are two reasons why it was so touching to me. When I was teaching I had a family of six children for pupils who must have had experiences similar to Marilyn's, except it was their mother who was a "good sport." I feel sorry for these children and pray for them because they must feel very insecure. But if they have one parent trying to make them do what is right they at least have more chance of turning out well than would a child like Fannie, who had no concerned parents. I wish more parents (and teachers, too) would realize that children who are disciplined feel more secure and happy than those who are allowed to have their way.

The second reason why the story touched me is that I am now a mother with small children. I am only beginning to realize the responsibility we as parents have in working together for the good of our children.

-Mrs. S., Pennsylvania

Thank you for the story, "It Pays to Listen." I agree with the writer 100% and wish every parent could read this story. If we don't encourage our little ones to confide in us when they're young, how can we expect them to confide in us when they are older? Even if your little children come to you and "tattle" about every little bit, I think they shouldn't be "snubbed off" or punished for tattling. They may seem like little things to us, but to the children they're not. I like to to have my children tell me about their troubles, so that the wrongdoer can be punished before he thinks he can get away with all kinds of things. (Mom can't be watching all the time.) Psychiatrists say that people who keep everything to themselves are liable to end up in a mental hospital. So let's try to encourage our children to confide in us, and teach them not to call anyone a "tattler."

E. L. H., Indiana



Reader Response

A PROBLEM WITH SINGING

Barbara Yoder needs to get in touch with her parents. If they, too, lack an interest in singing, then she is certainly at a disadvantage. Maybe, though, if she found the parents concerned and willing to help, they could learn to sing some songs the children and the parents are accustomed to. It is a little unlikely that a whole school is made up of children who lack the ability to sing.

-Missouri

Dear Barbara,

I can sympathize with you in your problem, as I also like to sing. Tell the pupils that if they don't help sing they have to put their head down on the desk while the others sing. Or you might tell them that if they don't help the others sing they have to sing a song all by themselves. Keep on talking and encouraging them. If they try to sing a little better one morning, praise them enough so that they know you were pleased. The scholars will soon learn how much nicer it is if they cooperate and help sing.

-Likes to sing, Pennsylvania

DEAR READERS,

RONKS, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear readers,

Greetings in Jesus' Holy name.

As the end of the school year is approaching, I felt an urge to write a few lines to the **Bulletin**. The year has been full of pleasure, even if there were times when things did not go very well. Or maybe I should say they didn't go as well as I thought they should. But those times, I think, were given so we appreciate the good things more. But I've often said it makes a person feel very weak to think of the responsibility that is given us teachers. I'm not sorry I started teaching, though.

It seems I could write a lot about my experiences of the past year, but I feel it wouldn't be necessary. Many of the other teachers would know what I am talking about. But one thing I have learned and that is, the more relaxed the teacher is in the classroom, the more relaxed the pupils can be, too.

I do not seem to have words to express my thoughts. I just feel so thankful for what the other teachers have done for me. Also, I feel the parents have worked along well as a whole. But there is one thing we must also realize, that without the help of God we could not do what we sometimes do. One thing I have found to help me relax and stay calm is to trust in a higher power.

The first year is almost gone. I am looking forward to having a little break, then (if they want me again) come back and take a fresh start in the fall. It will be quite different than it was the first year.

Now back to the schoolroom, I think teachers often take things for granted until they don't have them any more. I wish I could appreciate my pupils more. They seem so willing to work along then I have to wonder if I am doing my part or if I am taking advantage of their willingness.

I just hope and pray we can always strive to do better. We can't be perfect, but we **can** always try and do better. I keep wondering if I had been able to do everything I would have liked to, how busy would I have been then? There are so many things I feel I have not gotten done this year.

Let us pray for each other and not faint by the way. -Benjamin K. Lapp

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THE ADVANTAGE OF A DISCIPLINED SCHOOL

SCHOOL HAS BEEN dismissed for the day and everything seems quiet since the pupils have left on their homeward way. I am sitting here at my desk pondering over the happenings of the last few days. Yes, while teaching school you meet with a variety of joys and sorrows, but all in all, I have found teaching a rewarding job.

Last evening there was a lot of correcting to be done after school. When I finally came to the pile of papers that contained the spelling sentences that the pupils had prepared for their weekly assignment, I sighed with relief, for I know that after those were done I would be ready for bed. It was with interest that I checked these papers, for most of the pupils make good sentences and often they show insight. Some of the sentences refer to their farm life or to their friends and hobbies and interests. It somehow helps me understand my pupils better.

As I went over the papers, I was suddenly met with a surprise. The seventh graders had the word advantage to use in a sentence and one of the girls had written, "Sometimes I think we don't have enough advantages in school."

I felt I should not accept this sentence without comment as it might lead to more undesirable ones. The next morning after devotions I went to this girl's desk and kindly, but firmly, told her I could not accept this sentence and asked her to make five other sentences using the word advantage in a more desirable way. I requested her to have the work completed by recess.

Later on while I was teaching arithmetic she raised her hand. When I asked what she wanted, she walked to me with a smile on her face and a piece of paper in her hand. She had completed her sentences and had written six instead of five. When I read them tears wanted to come, but they were tears of joy rather than sorrow. Here are the sentences she wrote:

1. A sleigh is an advantage in the snow.
2. I am glad I have the advantage to learn in school.
3. We are going to have the advantage to draw this afternoon.
4. Will you forgive me for making a sentence like I did with advantage?
5. We have the advantage of having a Bible in school.
6. The girls have the advantage of learning to make booties in school.

I knew she was sorry for what she had written and assured her she was forgiven. I feel both pupil and teacher benefited from the experience. -Pennsylvania

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News & Notes

Andy B. A. Byler, teacher of Shady Maple School, Mercer, Pa., was married to Martha, daughter of Mahlon M. Byler on March 30th. This was Andy's third term.

• • •

Sam B. Girod of Monroe, Indiana, never missed a day of school. He attended from grades 1 through 8, then another part of a term in vocational class. Sam finished this record when he became 16 in March.

VACATION—PLUS (con't from front cover) would be berry picking time.

With the coming of strawberries, more of the old gang arrived to help with the picking. There was the usual friendly contest, seeing who could pick the most fruit. Raspberries followed the strawberries, then cherries, blackberries, and blueberries. All summer she was busy picking fruit, or sometimes waiting on customers. Her skin developed a healthy tan and her muscles regained some of the strength they had lost during the winter. If Bertha thought about school, it was only for fleeting moments. Even then, it was usually the children she thought of. She was enjoying her vacation to the fullest and clearing her minds of the "cob webs" that had collected there during the school term. She had resolved to rest her mind and that is just what she was doing. She might as well enjoy her freedom while it lasted.

Before she knew it, they were nearing the end of July. Bertha knew she'd have to quit working at the fruit farm some time in August. August— that was the month the blueberries came and they lasted until frost. There were times when Bertha wished school wouldn't start until after frost so she could help with the picking until they were over. Of all the fruit they picked, she enjoyed blueberries most. There was very little backbending and stooping that went with blueberries and no thorns like the raspberries and no ladders to climb as in cherry picking. They were just right, except that they came too late in the summer for Bertha. She would help during the first good picking, but she'd have to quit long before they were over.

Good morning, Bertha," called Mr. Moyer one day in August when she came to work. "Say, you haven't found someone else to teach that school for you yet, have you?"

"Someone else to teach my school?"asked Bertha. "No, I wasn't looking for anyone."

"Well, we sure could use you yet," Mr. Moyer went on. "You're one of the best pickers here."

Bertha smiled at his praise.

NOTICE:

Due to rising costs, the price of the German and English Wall Alphabet sets will be raised to $25 per set. However, we will furnish them until September 1st at the old price of $20. They can be picked up here at the director's meeting on June 2nd or any other time. They are also available at Raber's Bookstore, Baltic, OH, or at Pathway Bookstore, LaGrange, IN.

Christian G. Esh
Route 1
Gordonville, PA 17529

"How long do you think you can help pick blueberries?" Mr. Moyer asked.

"I think school will start the first Monday in September," Bertha answered. "I'll be able to help until about the last of August, I think."

"Good, we'd be glad to have your help as long as we can," replied Mr. Moyer.

That evening when Bertha came home from work, she looked at the calendar. "Hmmm. The last of August comes on Thursday," she told herself, "and school starts on Monday, Labor Day. I'd like to pick berries as long as I can. I think I'll tell Mr. Moyer I'll pick the last day in August yet.

Time seemed to fly and before Bertha realized it, the last day of August was there. Saturday morning she loaded her suitcases on the buggy and her brother took her to Mose Yoders. On the way they stopped in town so Bertha could buy some supplies for school term. It was late noon by the time they arrived at Moses'. Bertha worked fast to unpack her suitcases again for she wanted to go down to the schoolhouse a little while. Monday morning school would start and she hardly knew what to expect. All summer she had been busy picking fruit. Now it seemed she had suddenly jumped from the fruit farm to the schoolroom. Bertha found it hard to get herself in the right frame of mind for school. Why, she had scarcely thought of school all summer.

Before she had completely finished unpacking, she went down to the schoolhouse before it grew dark so she could arrange the books for Monday morning. When Bertha

THE BOOKSHELF

A DAY AND A NIGHT IN A FOREST

Every living thing depends on other living things to keep going, and the circle of life is unending— all a part of the balance of nature. This book shows how all creatures must be always on guard to escape from other animals. Nearly twenty forest creatures are told about in this unusual and interesting book. As day creatures curl up to sleep, night creatures take their place in the fascinating world of the forest.

Fifth-grade reading level.

(Library binding. 61 pages.)

PRICE: $3.24 for homes or schools

REPTILES

This book dealing with snakes, lizzards, and turtles is of excellent quality with beautiful colored pictures. It is written on a second-grade reading level. Little girls may not care for the subject matter of this book, but it will be liked by boys for whom reptiles often become pets.

(Hardbound. 47 pages.)

PRICE: $3.75 / SCHOOL PRICE: $2.40

DOG PALS

Here is a book which was written especially for beginning readers in grade one. This is not a picture book but a book filled with text and an occasional illustration. It contains nine true short stories about dogs which have had unusual experiences with their masters, other dogs, or children. An excellent book with plenty of words and large print. Recommended for helping first graders learn to enjoy reading.

(Hardbound. 64 pages.)

PRICE: $1.98 / SCHOOL PRICE: $1.65

(Anyone may buy a book at the special school price, providing the book is donated to a school library. The name of the school must accompany each book order. Allow three weeks for delivery. Order from: Pathway Bookstore, R.4, Lagrange, Ind. 46761. Indiana residents add 2% sales tax.)

opened the door to the schoolhouse, she was greeted with the smell of a newly cleaned schoolroom. Some boxes of books were standing right inside the door. Some of the boxes hadn't been opened yet. Bertha found a knife, slit open the boxes, and began arranging the books. Next she brought out some books from the storeroom. To her dismay, some of the books weren't there. Hadn't they come yet, or were they still at Harvey Mast's? Harvey ordered the books so most of them arrived there by mail. In one package she found the book for attendance records and grade book. Bertha sighed as she thought of all the names she had to fill in in those books.

"What's this?" Bertha asked herself as she picked up a workbook from another box. Leafing through it she saw it was a study of words and their meanings and uses. She glanced at the cover again. "**Words Are Important**," she read. "Oh yes, I think these are the vocabulary workbooks they were talking about last spring. "My, I had almost forgotten about them. Looks like they're going to require some studying on my part, too."

Bertha looked at the clock and then at the sun. She knew she would have to hurry or it would grow dark before she was done. Going into the storeroom she brought out some more books. She opened an eighth grade arithmetic book. "Hmmm, wonder what it will be like to teach eighth graders," she mused. The year before there hadn't been any eighth grade. That meant she would have one more grade to teach this year and also some harder lessons to prepare. She leafed through the book and then shook her head. "Some of that looks pretty hard," she told herself. "Wonder if the English books are that hard, too." Pulling one from the shelf, she looked at that one for a little. Then she laid an eighth grade English and arithmetic book aside so she'd remember to take them along home that evening. The rest of the evening she was busy arranging books, going through her desk, and trying to get things in order for the first day of school. Long before she was really finished, she had to go back because it grew too dark for her to see. When she left the schoolhouse, she carried under her arm an eighth grade English, arithmetic, and a World Geography book, four new vocabulary books, and some material for the first grade. By the time she had her room at Moses in order and was ready to sit down to look at the books she had brought home, she was too tired to stay awake.

Sunday evening when Bertha went to bed it was hard for her to go to sleep as her mind kept going round and round, thinking of all the things she should do the next morning before it was time to go to school. She became disgusted with herself. She had gone to bed early so she would feel rested the next day and so she could get up early to do some school work. Now all she could do was toss and turn while her mind was busy with numerous things she would like to do—things she really should have done several days ago. Finally she fell asleep only to dream of unruly children, unprepared lessons, and a schoolroom where she couldn't find anything she wanted. When the alarm woke her the next morning she was still tired and jittery from her restless night.

A few hours later Bertha was still yawning as she gathered up her books to go to school. She still felt confused and ill-prepared for the first day of school. For a moment she wished herself back in the blueberry patch, but resolutely pushed the thought from her mind.

In the days that followed, Bertha was constantly trying to get caught up with all the work she had to do. There were a number of projects she would have liked to get the children started on, but each evening there were so many lessons to go over and so many things to prepare for her four first graders that there was little time to do any work on extra projects. One of her first graders was much slower than the rest and accordingly made more work for Bertha. And to add to her problems, she had never taught World Geography before. She didn't know geography could be so dull and hard to teach. Well, perhaps if she'd have more time to prepare the lessons it would be a little different, but by the time she done all the other studying, there was little time to work on geography.

The vocabulary workbooks were another problem. More and more often she found herself struggling through a class of those, relying on the answer keys instead of well prepared lessons. Bertha knew she wasn't being fair to the school, but she found it so hard to keep up with all that needed to be done. "If only I could really get caught up once, I think it would be easier to stay that way," she thought. At times she wished she would have spent some time on these books during vacation, but when she thought of the pleasant summer away from the books, she still wasn't ready to admit to herself that she had made a mistake.

"Thank you for bringing me over here," Bertha told Mose Yoder as she got off the buggy. Slowly she walked toward the house where another teacher, Anna Bontrager, was staying. Anna was teaching at Pleasant Vale School this year and had invited Bertha over for supper and overnight. Bertha was looking forward to spending the evening with Anna. She didn't know Anna very well, but she seemed like an interesting person. Anna had taught at another school for three terms and was now teaching at Pleasant Vale this year. Perhaps Anna would be able to give her some advice to help make teaching easier for her.

Just before Bertha got to the door, Anna opened it. "Good evening, Bertha," she exclaimed. "Come on in. I'm glad to see you could come early."

"I was afraid I would be too early," Bertha answered as she stepped into the kitchen, "but Mose Yoder brought me over and he wanted to bring me before the chores."

"That's just fine," Anna replied. "I would like to go over to the schoolhouse this evening and get a book I forgot. I hated to go before you arrived, for fear you'd come while I was gone and you'd wonder where I was. Maybe you'd like to walk over to the schoolhouse with me."

"Why sure, I'd like that," replied Bertha.

⇨

"Schoolhouses are interesting even when there are no children there."

"Then I think we'll go right away," answered Anna, as she went for her coat and bonnet.

The girls chatted as they walked the half mile to school. Bertha caught her breath as soon as she stepped inside the neat schoolroom. On one of the bulletin boards there was an attractive arrangement of different grains on a map, showing which states were the top growers of these grains. Around the map were charts and essays the children had written about the different grains and their uses. On another wall was a large meaningful poster. The entire classroom was a picture of neatness.

As Bertha stood looking at the different bulletin boards and pictures, she thought of her own room. Finally she turned to Anna who was sitting at her desk writing a note. "How do you ever manage to get these things done?" she asked as she motioned at the walls.

"Oh, I get the children started and supervise them a little and they do most of the work." Anna replied.

"But where do you get your ideas?" asked Bertha, "or do you think them up yourself?"

Anna chuckled. "I'm afraid if I had to depend on my own resources I wouldn't get very far. I read about that one in the **Blackboard Bulletin**," she said as she pointed to the grain project. "Of course, I adapted it to suit my own ideas."

Bertha walked over to the first grade desks. There were a number of papers of seat work taped to the wall near the desks. Envy filled her as she looked at them. "Did you get these ideas from the **Bulletin** too?"

Anna looked at them a moment. "I think I did get some of them from the **Bulletin**. I also got some from the teacher's manuals that go with the reading books, some from other teachers, and others form old workbooks I've picked up here and there."

"When do you find time to get all these things ready?" asked Bertha. "I hardly find time to even read the **Bulletin**, let alone use some of the ideas."

"Some of them don't take much preparation," Anna replied, "and I also got quite a few ready last summer."

"Last summer?" Bertha asked questioningly.

"Yes, I like to work on things like that during the summer so I don't have such a rush all winter," answered Anna.

"But, but don't you take a vacation from school?" Bertha wanted to know.

"Oh yes, I take a vacation from school," Anna smiled, "but I think it's so much easier to do what I can during the summer." Anna looked at Bertha. "Do you have **Words Are Important** at your school this year, too?"

"Yes, I do," Bertha replied. "It's good work for the pupils, but I can hardly find time to go over those lessons before class, and I must admit, there are times when I'd hardly know what to do if it weren't for the answer keys. I don't like that, but I just can't find time to study them like I should."

Anna looked at Bertha sympathetically. "I know there are always a lot of things to do in the evening, but teaching is so much easier and more enjoyable if I know my lesson well. That's why I often take some books along home when school closes in spring, especially if we have some new books. To me summer vacation is the time to rest from the past school term and to get ready for the next. I worked all four of my vocabulary workbooks last summer so I'd be better prepared when school starts.

"What job did you have last summer?" Bertha asked.

"Oh, I was taking care of my aunt who broke her hip last spring. There was usually quite a bit to do but not like there would be in a family with small children. I managed to find time to do quite a bit of school work there. Then I also was here at my boarding place nearly a week before school started."

Bertha thought back to her pleasant summer on the fruit farm, her vacation from school, and then the rush when school started. She hadn't wanted to admit it before. but she was beginning to realize that hers was not the best kind of vacation.

"I — I suppose I should have taken my

eighth grade books home to study last summer," Bertha said slowly. "I didn't have any eighth graders last term and I didn't realize what all I had coming this year. And those World Geographies! I never knew geography would be so hard to teach. But last year when school closed I thought the best way to get ready for another school term was to give my mind complete rest from school and all that went with it. I did not want to be thinking about school all summer."

Pity filled Anna as she listened to Bertha. She well remembered her own first years as a teacher and knew what it meant to try and stay on top of all the work that kept piling up.

"Yes, teachers need vacations," Anna said slowly, "but I think vacation doesn't end so abruptly if I prepare for the next term during the summer. If we let ourselves be in such a rush when school begins, there is almost no let-up until spring. Then you'll need a vacation more than ever. I like to think I take a 'Vacation Plus'."

"Vacation plus?" asked Bertha, looking puzzled.

"Yes, a vacation **plus** making preparation for the coming term. By working ahead in the summer, I find it easier to take an evening or an afternoon off occasionally," explained Anna. "And even then, I'm so busy, I'd hate to try teaching without my vacation plus."

"Vacation plus," repeated Bertha. "That sure sounds like a good idea, only I'm afraid it is too late for me this year." Then she brightened. "Say, my pupils are having a week off to husk corn and that will be just time for me to have a short vacation. And I'm going to try and make it a vacation **plus**."

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by Teachers Three

Chapter 10 — Still A Hired Girl

"SCRATCH, SCRATCH," WENT Orpha's hoe as she moved from one strawberry plant to the next. The sun was climbing higher and the cool morning air already felt warmer than it had when Orpha came outside. A robin was calling from the treetop and other birds were singing nearby. It was a pleasant day and Orpah was enjoying it to the fullest.

"At the rate you're going you'll be done before I'm ready to help," said Molly Yoder as she hung diapers on the line. "I want to put the baby to bed and then I'll be out."

"No hurry," returned Orpha. "I enjoy this work for a change."

It was a welcome change for Orpha to work as a hired girl again after eight months in the classroom. Here all she needed to do was work and let other people take care of the decisions and discipline children. There would be long days of hard work, but Orpha wasn't afraid of that. She was eager to stretch and exercise some of those muscles that she hadn't used for a long time.

"Did you see that the peas are blooming?" asked Molly, interrupting Orpha's thoughts. She had come out to the garden with a hoe in her hand.

"No, I hadn't noticed," said Orpha. "I— I guess I was too busy thinking to notice them."

"Thinking about school?" asked Molly with a smile.

"What else?" laughed Orpha. "I had intentions of coming here to work and forgetting about school, but the more I try to forget, the more I think about it. I hope I won't get too absent-minded and think of school when I should be thinking about my work."

"Oh, it hasn't been too bad so far," said Molly pleasantly. "By the look on your face, I'm guessing you're remembering the good times rather than the not-so-good ones."

"Yes, I'm glad to say, the times I think of are the enjoyable times, especially the last several months. Oh, we had our times when things came up, but as a whole, I think I enjoyed it a lot more than I dared to hope I would." She paused and stooped to straighten a strawberry plant that had been almost covered by the cultivator. "I never realized I'd miss the pupils as much as I do already, and the vacation's just begun. And the strangest thing of all is that I seem to miss the ones who gave me trouble more than the rest."

"Well, I think that's understandable," said Molly. "We haven't had very much experience with our children, but we've had enough to learn that at the time they need correction and after they have been punished are when they are the dearest to us. Well, maybe not really, but I guess it's then that we really realize how much we do love our children."

"I think I know what you mean," said Orpha thoughtfully. "It's not that I thought more of the pupils I had to keep after than of those who always tried to behave. Pupils like that don't realize how much they mean to a teacher."

"You did enjoy teaching then?" Mollie was a talkative woman and showed an interest in school, even though she didn't have any school children of her own yet.

"Yes, I did." said Orpha honestly. "There were times, though, that I longed to be a hired girl again."

"But teaching isn't as hard work as being a hired girl, is it?" Molly asked next.

Orpha gave a little laugh. "That's what I used to think," she said. "I used to dream of going to school in the morning, teaching till three-thirty, then having the evening to myself. But I wasn't teaching long until I found out it's not like that at all. In fact, I think I sorta realized it even before school started. When I started making my schedules, I was in for a discovery. I found a school day had only about half as many hours as I had planned it would. What I mean, I planned to spend fifteen minutes with this and twenty minutes with that and maybe ten with something else, but I found out there wasn't enough time to go around. And not only that, I forgot to allow for the five and ten minute periods it sometimes takes to explain some lesson to a pupil who is slow in understanding."

"I guess I'd have a lot to learn myself if I wanted to teach," laughed Molly, "because I never thought of that myself."

"There at first by the time three-thrity came around, I was so tired that I wanted to quit, there was so much work that I didn't dare quit," Orpha said. "But I'm hoping the worst is past. At least next year I'll be familiar with the lessons and I won't have to spend so much time studying up on some of the subjects. At least, I hope I won't forget all I learned this year."

"Talking of being tired when school let out, couldn't you stop and rest a little before you went on?" asked Molly. "I find that helps a lot with housework. Little breaks now and then help a lot."

"Oh, yes, I used to rest. I mean I used to sit at my desk and think for a while. Sometimes I thought for so long that I almost forgot to go back to work. But really, usually after the pupils went home, I slowed down and relaxed, and soon I discovered I wasn't as tired as I had thought I was."

"Tension more than tiredness," mused Molly, finishing one row and starting the next. "You make teaching sound interesting. I think if I weren't married, I'd try it, too. Sounds like a nice break from being hired girl."

Orpha didn't answer for a long time. Molly's idea of teaching sounded much like her own had before she had tried it. After a while she said, "Another thing that used to make me think teaching would be nice is I thought a teacher was — was — well, sorta free to make her own decisions. I guess I thought if I taught school I could be my own boss, but it didn't turn out that way at all."

"No, I guess you wouldn't be," said Molly thoughtfully. "After all, you're hired by the schoolboard, and they represent the parents. That means hired by the parents and — and they'd probably want their say-so, too."

"Yes," said Orpha, but she felt Molly did not quite understand what she meant. "Well, the parents didn't come to the schoolhouse and tell me I had to do this or had to do that, but all the same, I felt that they were depending on me to give their children an education and — and it just put a responsibility on me I can't describe. And I'm glad I did feel this responsibility, for it was too big for me to carry and it made me seek a higher power to help me."

For a long time Molly Yoder and her hired girl hoed in silence. Then Molly spoke again. "You know, we were talking about hired girls and teachers. Aren't teachers hired girls — hired by the parents to help them teach and bring up their children in a way that is pleasing to God?"

"I never thought of it that way, but I'm sure you're right. A teacher **is** a hired girl," agreed Orpha. Then she chuckled a bit and added, "So starting teaching didn't bring my hired-girl days to an end after all. I'm just a hired girl of a different kind."

to READ ALOUD

THE BEST TALENT

-by Elizabeth Miller

MARY KEIM AND HER brother Bennie walked leisurely along on their way to school. The early morning sun warmed their backs and seemed to proclaim that spring had finally come to stay.

"I'm hot," announced Bennie, taking off his coat and slinging it over his shoulder. "I wish Mom would have let me come without a coat this morning."

"You might need it by tonight," said Mary. "The weather sometimes changes pretty fast this time of the year."

"But it won't today," insisted Bennie. "Spring's here and it's going to stay this time."

"Maybe so," answered Mary a little absent-mindedly. She wasn't really listening to what Bennie was saying. She had thoughts of her own and they weren't altogether happy ones.

"I don't know why Miss Lehman makes me take my turn in leading a song," she grumbled to herself. "It wouldn't be so bad if Susan's turn didn't come the same morning." A depressed feeling came over Mary. It wasn't the first time she felt like this. She became depressed every time she compared her singing ability with that of her friend, Susan Mast's.

"I wonder what it would be like to be able to sing almost every song in our songbook," Mary's thoughts went on. "Or to be able to learn a tune after hearing it once or twice. Why, Susan can sing even better than the teacher can." Mary remembered several times when the pupils had stalled on a song and even Miss Lehman couldn't get the right pitch. Then she would look at Susan and ask, "Can you start it for us, Susan?" Mary couldn't help but feel a little cheated when she thought of the few songs she was able to sing compared with the dozens that Susan knew.

Half an hour later Mary was sitting at her desk, paging through her songbook. The other pupils weren't all in their places yet, but Mary wanted to be prepared when Miss Lehman asked her to announce a page number. But she couldn't decide which song she was going to select. As she paged through the book she paused once in a while and looked at certain songs, then went on. When she reached the back of the book, she started at the front and started through the book again.

"It's Susan and Mary's turn to sing this morning," announced Miss Lehman as she came to stand before the pupils with her songbook in her hand. "Which one of you is ready with a song?"

Mary looked at Susan out of the corner of her eye and waited a moment. She wished Susan would sing first. That would give her more time to decide on a song. She sighed with relief when Susan raised her hand to show she was ready to give out a page number.

"Yes, Susan," said Miss Lehman.

"Page 84," answered Susan.

There was a rustling sound as the children hurried to find the right page. "Good," said Miss Lehman with a smile. "This is just the song to sing on such a lovely spring morning. We haven't sung it this year yet, but I'm sure you remember it from last year. Now, let's all help sing."

Susan cleared her throat, took a deep breath, and then with a slow clear voice started singing. The other children joined in and soon the whole schoolhouse rang with the tune of "Die Frühlingszeit." Miss Lehman was right; the children remembered the tune and sang heartily.

All too soon the song was over and it was Mary's turn. By now she had decided on "Es sin zween Weg." She gave out the page number; then as the children found the right page, she tried to get the right tune in her mind. Suddenly she became aware that the classroom was very quiet. She knew the others were waiting for her to start. She glanced at Miss Lehman.

"Let's all help sing again," said Miss Lehman, then nodded toward Mary with a smile.

The more Mary wanted to sing, the more she felt as if she couldn't. If only she could sing like Susan. She wished she could sing with such a clear confident voice. She knew her voice would be jerky and uncertain. Maybe she wouldn't even get it started right.

"What tune did you want to sing?" asked Miss Lehman, sensing Mary's difficulty. "Maybe I can help you by humming the tune for you."

Miss Lehman often helped the younger pupils start songs by humming the tune, but Mary was determined she didn't need the help. She was old enough to be able to sing alone. Instead of answering Miss Lehman's question, she started singing. Recklessly she stumbled through the first line. By then the other children had determined what the tune was supposed to be and tried to help. The second line went a little better, but by the time they got through the third line, Mary realized she had started her song much too high. The second verse had higher notes than the first one, and already they were singing almost as high as they could. Mary's heart beat even faster than before. If only she could go somewhere and hide. She was ashamed of her singing and decided then and there that she was never going to

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Editor's Desk (con't from back cover) is what we are doing. With the vacation months before us, now is the time to think about the articles which are to appear next year. Good, worthwhile articles don't just happen overnight. They must be planned, thought out, written, and rewritten. Even then, it is often better to let them rest in a file several months before they are used. Some of the articles the **Bulletin** has printed have been six or eight months old before they were printed. So right now is the time we would appreciate hearing from our readers.

We need stories, articles, ideas, comments and questions. Simply writing us a letter might be a help to next year's issues. For example, some time ago a reader wrote and asked for advise on how two teachers in one classroom could help each other, and said she needed pointers on how to get along with her fellow teacher. By writing to several teachers whom we felt were qualified to give this teacher and others advice, we found someone who said she is willing to try and write an article on this subject. We would be happy to do the same for anyone else who has a subject she would like to have discussed in the **Bulletin**. But we must hear from you in the near future in order to have time to work on whatever subject you have in mind.

-E.M.

lead another song.

When they got through the first verse, Mary stopped singing. She knew they would never be able to sing the second verse through at the pitch they had now. Silence filled the classroom.

"Let's try and get it a little lower," said Miss Lehman calmly, as if they stalled at singing every morning. She hummed a bit, expecting Mary to pick up the tune, but Mary refused to try. "I'll start it for you, then you can take it on from there," said Miss Lehman.

If the pupils lacked volume in the first verse, they made up for it now. Mary got on the right track and was able to finish the song. But even so, she felt very tired when the song was over, almost as if she had worked hard for a whole day.

A short time later the singing period was over and Mary sat with her arithmetic book open, but she wasn't thinking about arithmetic. She was thinking about the morning singing period. The first song had gone so well. But then any song went well when Susan led it. Susan was a singer and Mary wasn't. That's what made the difference. Well, she was done trying. This morning had proved that she simply wasn't a singer.

"I'm going to ask Miss Lehman to excuse me from singing after this," Mary thought. "She knows I'm no singer and probably lets me take my turn so I won't feel left out. Well, she won't have to worry about that. I'll have to tell her sometime between now and the next time my turn comes up."

The week passed by quickly. Each morning when singing period came Mary inwardly rejoiced that it wasn't her turn to sing. But all the time she knew her turn was coming up again and she still hadn't had her talk with Miss Lehman. Whenever she was by herself and thought about it, it seemed so easy to simply tell Miss Lehman she wasn't any singer, therefore she didn't care to take her turn. But when the time came when she really faced Miss Lehman and wanted to tell her, Mary had misgivings whether her teacher would let her off as easily as she hoped she would.

Another week passed, and then one morning Miss Lehman said, "Tomorrow morning it will be Susan and Mary's turn to select songs." Mary's heartbeat quickened. Sometime that day she would have to talk to Miss Lehman.

The first recess and the noon period passed and still Mary hadn't said anything. Right after lunch Miss Lehman announced they would skip the English classes and have art instead. "We need something to brighten up the bulletin board," she said. "Maybe we can get some spring scenes to put up."

The children were delighted. They loved art, and skipping English classes was a pleasant break any day. Before long they were getting out colored pencils, crayons, rulers, and scissors.

Mary knew just what she was going to draw. There was a picture in her geography book that she felt would be easy to make. They weren't allowed to copy pictures, but they were allowed to look at one and draw it from memory later.

Mary was so busy with her own picture that she didn't take time to look around at what the others were drawing. First she made a sketch of her picture in pencil. She made the marks lightly, just so she had an idea which part of her paper would be mountains, which part sky, which part water, and which part shore. Once she had that done, the rest was easy. She colored the picture with colored pencil, quite dark in places, lighter here and there, and other spaces she left white. Finally the picture was done and she sat back to admire it. "It shouldn't look too bad from a distance," she thought. "Once it's on the bulletin board the flaws won't show like they do here."

Satisfied with her own picture and pleased that it was finished, Mary looked around to see what the others were drawing. Her satisfied feeling increased as she looked at the pictures the others were drawing. Susan was drawing mountains, too, but they didn't look like mountains. They looked more like two brown humps. The river that flowed down over the one didn't look like a river at all. It looked more like a blue ribbon dangling down over the side of the would-be mountain. Dennis's picture was better. He had drawn a house with woods in the background. Mary liked his picture but hers, she felt, was just as good—maybe even a little better. Then Mary stretched herself and looked across the aisle to see what Katie had drawn.

The minute Mary saw Katie's picture, she caught her breath. Katie had drawn mountain scenery, too. In front of the mountains was a body of water—clear blue water that looked so natural that Mary almost felt as if she were standing beside it, cooling her feet in its freshness. In Katie's picture the sun was setting behind the mountain and the sky was tinted with rosy brightness. And not only was the sky that color—the mountain and the sunset and the red sky were reflected in the water. Mary simply couldn't understand how Katie was able to get the right color effect like she had.

A pang of jealousy gripped Mary's heart. Katie was only in the fifth grade. Mary looked at her own paper and was tempted to crumple it up and throw it away. She could not imagine putting it on the bulletin board beside Katie's—especially not since she was in the eighth grade and Katie was in the fifth. Strange, a minute ago she had looked at her picture and thought it was pretty good, but now it looked drab and crude. Carelessly she folded it once and stuck it into the back of her tablet and shoved it into her desk. Only then did she happen to glance at the teacher. Her face reddened as she met Miss Lehman's. Quickly she looked the other way.

"How many are finished?" asked the teacher a little later.

Mary started raising her hand, then jerked it back. She wasn't done. She didn't have any paper ready to hand in.

A short time later Miss Lehman was walking around the room, picking up the papers which were completed. She found something good to say about all the pictures, no matter how curde they seemed to Mary.

All too soon she was at Mary's desk. "Where's yours?" she asked.

Mary did some fast thinking. "I—I put it-it in my desk," she said. "I'm not satisfied with it and—and want to try again tomorrow."

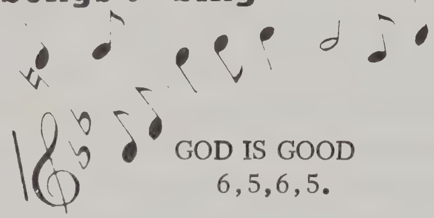
Miss Lehman went on without saying anything more, but Mary had a feeling she was not pleased.

"You all did well in art today," the teacher said when she got back to her desk. "It's time for recess, so you may put your things away." She paused. "It's so nice outside that you'll all want to go out," she continued. I'd enjoy being out with you, but I think I'll stay in and put up these pretty pictures."

The minute Mary was on the playground she thought of something. This was her opportunity to go in and talk to Miss Lehman about not taking her turn singing the next morning. Even thinking about it made her a little nervous, but determined to have it over with, she headed for the schoolhouse.

Miss Lehman was taking the old pictures from the bulletin board when Mary came in. She seemed surprised when Mary came up

Songs to Sing



GOD IS GOOD

6,5,6,5.

Suggested tune:
"Neither Do I Condemn Thee"

See the shining dew drops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle,
God is ever good!

See the morning sunbeams,
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good!"

In the leafy treetops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

Bring my heart thy tribute
Songs of gratitude,
All things join to tell us,
"God is ever good!"

and stood beside her. "Did you want something." she asked when Mary couldn't find the right words to say what she wanted to say."

"I—I just wanted to tell you that—that I'm not going to—I mean I don't want to take my turn singing tomorrow morning," stammered Mary.

"But why not?" asked Miss Lehman. "If for some reason you'd rather sing the next mor— "

"No, no, I mean never sing again," interrupted Mary. Then when Miss Lehman stood and looked at her with a puzzled expression on her face, she went on. "I— I'm no singer, and—and I'd rather not try anymore."

"You're no singer?" Miss Lehman's voice sounded puzzled. "But you've been singing all this year and last and— "

"But I— I can't really sing—not like Susan can. Couldn't Susan lead two songs tomorrow morning and—and— "

A look of understanding came over Miss Lehman's face. "So that's your problem," she said. "I've wondered about your singing. It seems to be getting worse rather than better the last while, and now I think I understand why. But before we go any further talking about it, tell me, why did you put your picture into your desk instead of handing it in?"

Mary looked at the floor and didn't answer. She had an idea that Miss Lehman already knew.

"It was because you felt Katie's was better, wasn't it?" asked Miss Lehman.

"I — I thought — I wanted to try again," stammered Mary.

"But you were satisfied with your own picture until you saw Katie's, weren't you?" asked Miss Lehman.

Mary nodded.

"And that's why you don't want to sing anymore, too, isn't it—because you can't sing as well as Susan?"

Mary didn't answer. She wished she had stayed on the playground with the other children.

Miss Lehman's voice had a much softer tone when she spoke again. "Talents are a gift from God," she said, "but they aren't altogether free gifts. We have to work with the talents God gives us and develop them in order to increase them. Susan has to practice singing or she wouldn't be the singer she is. And Katie has to draw with the talent God has given her, and by practicing, she can make her drawing even better. And the same is true of you and me. We're not the best singers or drawers in school, but we still have to work with the talents we have, even if they aren't the best ones."

Mary began to understand talents better than she had before. But then she thought of how she had stalled the last time she tried to lead a song. When she thought of that, she wasn't ready to give up yet. "But the last time I tried to sing I— I" Mary didn't know how to go on.

"You got your song started too high," said Miss Lehman. "That's nothing so terrible. That happens to the best singers at times. Your trouble is that you're trying to sing like Susan, that gives you a feeling of defeat and you lose confidence in your own singing. I know, there are people who can't carry a tune, but you're not one of them. I'm ready to admit you can't sing better than everyone else in this school, but you **can** sing."

Mary looked at Miss Lehman, waiting for her to go on. The smile on the teacher's face cheered her up a bit. She smiled faintly at the teacher.

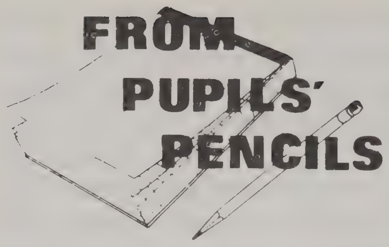
"Remember the parable of the talents Jesus taught," said the teacher mildly. "The man who was given five won five more, and the one who was given two won two more. and the master was pleased with them both. But the man with just one—you know what he did."

Mary nodded.

"Any talent, no matter how small it is, is worth working with and developing," said Miss Lehman, turning back to the bulletin board.

Mary started to leave the room, but then stopped. "I—I took up some of your time," she said. "Maybe I—I can help you with the bulletin board now," she offered.

"Thanks a lot," answered the teacher with a smile. "I'd sure be glad for your help and your company, too."



FROM PUPILS' PENCILS

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Rebecca F. Lapp

In my eight years of school, I have had four different teachers. Each, of course, had his own methods of teaching. And they were all faced with tests of courage and patience. I must admit that even I might have been the cause of a headache or a sleepless night.

I have always gone to the same school except for about three-fourth of the first year when we went to a neighbor's tobacco stripping room till the new schoolhouse was finished.

My general habit is to walk to school, cutting across the neighbor's field and meadow. I have always enjoyed this, except when it was very cold. I had to walk alone except for the first year.

There are advantages with being out of school. I have often missed out on family gatherings because of school and now this won't happen again. But there are disadvantages, too. I won't get a chance to see my friends every day. And maybe some of them I won't have the chance to talk to again. But I guess all this goes with growing up.

But all in all, I have enjoyed school and I think I will feel a pang of pain at the end of the last day. Therefore, I will say, "Good-by, schooldays," with thoughts both happy and sad.

-Myerstown, Pennsylvania

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Jacob F. Huyard

I don't know whether to be happy or sad over the fact that I will soon be leaving school for the last time. As the time draws nearer to the end of the term, I find it hard to think about leaving my friends and teacher behind.

I feel sure the teacher tried to teach me my school work to the best of her ability, even though she sometimes made mistakes, as all people do.

I had three teachers in my school years, but I believe I liked my last teacher the best of all.

When the last day of school approaches, it does not mean that I have learned all there is to learn. I will always strive for more knowledge.

-New Holland, Pennsylvania

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Mary Weber

As I look back to my schooldays, my thoughts wander to my first day of school. It was a public school and when I stepped inside, I started peeping into every room to see which one was to be mine. As I was looking in the doors, the principal came along and kindly showed the way to my room.

In my grade were two other girls I knew and we quarreled many times and were angry with each other. At other times we were happy and forgot those dark days. Now when we talk about our early school days, we laugh until the tears roll down our cheeks, so I think we have forgiven each other and try to forget the past. I hope it will always stay this way.

Some disadvantages of being out of school are that I will miss my friends quite a bit, and I will miss my teacher, too.

Some advantages are when I am out of school I can learn to help my mother more. Since I am the only girl in the family and don't have any sisters, I am my mother's only helper in the house.

Now that I am in grade eight and look back to my school days of eight years, it seems to me like a very short time. Time flies by and we cannot turn it back. I hope that I will never wish to turn time back, but will look forward to a better life in the other land.

-Waterloo, Ontario

GOOD-BY, SCHOOLDAYS

-by Barbara Z. Stoltzfus

There are, of course, some things I will always remember of my school days. The story of these days could be made a long one. To begin with, I went to a public school for three and a half years. The rest of the time I went to a parochial school.

I don't believe I will ever forget the first day of the first year of school. I was the oldest and didn't have any brothers or sisters to lead me to the right room. So I went with one of our Amish neighbors. There was not just one room, but thirty-six! I couldn't speak English very well, but I soon had to learn, for there were no Amish children in my room.

The next years went fast. Then came the day when I was going to move to a new home one hundred and fifty miles away.

The first day when my brother and I were to go to the new school, we were late and most of the children were in school already. They were singing when we got there and I have never forgotten what they were singing. I don't want to forget either. They were singing "Jesus Liebt Mich." It didn't take long to get acquainted with our new classmates, as there were only ten pupils in that school. But in the next three years more moved in until there were 43 pupils, too many for one school. The men then built another school, which is only one and a half miles from our place. So now we can walk to school.

I can't really realize how it will be to not have to go to school. I don't think I will realize it until I am out of school, then I probably will sometimes wish I could still go back.

-Rebersburg, Pennsylvania

Chats with Children

by Cousin Carrie

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Hello, everyone!

I wish you could see our neighbor's little puppy. In a lot of ways he's no different from any other puppies I have seen. He is fat and cute and playful. He doesn't have five feet or three ears or anything like that. He is just an ordinary black and white puppy that happens to be different in one way. It's **where** he's black and **where** he's white that makes him unusual.

The hind half of the puppy is completely black. The front half is completely white except his one ear is black. When I first saw him it was from a distance and I thought he was very queer and not at all pretty. In fact, I thought he looked more like a pig than a puppy. But then a little later he came up to me and wagged his tail, begging me to play with him. I realized then that, in spite of his unusual markings, he was a normal puppy inside, and he would make a good pet for some boy or girl.

Later that day I was thinking about the unual puppy I had seen and then I remembered another unusual dog I had once known. It was at a place where I once worked. The first morning when I got there, an odd-looking dog came out to bark at me. He was light brown and had dark spots all over his body that made me think of oversized freckles. "What an ugly dog," I thought to myself. I couldn't understand why anyone would ever have a dog like that. But I soon found out that Pepper, as the dog was called, was a friendly and useful dog. He played with the children, barked in a friendly way when company came, and brought home the cows when he was told to. Pepper slept in the barn and if something unusual took place there at night, he would come to the house and bark until his master got up and sent to see what was the matter. I wasn't there long until I got used to Pepper's unusual appearance and learned to like him. In fact, I hardly ever thought of his unusual markings any more.

Just as some dogs aren't as pretty as others, some people aren't as handsome as others. Many of us have something of which we are self-conscious. It might be a very large nose, unusually red hair, freckles, or maybe a long, pointed chin. Or maybe we've been in an accident that left us with several fingers or even a hand missing. Or we may have ugly scars or birthmarks that don't add to our appearance. Do you think such things cause people to think less of us? Do you think our appearance determines how many friends we are going to have? I don't think so. I'm sure unusual features in humans can be just as easily overlooked as the unusual markings of a dog.

I remember when I went to school one day we found out that a new family was going to move into our district and they had a girl in our grade. Of course, we were eager to know what she was like. Finally the morning came when the new girl was to come. We were surprised to see that she had large, crooked teeth and huge freckles. No, she wasn't what we could have classed as a "pretty girl," but she was friendly and had nice manners and we soon learned to like her. It wasn't long until we were used to her and forgot that her teeth were too large. Her freckles, too, seemed to have faded.

You see, our looks are just on the outside and don't speak for what we are on the inside. What we are on the inside— how we treat others, whether we are willing to share our things, whether we try to be helpful, what we do when the teacher and our parents aren't around—these things tell what kind of person we really are and determine whether others will like us or not.

Well, I won't see you now for two months, but I hope to be back in the fall. Until then, remember that a pretty dog isn't necessarily a good dog. The same is true of people, too.

Best Wishes!
Cousin Carrie

Did you ever try to imagine what it would be like to have school all the year round? I think teachers, pupils, and parents all agree that having a few months off in the summer is a valuable break for everyone concerned. Children help their parents at home and fill a need there. At the same time they are learning valuable lessons, some of which they would hardly learn anywhere else. During the summertime busy mothers have a vacation from washing and ironing school clothes and packing lunches. There is also time for family activities that are impossible when the children are away from home most of the day.

Even if the above mentioned advantages weren't considered, a vacation from school would be valuable. The summer vacation marks the ending of one school term and the beginning of another. Each fall teachers return to the classroom with renewed zeal to to make the term they are facing the best one yet. The heartaches, the misunderstandings, and the frustrations of the past term are in the background, and they are eager for fresh start.

Return Addresses:
In Canada— Blackboard Bulletin
Aylmer, Ontario
In U.S.A.— Blackboard Bulletin
LaGrange, Indiana 46761

We **Bulletin** editors are no different th teachers in this respect. We, too, apprecia the stopping and starting places, with a tw month's vacation in between. The Bullet you are reading now is the last one for th term, and you will not receive another o until around the middle of August.

I hope teachers will enjoy and profit fr this month's feature story, "Vacation—Plus This is another way in which our work co pares with the teachers'. We have learn the hard way that our vacation should not la until two weeks before the August issue go to press. For that reason, we hope the t months ahead will be "vacation - plus" for here, too—vacation, plus getting ready f the coming term. By the way it looks no the vacation months might be just a litt busier than some of our winter months we But as the saying goes, "A change is as go as a rest," and we are looking forward t change.

One project we have underway which proven to be quite time-consuming is vocabulary workbooks we are preparing e pecially for our Amish schools. These wor books (grades 5 through 8) each contain fr 38 to 42 lessons of twenty words each. Th are designed to be used with the Pathw readers, (approximately 75% of the words a taken from the stories in these readers) they may be used with any readers. T are hoping the instructions and lessons a simple and clear enough so that the pup can learn and profit from them with a mi imum of teacher supervision.

We had been hoping that by this time would be able to promise that the fifth a sixth-grade books would be ready by the ti school starts in fall, but now we can not so. The company that will do the print for us has not answered our request fo quotation, and past experiences have taug us not to promise something until the boo are on our shelves. So all we can say at t time is we are hoping they will be done, that they **might** be. We are **not** ready f orders yet. Watch the **Budget** and the Au issue of the **Bulletin** for an announcemen

It may seem like an odd time of the ye to be asking for **Bulletin** material, but t

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